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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

THIRD PAPER.—NAPOLEON AS STATESMAN AND LAWGIVER.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

"NOW we must rebuild, and, moreover, we must rebuild solidly," said Napoleon to his brother Lucien the day after the *coup d'état* which had overthrown the Directory and made him the temporary dictator of France.

The first necessity was a new constitution. In ten years three constitutions had been framed and adopted, and now the third had, like its predecessors, been declared worthless. At Napoleon's side was a man who had the draft of a constitution ready in his pocket. It had been promised him that, if he would aid in the 18th Brumaire, this instrument should be adopted. This man was the Abbé Sieyès. He had been a prominent member of the Constituent Assembly, but, curiously enough, his fame there had been founded more on his silence and the air of mystery in which he enveloped himself than on anything he had done. The superstitious veneration which he had won, saved him even during the Terror, and he was accustomed to say laconically, when asked what he did in that period, "*I lived.*"

It was he who, when Napoleon was still in Egypt, had seen the necessity of a military dictatorship, and had urged the Directory to order Napoleon home to help him reorganize the government—an order which was never received.

Soon after the 18th Brumaire, Sieyès presented his constitution. No more bungling and bizarre instrument for conducting the affairs of a nation was ever devised. Warned by the experience of the past ten years, he abandoned the ideas of 1789, and declared that the power must come from above, the confidence from below. His system of voting took the suffrage from the people; his legislative body was composed of three sections, each of which was practically powerless. All the force of the government was centred in a senate of aged men. The Grand Elector, as the figurehead which crowned the edifice was called, did nothing but live at Versailles and draw a princely salary.

Napoleon saw at once the weak points of the structure, but he saw how it could be rearranged to serve a dictator. He demanded that the senate be stripped of its power, and that the Grand Elector be replaced by a First Consul, to whom the executive force should be confided. Sieyès consented, and Napoleon was named First Consul.

The whole machinery of the government was now centred in one man. "The state, it was I," said Napoleon at St. Helena. The new constitution was founded on principles the very opposite of those for which the Revolution had been made, but it was the only hope there was of dragging France from the slough of anarchy and despair into which she had fallen.

Napoleon undertook the work of reconstruction which awaited him, with courage, energy, and amazing audacity. He was

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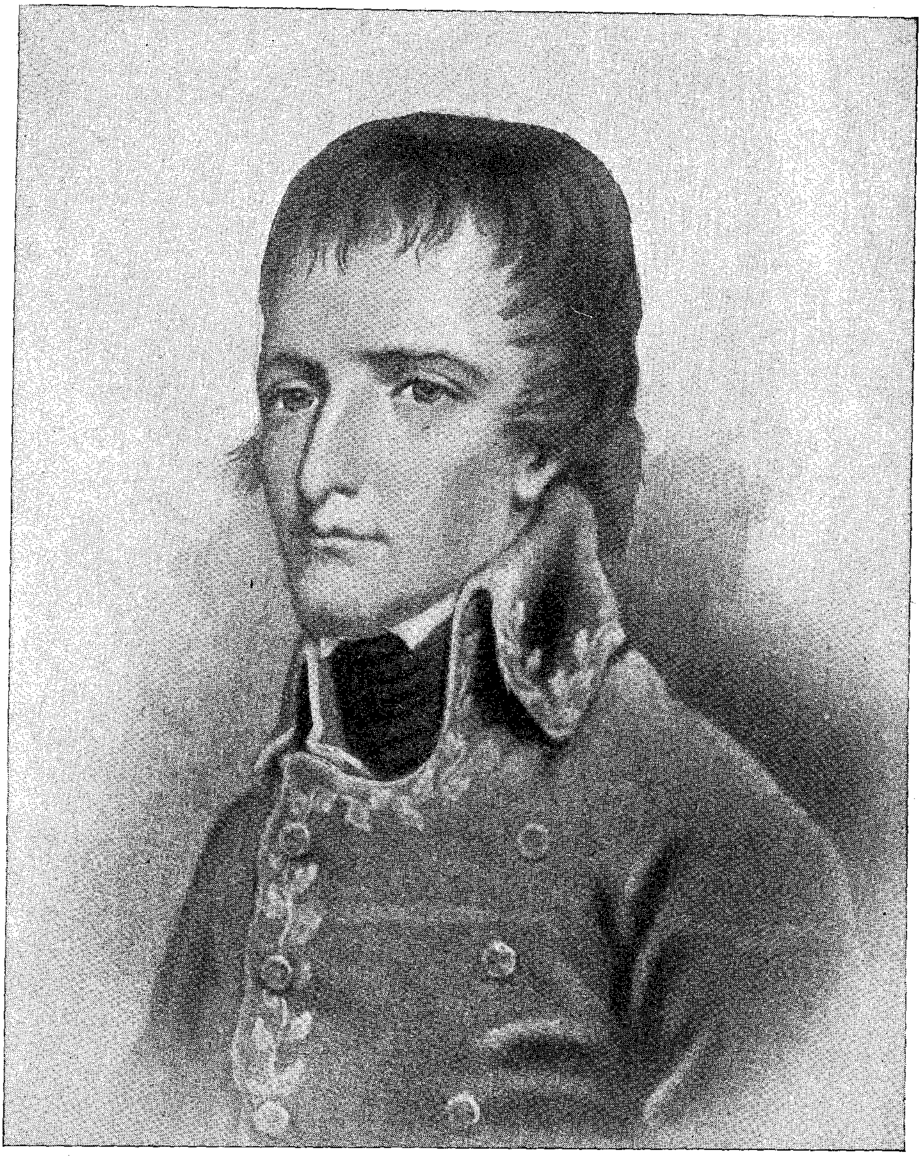


"NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE." 1800.

Painted by Masquerier, who visited Paris in 1800, where he made a portrait of Napoleon. "This, on being exhibited in England, where it was the first authentic portrait of the emperor, proved a source of considerable gain to the painter." The portrait was engraved soon after his return to London, by C. Turner.

forced to deal at once with all departments of the nation's life—with the finances, the industries, the *émigrés*, the Church, public education, the codification of the laws.

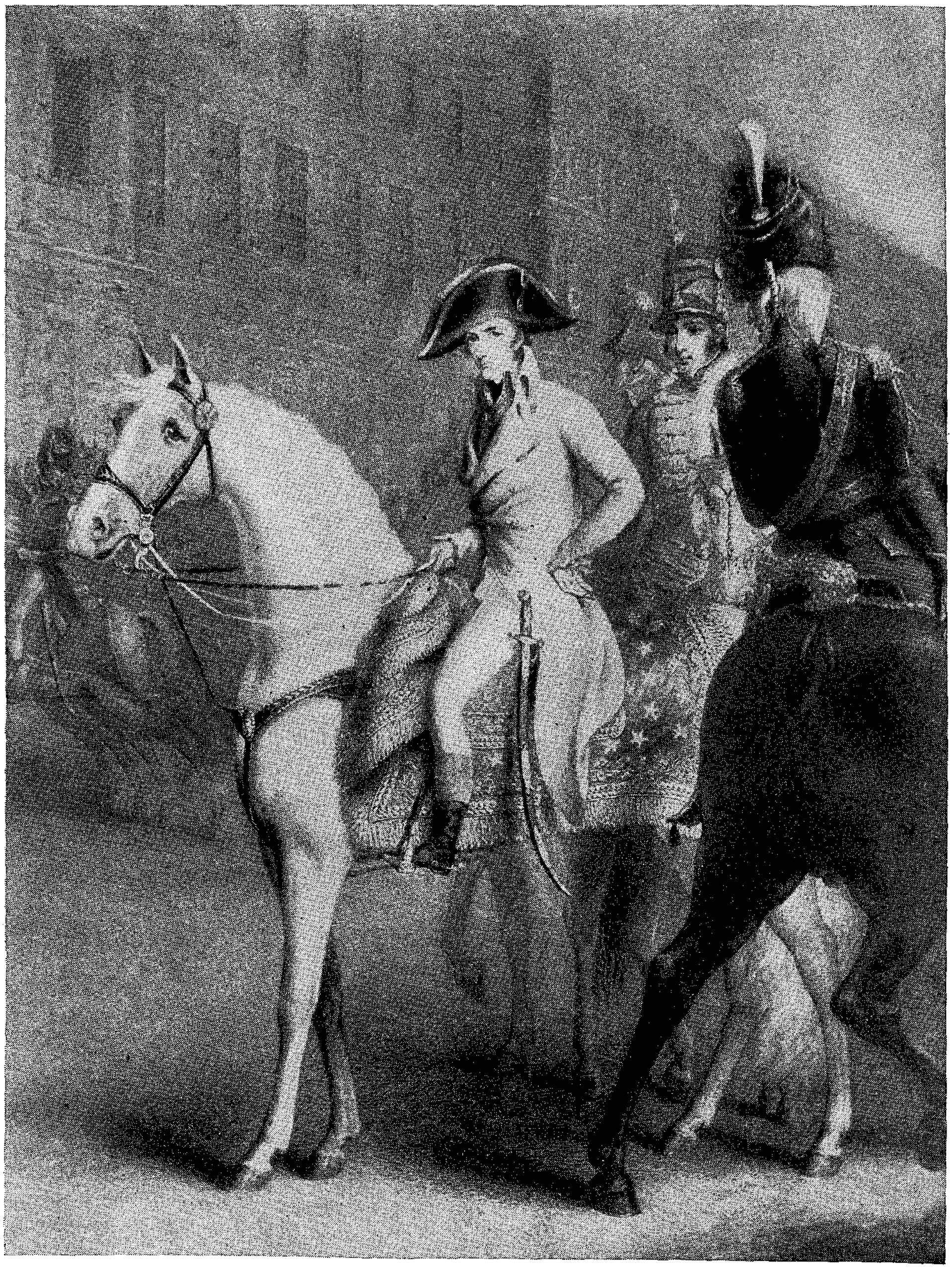
THE FINANCES.

The first question was one of money. The country was literally bankrupt in 1799. The treasury was empty, and the government practised all sorts of makeshifts to get money to pay those bills which could not be put off. One day, having to send out a special courier, it was obliged to give him the receipts of the opera to pay his expenses. And, again, it was in such a tight pinch that it was on the point of sending the gold coin in the Cabinet of Medals to the mint to be melted. Loans could not be negotiated; government paper was worthless; stocks were down to the lowest. One of the worst features of the situation was the condition of the taxes. The assessments were as arbitrary as before the Revolution, and they were collected with greater difficulty.

To select an honest, capable, and well-known financier was Napoleon's first act. The choice he made was wise—a Monsieur Gaudin, afterward the Duke de Gaëte, a quiet man, who had the confidence of the people. Under his management credit was restored, the government was able to make the loans necessary, and the department of finance was reorganized in a thorough fashion.

Napoleon's gratitude to M. Gaudin was lasting. Once when asked to change him for a more brilliant man, he said :

"I fully acknowledge all your *protégé* is worth ; but it might easily happen that, with all his intelligence, he would give me



"NAPOLEON REVIEWING THE CONSULAR GUARDS IN THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES." 1800.

Engraved in London, by C. Turner, after a painting by J. Masquerier, made during his visit to Paris in 1800. A similar picture, the *Revue du Décadi*, was painted by Isabey and Carle Vernet, and engraved by Mécou. Masson considers Napoleon's face finer at this time than at any other period.

nothing but fresh water, whilst with my good Gaudin I can always rely on having good crown pieces."

The famous Bank of France dates from this time. It was founded under Napoleon's personal direction, and he never ceased to watch over it jealously. More important was the reorganization of the system of taxation.

He insisted that the taxes must meet the whole expense of the nation, save war, which must pay for itself; and he so ordered affairs that never after his administration was fairly begun was a deficit known or a loan made. This was done, too, without the people feeling the burden of taxation. Indeed, that burden was so much lighter under his administration than it had been under the old regime, that peasant and workman, in most cases, probably did not know they were being taxed.

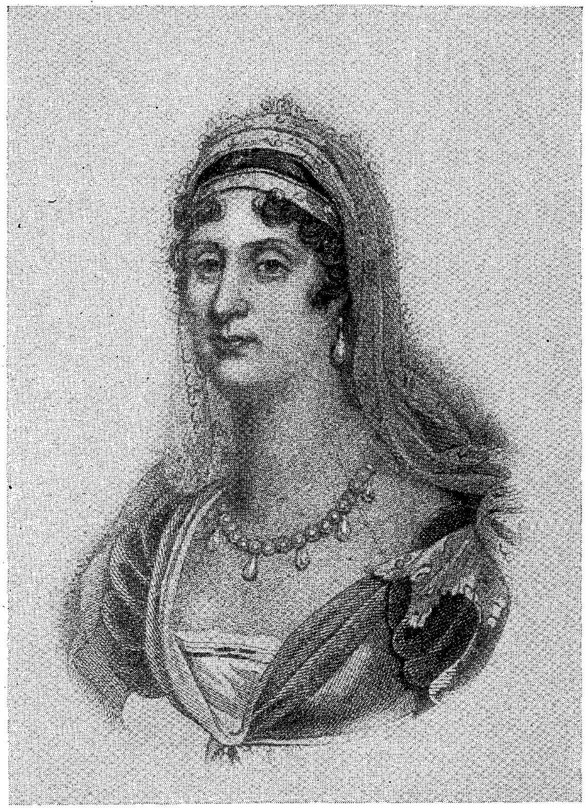
"Before 1789," says Taine, "out of one hundred francs of net revenue, the workman gave fourteen to his seignor, fourteen to the clergy, fifty-three to the state, and kept only eighteen or nineteen for himself. Since 1800, from one hundred francs income he pays nothing to the seignor or the Church, and he pays to the state, the department, and the commune but twenty-one francs, leaving seventy-nine in his pocket." And such was the method and care with which this system was administered, that the state received more than twice as much as it had before. The enormous sums which the police and tax-collectors had appropriated now went to the state. Here is but one example of numbers which show how minutely Napoleon guarded this part of the finances. It is found in a letter to Fouché, the chief of police:

> "What happens at Bordeaux happens at Turin, at Spa, at Marseilles, etc. The police commissioners derive immense profits from the gaming-tables. My intention is that the towns shall reap the benefit of the tables. I shall employ the two hundred thousand francs paid by the tables of Bordeaux in building a bridge or a canal. . . ."

A great improvement was that the taxes became fixed and regular. Napoleon wished that each man should know what he had to pay out each year. "True civil liberty depends on the safety of property," he told his Council of State. "There is none in a country where the rate of taxation is changed every year. A man who has three thousand francs income does not know how much he will have to live on the next year. His whole substance may be swallowed up by the taxes."

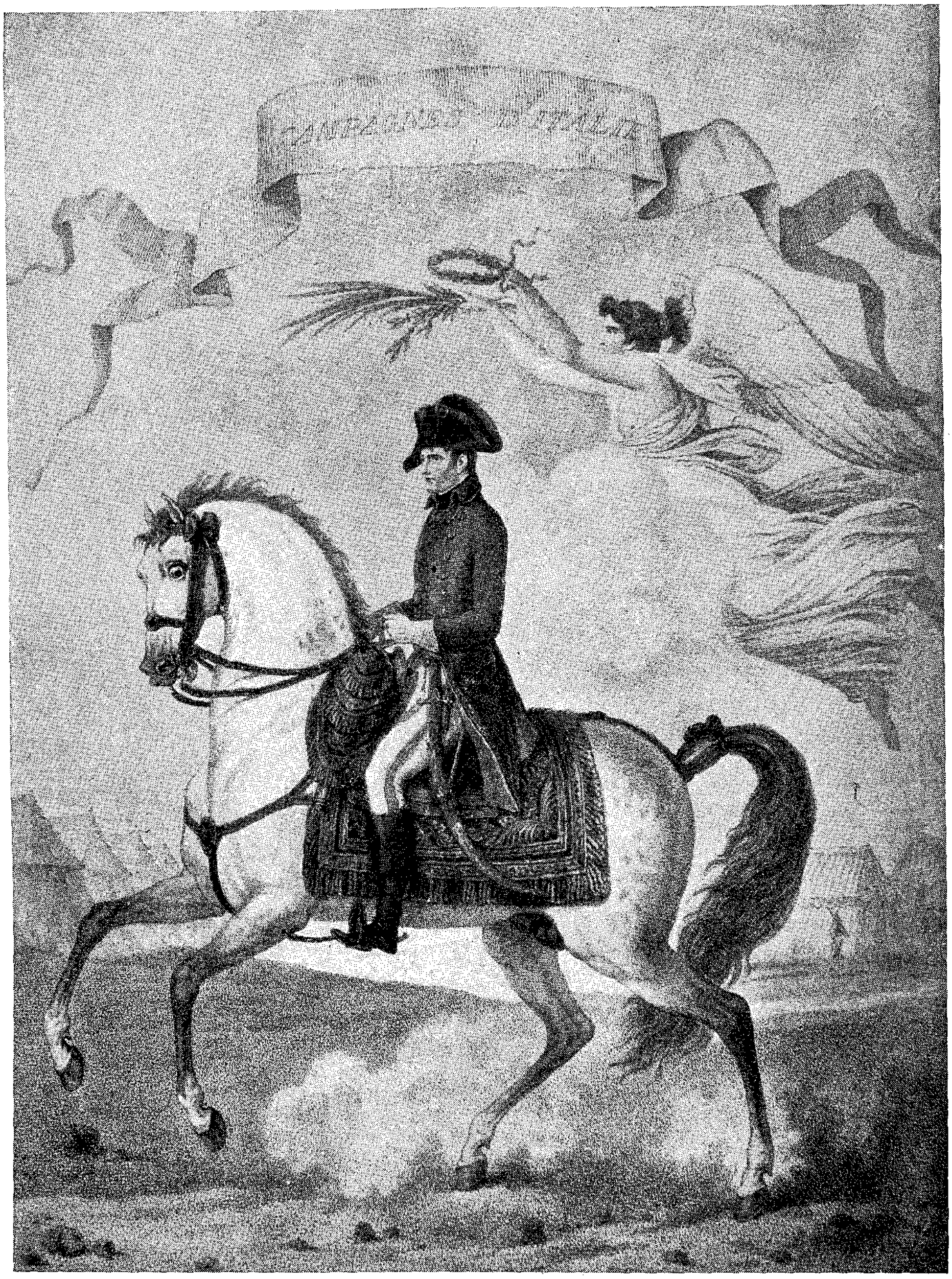
Nearly the whole revenue came from indirect taxes applied to a great number of articles. In case of a war which did not pay its way, Napoleon proposed to raise each of these a few centimes. The nation would surely prefer this to paying it to the Russians or Austrians. When possible the taxes were reduced. "Better leave the money in the hands of the citizens than lock it up in a cellar, as they do in Prussia."

He was cautious that extra taxes should not come on the very poor, if it could be avoided. A suggestion to charge the vegetable and fish sellers for their stalls came before him. "The public square, like water, ought to be free. It is quite enough that we tax salt and wine. . . . It would become



ELISA BACCIOCHI, GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY, ELDEST SISTER OF NAPOLEON (1777-1820).

Engraved by Morghen in 1814, after Counis.



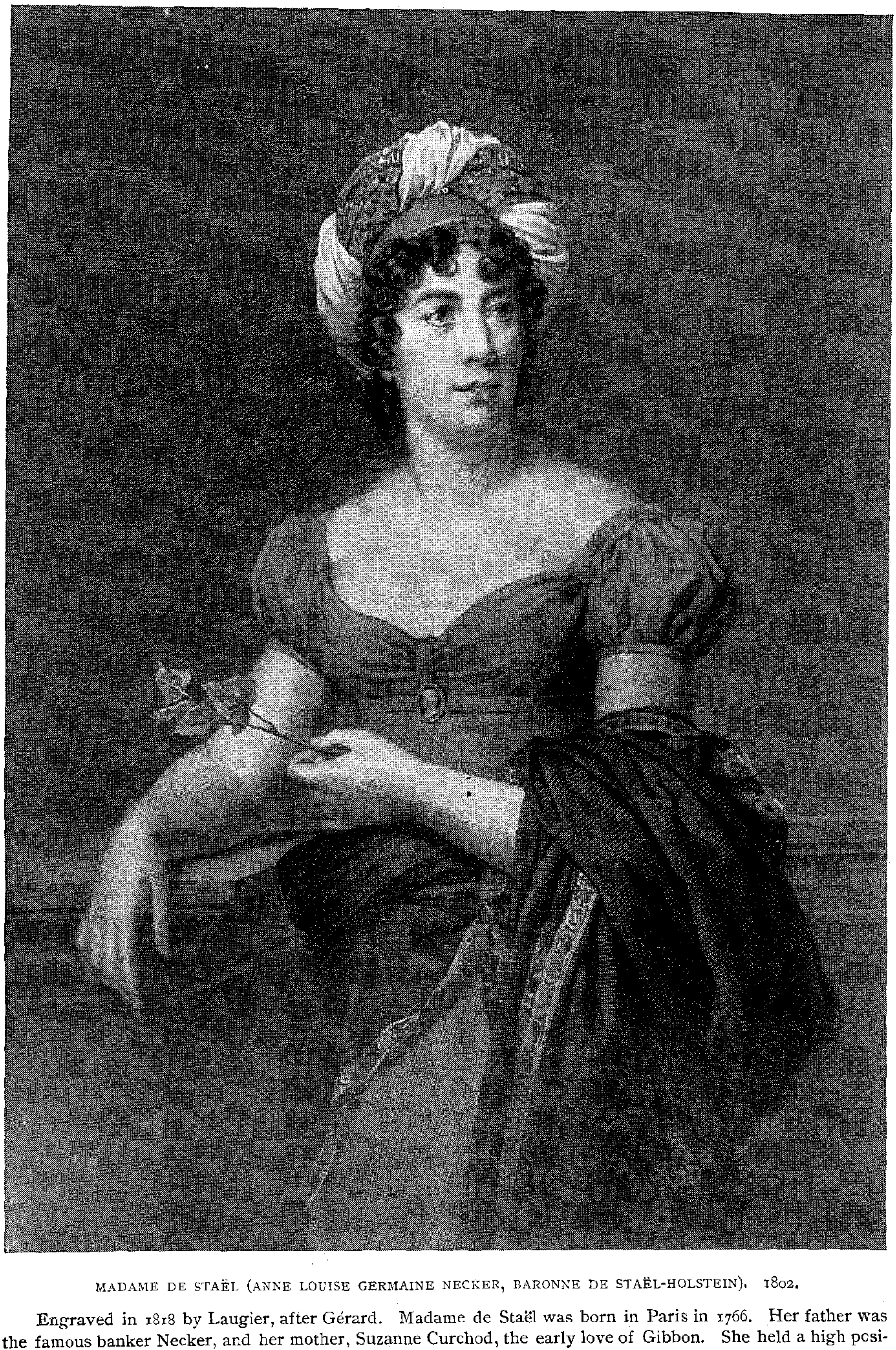
NAPOLEON. 1796–97.

Composed and designed by Carle Vernet; engraved by Simon.

the city of Paris much more to think of restoring the corn market."

An important part of his financial policy was the rigid economy which was insisted on in all departments. If a thing was bought, it must be worth what was paid for it. If a man held a position, he must do its duties. Neither purchases nor positions could be made unless reasonable and useful. This was in direct opposition to the old regime, of which waste, idleness, and parasites were the chief characteristics. The saving in expenditure was almost incredible. A trip to Fontainebleau, which cost Louis XVI. four hundred thousand dollars, Napoleon would make, in no less state, for thirty thousand dollars.

The expenses of the civil household,



MADAME DE STAËL (ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, BARONNE DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN). 1802.

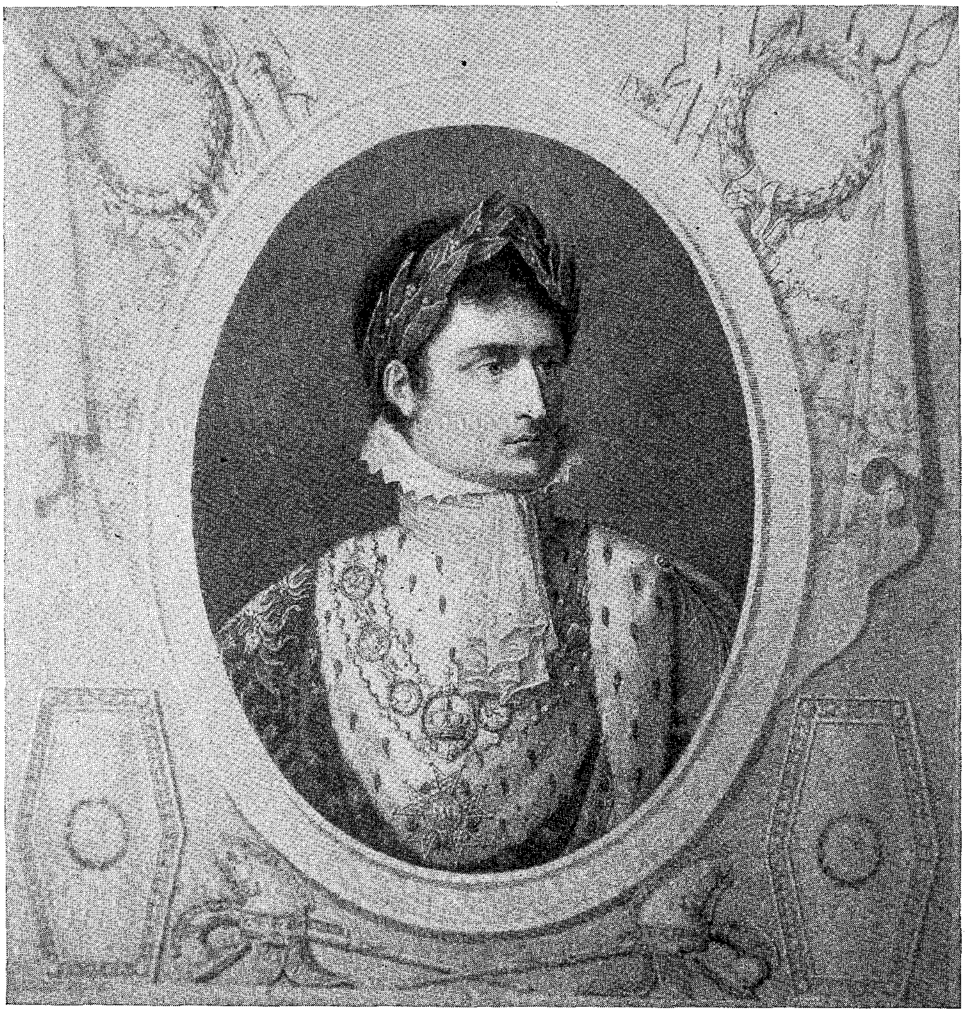
Engraved in 1818 by Laugier, after Gérard. Madame de Staël was born in Paris in 1766. Her father was the famous banker Necker, and her mother, Suzanne Curchod, the early love of Gibbon. She held a high position in Paris until the Terror obliged her to flee, when she went to Coppet, on Lake Geneva, where a number of her friends were continually gathered about her. She returned to Paris under the Directory, and when Napoleon returned from the Italian campaign she showed him the greatest admiration, and persisted in putting herself in his way. His dislike was so pronounced that she was irritated, and when to this personal complaint she added a more serious one—the way he was centralizing power in his hands—she became a noisy and troublesome critic of his policy. In 1803, when she came to Paris from Coppet, she was ordered not to reside within forty leagues of the city. For three years she obeyed, but in 1806 she returned to France. In 1807 the publication of "Corinne" called attention to her, and she was sent back to Coppet. For two years she was busy at her work on "Germany," which, when done, she published in Paris; but the whole edition of ten thousand copies was condemned as "not French," and she was forbidden to enter France. When Louis XVIII. was restored, she returned to Paris, but fled to Coppet at the news of Napoleon's landing. She died on July 14, 1817.

which amounted to five million dollars under the old regime, were now cut down to six hundred thousand dollars, though the elegance was no less.

THE INDUSTRIES.

A master who gave such strict attention to the prosperity of his kingdom would not, of course, overlook its industries. In fact, they were one of Napoleon's chief cares. His policy was one of protection. He would have France make everything she wanted, and sell to her neighbors, but never buy from them. To stimulate the manufactories, which in 1799 were as nearly bankrupt as the public treasury, he visited the factories himself to learn their needs. He gave liberal orders, and urged, even commanded, his associates to do the same. At one time, anxious to aid the batiste factories of Flanders, he tried to force Josephine to give up cotton goods and to set the fashion in favor of the batistes; but she made such an outcry that he was obliged to abandon the idea. For the same reason he wrote to his sister Eliza: "I beg that you will allow your court to wear nothing but silks and cambrics, and that you will exclude all cottons and muslins, in order to favor French industry."

Frequently he would take goods on consignment, to help a struggling factory. Rather than allow a manufactory to be idle, he would advance a large sum of money, and a quantity of its products would be put under government control. After the battle of Eylau, Napoleon sent one million six hundred thousand francs to Paris, to be used in this way.



NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND KING OF ITALY. ("NAPOLEON, EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS, ROI D'ITALIE.") 1805.

Engraved by Audouin, after Charles de Chatillon.

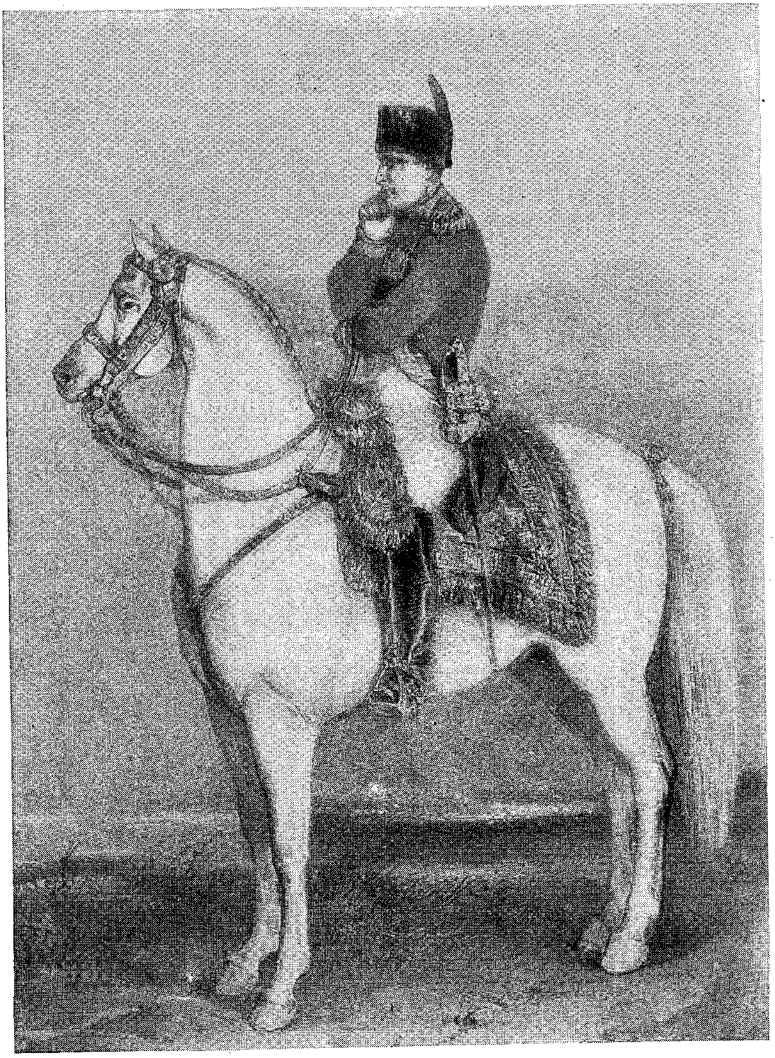
To introduce cotton-making into the country was one of his chief industrial ambitions. At the beginning of the century it was printed in all the factories of France, but nothing more. He proposed to the Council of State to prohibit the importation of cotton thread and the woven goods. There was a strong opposition, but he carried his point.

"As a result," said Napoleon to Las Cases with complacency, "we possess the three branches, to the immense advantage of our population and to the detriment and sorrow of the English; which proves that, in administration as in war, one must exercise character. . . . I occupied myself no less in encouraging silks. As Emperor, and King of Italy, I counted one hundred and twenty millions of income from the silk harvest."

In a similar way he encouraged agriculture; especially was he anxious that France should raise all her own articles of diet. He had Berthollet look into maple and turnip sugar, and he did at last succeed in persuading the people to use beet sugar; though he never convinced them that Swiss tea equalled Chinese, or that chicory was as good as coffee. The works he insisted should be carried on in regard to roads and public buildings were of great importance. There was need that something be done.

"It is impossible to conceive, if one had not been a witness of it before and after the 18th Brumaire [said the chancellor Pasquier], of the widespread ruin wrought by the Revolution. . . . There were hardly two or three main roads [in France] in a fit condition for traffic; not a single one was there, perhaps, wherein was not found some obstacle that could not be surmounted without peril. With regard to the ways of internal communication, they had been indefinitely suspended. The navigation of rivers and canals was no longer feasible.

"In all directions, public buildings, and those monuments which represent the splendor of the state, were falling into decay. It must fain be admitted that if the work of destruction had been prodigious, that of restoration was no less so. Everything was taken hold of at one and the same time, and everything progressed with a like rapidity. Not only was it resolved to restore all that required restoring in various parts of the country, in all parts of the public service, but new, grand, beautiful and useful works were decided upon, and many were brought to a happy termination. This certainly constitutes one

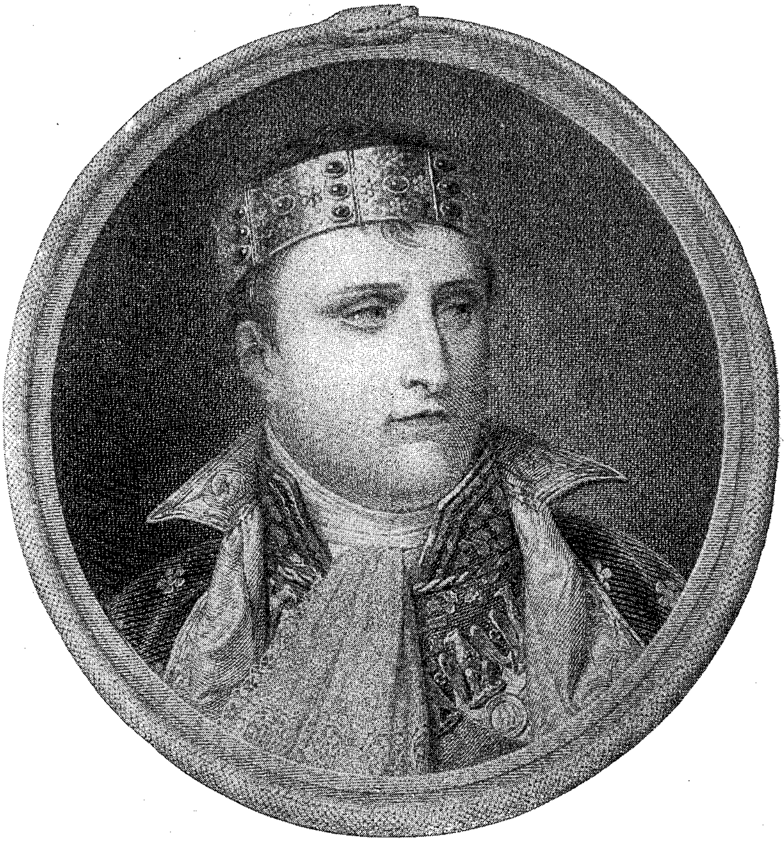


THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HUNTING COSTUME. ("L'EMPÉREUR EN FROC DE CHASSEUR À CHEVAL.")

Designed by Charlet, probably about 1834. The title is a little misleading, for the costume shown in the picture, save the boots, is the one Napoleon commonly wore, in-doors as well as out.

of the most brilliant sides of the consular and imperial regime."

In Paris alone vast improvements were made. Napoleon began the Rue de Rivoli, built the wing connecting the Tuileries and the Louvre, erected the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, the Arc de Triomphe at the head of the Champs Elysées, the column Vendôme, the Madeleine, began the Bourse, built the Pont d'Austerlitz, and ordered, commenced, or finished, a number of minor works of great importance to the city. The markets interested him particularly. "Give all possible care to the construction of the markets and to their healthfulness, and to the beauty of the Halle-aux-blés and of the Halle-aux-vins. The people, too, must have their Louvre," was his order.



NAPOLEON WITH THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY. 1812.
Designed and engraved by Longhi, in 1812, for "Vite e Ritratti di illustri Italiani."

THE ÉMIGRÉS.

But there were wounds in the French nation more profound than those caused by lack of credit, by neglect and corruption. The body which in 1789 had made up France had, in the last ten years, been violently and horribly wrenched asunder. One hundred and fifty thousand of the richest, most cultivated, and most capable of the population had been stripped of wealth and position, and had emigrated to foreign lands.

Napoleon saw that if the *émigrés* could be reconciled, he at once converted a powerful enemy into a zealous friend. In spite of the opposition of those who had made the Revolution and gained their positions through it, he accorded an amnesty to the *émigrés*, which included the whole one hundred and fifty thousand, with the exception of about one thousand, and this number, it was arranged, should be reduced to five hundred in the course of a year. More, he provided for their wants. Most of the smaller properties confiscated by the Revolution had been sold, and Napoleon insisted that those who had bought them from the State should be assured of their tenure; but in case a property had not been disposed of, he returned it to the family, though rarely in full. In case of forest lands, not over three hundred and seventy-five acres were given back. Gifts and positions were given to many *émigrés*, so that the majority were able to live in ease.

A valuable result of this policy of reconciliation was the amount of talent, experience, and culture which he gained for the government. France had been run for ten years by country lawyers, doctors, and pamphleteers, who, though they boasted civic virtue and eloquence, and though they knew their Plutarchs and Rousseaus by heart, had no practical sense, and little or no experience. The return of the *émigrés* gave France a body of trained diplomats, judges, and thinkers, many of whom were promptly admitted to the government.

THE CHURCH.

More serious than the amputation of the aristocracy had been that of the Church. The Revolution had torn it from the nation, had confiscated its property, turned its cathedrals into barracks, its convents and seminaries into town halls and prisons, sold its lands, closed its schools and hospitals. It had demanded an oath of the clergy which had divided the body, and caused thousands to emigrate. Not content with this, it had tried to supplant the old religion, first with a worship of the Goddess of Reason, afterwards with one of the Supreme Being.

But the people still loved the Catholic Church. The mass of them kept their crucifixes in their houses, told their beads, observed fast days. No matter how severe a penalty was attached to the observance of Sunday instead of the day which had replaced it, called the "decade," at heart the people remembered it. "We rest on the decade," said a workman once, "but we change our shirts on Sunday."

Napoleon understood the popular heart, and he proposed the reëstablishment of the Catholic Church. The Revolutionists, even his warmest friends among the generals, opposed it. Infidelity was a cardinal point in the creed of the majority of the new régime. They not only rejected the Church, they ridiculed it. Rather than restore Catholicism, they advised Protestantism. "But," declared Napoleon, "France is not Protestant; she is Catholic."

In the Council of State, where the question was argued, he said: "My policy is to govern men as the greatest number wish to be governed. . . . I carried on the war of Vendée by becoming a Catholic; I established myself in Egypt by becoming a Mussulman; I won over the priests in Italy by becoming Ultramontane. If I governed Jews I should reëstablish the temple of Solomon. . . . It is thus, I think, that the sovereignty of the people should be understood."

Evidently this was a very different way of understanding that famous doctrine from that which had been in vogue, which consisted in forcing the people to accept what each idealist thought was best, without consulting their prejudices or feelings. In spite of opposition, Napoleon's will prevailed, and in the spring of 1802 the Concordat was signed. This treaty between the Pope and France is still in force in France. It makes the Catholic Church the State church, allows the government to name the bishops, compels it to pay the salaries of the clergy, and to furnish cathedrals and churches for public worship, which, however, remain national property. The Concordat provided for the absolution of the priests who had married in the Revolution, restored Sunday, and made legal holidays of certain *fête* days. This arrangement was not made at the price of intolerance towards other bodies. The French government protects and contributes towards the support of all religions within its borders, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Mussulman.

The Concordat was ridiculed by many in the government and army, but undoubtedly it was one of the most statesmanlike measures carried out by Napoleon.

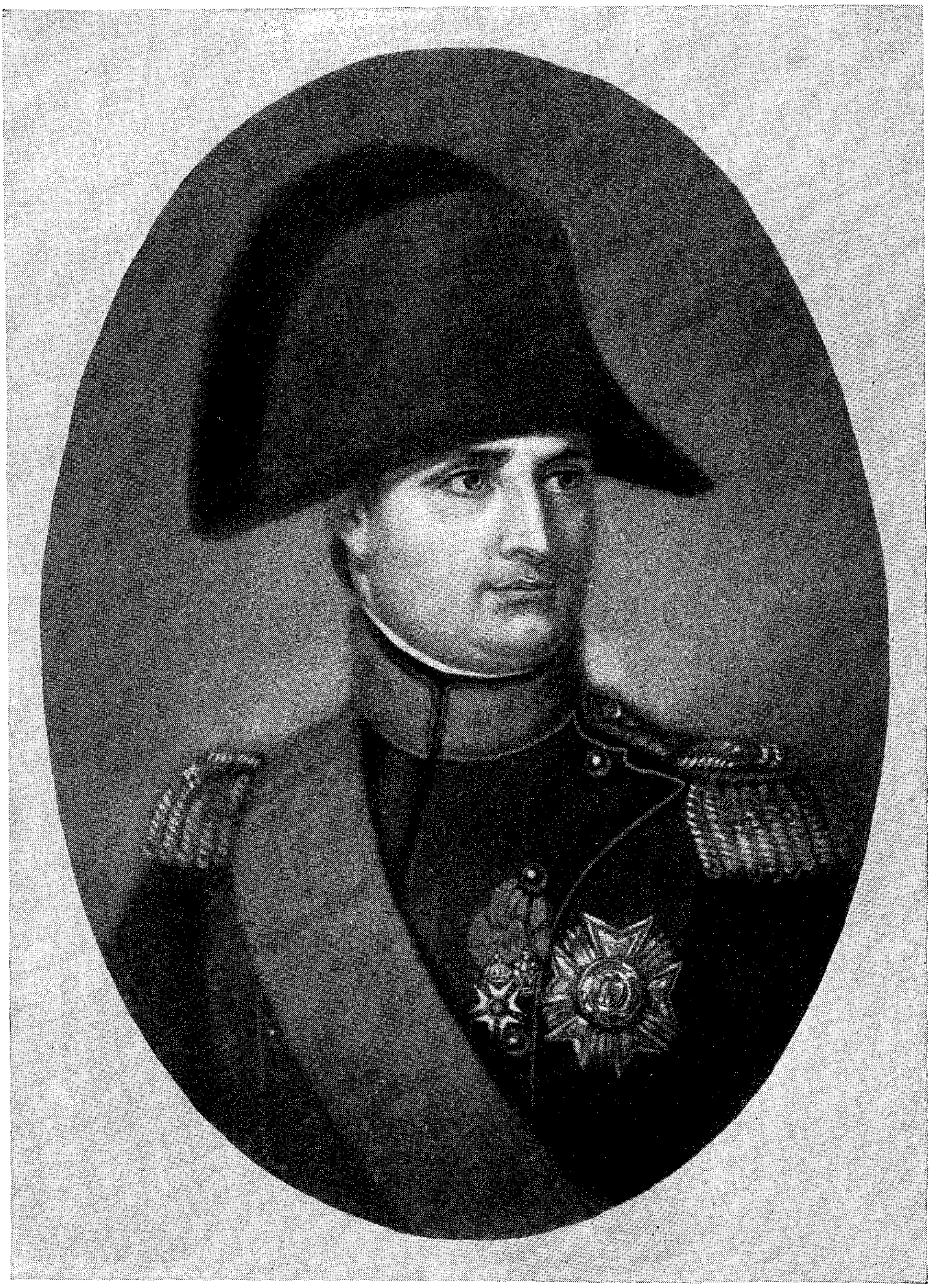
"The joy of the overwhelming majority of France silenced even the boldest malcontents," says Pasquier; "it became evident that Napoleon, better than those who surrounded him, had seen into the depths of the nation's heart."

It is certain that in reëstablishing the Church Napoleon did not yield to any religious prejudice, although the Catholic Church was the one he preferred. It was purely a question of policy. In arranging the Concordat he might have secured more liberal measures—measures in which he believed—but he refused them.

> "Do you wish me to manufacture a religion of caprice for my own special use, a religion that would be nobody's? I do not so understand matters. What I want is the old Catholic religion, the only one which is imbedded in every heart, and from which it has never been torn. This religion alone can conciliate hearts in my favor; it alone can smooth away all obstacles."

At St. Helena he said to Las Cases:

> "When I came to the head of affairs, I had already formed certain ideas on the great principles which hold society together. I had weighed all the importance of religion; I was persuaded of it, and I had resolved to reëstablish it. You would scarcely believe in the difficulties that I had to restore Catholicism. I would have been followed much more willingly if I had unfurled the banner of Protestantism. . . . It is sure that in the disorder to which I succeeded, in the ruins where I found myself, I could choose between Catholicism and Protestantism. And it is true that at that moment the disposition was in favor of the latter. But outside the fact that I really clung to the religion in which I had been born, I had the highest motives to decide me. By proclaiming Protestantism, what would I have obtained? I should have created in France two great parties about equal, when I wished there should be longer but one. I should have excited the fury of religious quarrels, when the



NAPOLEON.

Engraved by Cousin, after Lefèvre. Lefèvre probably painted this portrait early in the career of Napoleon. It was engraved by Cousin, a celebrated mezzotint engraver, many years ago, but when finished Napoleon "did not sell." It therefore was laid aside until 1893, when this print was made.

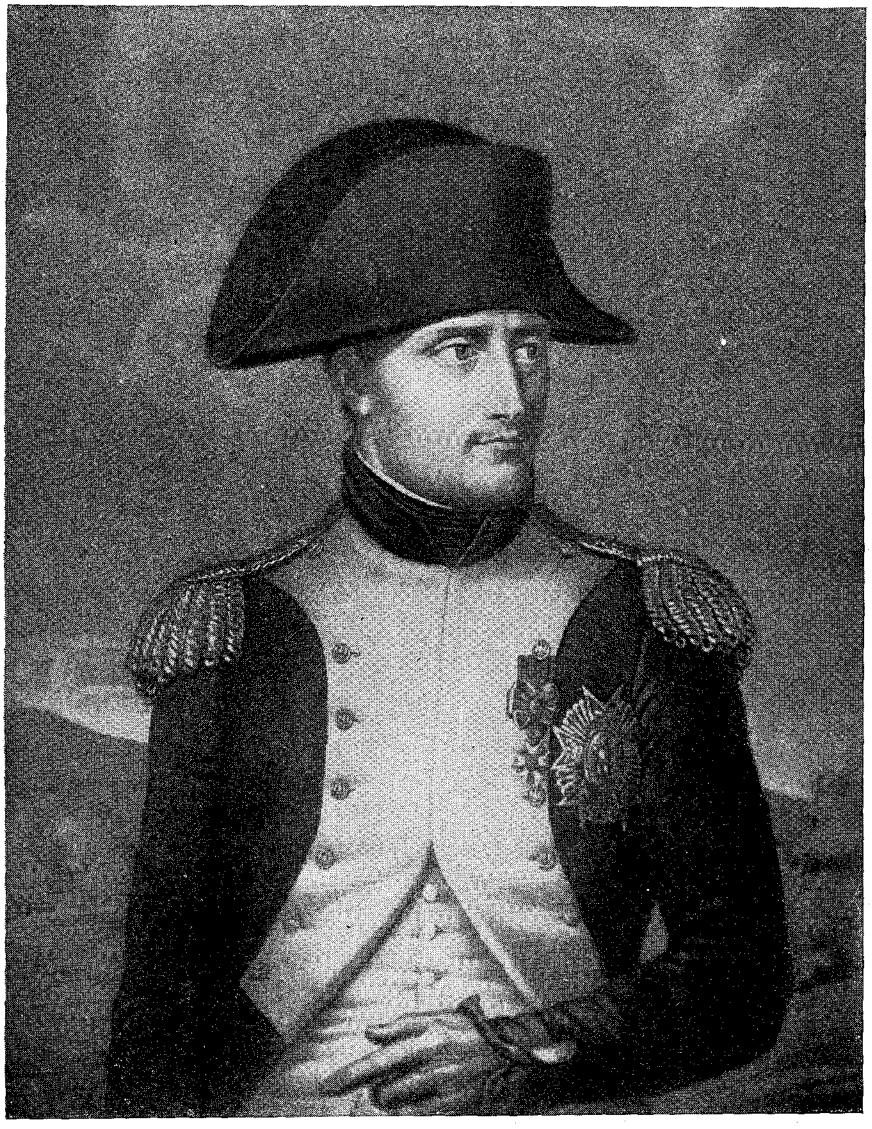
enlightenment of the age and my desire was to make them disappear altogether. These two parties in tearing each other to pieces would have annihilated France and rendered her the slave of Europe, when I was ambitious of making her its mistress. With Catholicism I arrived much more surely at my great results. Within, at home, the great number would absorb the small, and I promised myself to treat with the latter so liberally that it would soon have no motive for knowing the difference.

"Without, Catholicism saved me the Pope; and with my influences and our forces in Italy I did not despair sooner or later, by one way or another, of finishing by ruling the Pope myself."

EDUCATION.

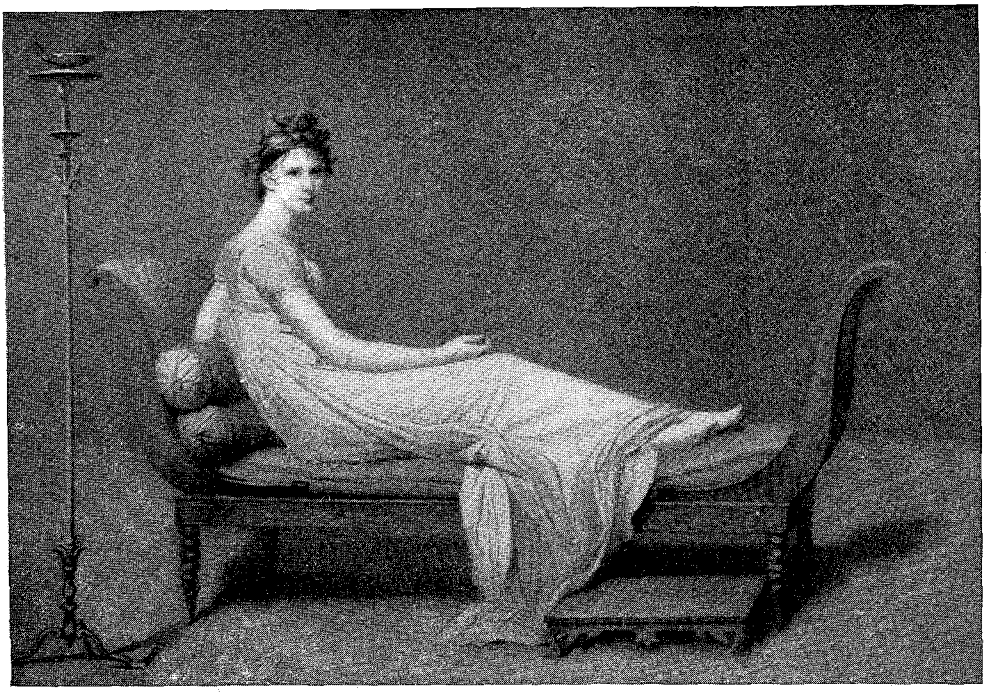
When the Church fell in France, the whole system of education went down with her. The Revolutionary governments tried to remedy the condition, but beyond many plans and speeches little had been done. Napoleon allowed the religious bodies to reopen their schools, and thus primary instruction was soon in operation again; and he founded a number of secondary and special schools. The greatest of his educational undertakings was the organization of the University. This institution was centralized in the head of the state as completely as every other Napoleonic institution. It exists to-day but little changed—a most efficient body, in spite of its rigid state control. This university did nothing for woman.

"I do not think we need trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females," Napoleon told the Council. "They cannot be brought up better than by their mothers. Public education is not suitable for them, because they are never called upon to act in public. Manners are all in all to them, and marriage is all they look to. In times past the monastic life was open to women; they



NAPOLEON.

Engraved by Ruotte, after Robert Lefèvre. Probably painted about 1810.



MADAME RÉCAMIER. 1800.

By Jacquet, after David. Madame Récamier (Jeanne Françoise Julie Adélaide) was born in Lyons in 1777. Her father, Jean Bernard, afterwards moved to Paris, where he saw much of society and occupied a good position. In 1793 Julie was married to Monsieur Récamier, a rich banker twenty-seven years her senior. During the Directory Madame Récamier became intimate with the members of the Bonaparte family in Paris, and Lucien fell deeply in love with her, an affection she never returned. She first met the First Consul at Lucien's in the winter of 1799-1800, and he noticed her especially. She was much attracted by his simplicity and by his kindness. In 1802 Madame Récamier's father, who was Postmaster-General, was found to be sheltering a royalist correspondence, and was arrested and imprisoned. Through the intercession of Madame Récamier, Bernadotte secured his release from the First Consul. The arrest and trial of Moreau, who was a friend of Madame Récamier, the exile of Madame de Staël, and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, put her in opposition to the government, though she received both friends and enemies of Napoleon. In 1805 Fouché attempted to persuade her to accept a place at court, which she refused. In 1807 Madame Récamier visited Madame de Staël at Coppet, where she met Prince Augustus of Prussia, who wished to marry her. She seems to have determined once to secure a divorce and marry the Prince, but abandoned the idea because of Monsieur Récamier's distress. In 1811 she was exiled forty leagues from Paris because of her intimacy with Madame de Staël, and she did not return until after the invasion in 1814. In 1817, after Madame de Staël's death, she met Chateaubriand, with whom she remained intimately allied through the rest of her life. In 1830 Monsieur Récamier died. Sixteen years afterwards Chateaubriand became a widower. He wished to marry Madame Récamier, but she refused. She died in Paris in 1849. Of all the women of the period, no one is more interesting than Madame Récamier. Purity of character, independence of spirit, and fidelity to friends distinguished her, as well as remarkable beauty.

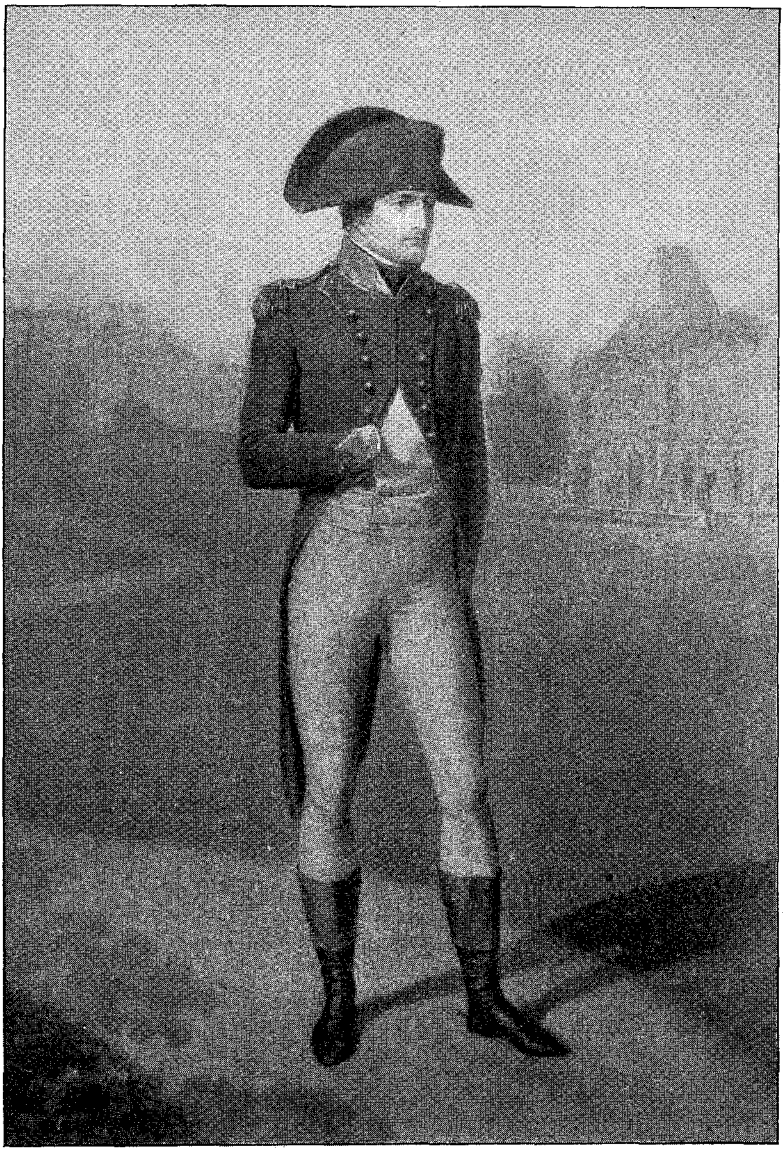
espoused God, and, though society gained little by that alliance, the parents gained by pocketing the dowry."

It was with the education of the daughters of soldiers, civil functionaries, and members of the Legion of Honor, who had died and left their children unprovided for, that he concerned himself, establishing schools of which the well-known one at St. Denis is a model. The rules were prepared by Napoleon himself, who insisted that the girls should be taught all kinds of housework and needlework—everything, in fact, which would make them good housekeepers and honest women.

The military schools were also reorganized at this time. Remembering his own experience at the *École Militaire*, Napoleon arranged that the severest economy should be practised in them, and that the pupils should learn to do everything for themselves. They even cleaned, bedded, and shod their own horses.

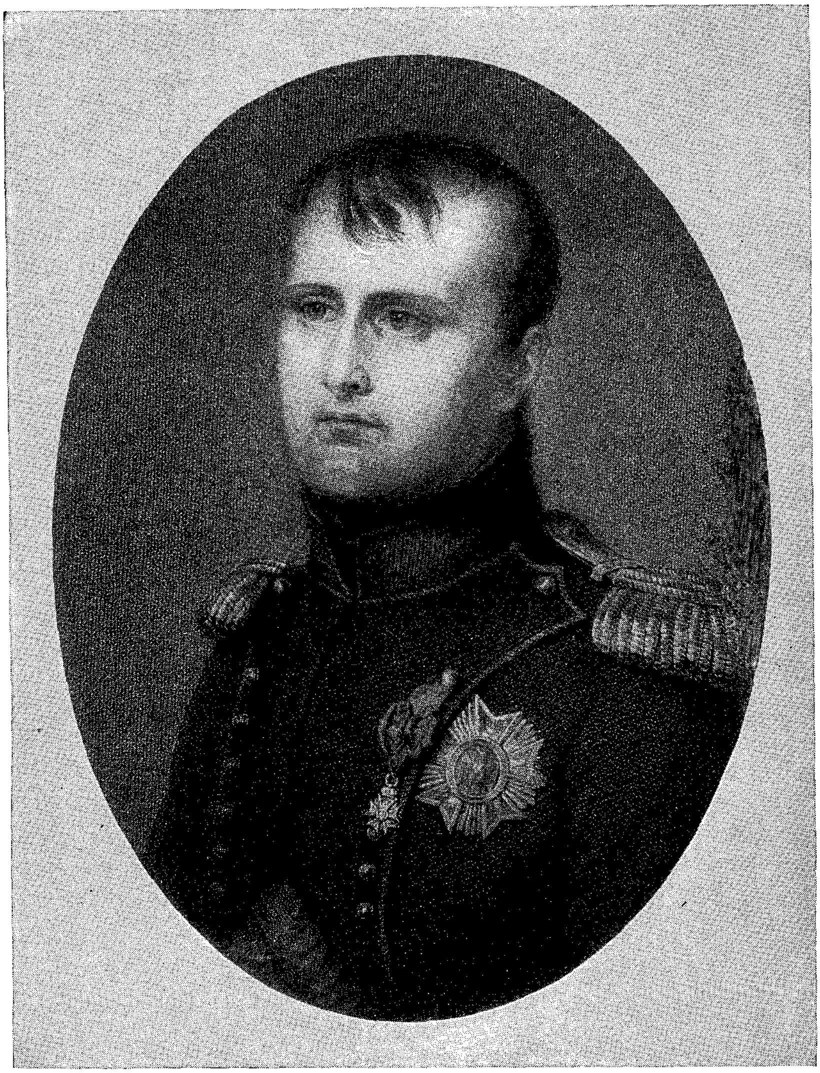
THE LEGION OF HONOR.

The destruction of the old system of privileges and honors left the government without any means of rewarding those who rendered it a service. Napoleon presented a law for a Legion of Honor, under control of the state, which should admit to its



BONAPARTE AT MALMAISON. 1802.

The title on the engraving reads: "Bonaparte, dédié à Madame Bonaparte." Engraved in 1803 by Godefroy, after Isabey. In 1798, after Josephine de Beauharnais had become Madame Bonaparte, she bought, for thirty-two thousand dollars, a property at Marly, eight miles from Paris, known as Malmaison. While Napoleon was in Egypt, Josephine spent most of her time here, gathering about her a circle of the *beaux esprits* of the day, including Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Arnault, Chénier, Talma, Gérard, Girodet, Mesdames Tallien, Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, the Comtesse d'Houdetot, and Fanny de Beauharnais. When Napoleon returned from Egypt he found waiting him a powerful *salon*. After the 18th Brumaire, Malmaison was enlarged and beautified, becoming, in fact, another Trianon. Its park contained kiosks, a *hameau*, a temple of love, a theatre, fountains, lakes, and gardens, and the *château* a fine library and many valuable works of art. A few of the pictures brought to France as spoils of war were deposited at Malmaison, especially two superb Paul Potters. Napoleon is said to have always regretted, when he looked at them, that Josephine had taken them, as he wanted them for the Museum. Before the end of the consulate the Bonapartes left Malmaison for Saint Cloud, and after the Empire the place was almost entirely abandoned. When the divorce was pronounced in 1811 Josephine retired to Malmaison, where she died in 1814, three days after a visit from the Emperor Alexander, whose army had just invaded France. Napoleon visited Malmaison after his return from Elba, and spent five days there after Waterloo. Malmaison passed to Prince Eugène, who sold it to private parties in 1826. In 1861 the state bought it, and still owns it.



NAPOLEON I., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND KING OF ITALY. ("NAPOLEON Ier, EMPÉREUR DES FRANÇAIS, ROI D'ITALIE.") ABOUT 1809.

Engraved by Roger, after Guérin. Painted, probably, about 1809.

membership only those who had done something of use to the public. The service might be military, commercial, artistic, humanitarian; no limit was put on its nature; anything which helped France in any way was to be rewarded by membership in the proposed order. In fact, it was the most democratic distinction possible, since the same reward was given to all classes of services and all classes of people.

Now the Revolutionary spirit spurned all distinctions; and as free discussion was allowed on the law, there was a severe arraignment of it made. Nevertheless, it passed. It immediately became a power in the hands of the First Consul, and such it has remained until to-day in the hands of the government. Though it has been frequently abused, and never, perhaps, more flagrantly than by the present Republic, unquestionably the French "red button" is a decoration of which to be proud.

CODIFICATION OF THE LAWS.

The greatest civil achievement of Napoleon was the codification of the laws. Up to the Revolution, the laws of France had been in a misty, incoherent condition, feudal in their spirit, and by no means uniform in their application. The Constituent Assembly had ordered them revised, but the work had only been begun. Napoleon believed justly that the greatest benefit he could render France would be to give her a complete and systematic code. He organized the force for this gigantic task, and pushed revision with unflagging energy.

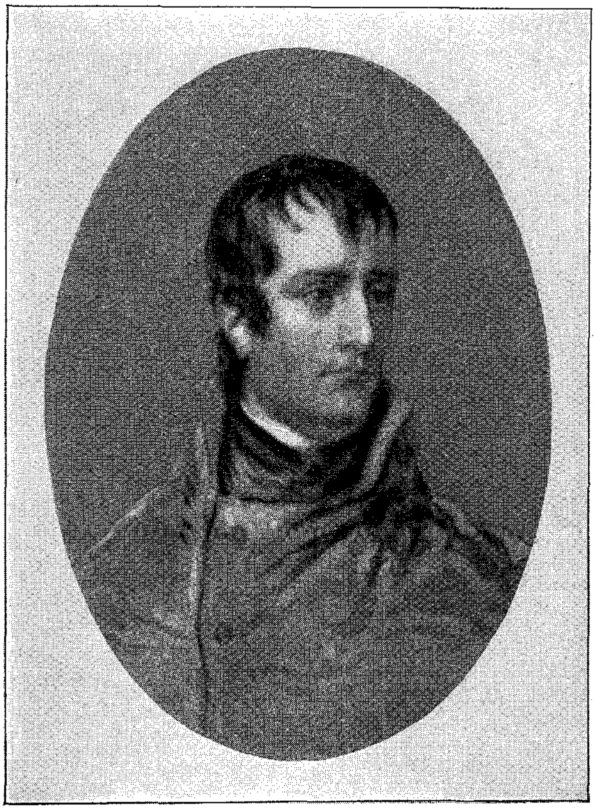
His part in the work was interesting and important. After the laws had been well digested and arranged in preliminary bodies, they were submitted to the Council of State. It was in the discussions before this body that Napoleon took part. That a man of thirty-one, brought up as a soldier, and having no legal training, could follow the discussions of such a learned and serious body as Napoleon's Council of State always was, seems incredible. In fact, he prepared for each session as thoroughly as the law-makers themselves.

His habit was to talk over, beforehand generally, with Cambacérès and Portalis, two legislators of great learning and clearness of judgment, all the matters which were to come up.

"He examined each question by itself," says Roederer, "inquiring into all the authorities, times, experiences; demanding to know how it had been under ancient jurisprudence, under Louis XIV., or Frederick the Great. When a bill was presented to the First Consul, he rarely failed to ask these questions: Is this bill complete? Does it cover every case? Why have you not thought of this? Is that necessary? Is it right or useful? What is done nowadays and elsewhere?"

At night, after he had gone to bed, he would read or have read to him authorities on the subject. Such was his capacity for grasping an idea, that he would come to the Council with a perfectly clear notion of the subject to be treated, and a good idea of its historical development. Thus he could follow the most erudite and philosophical arguments, and could take part in them.

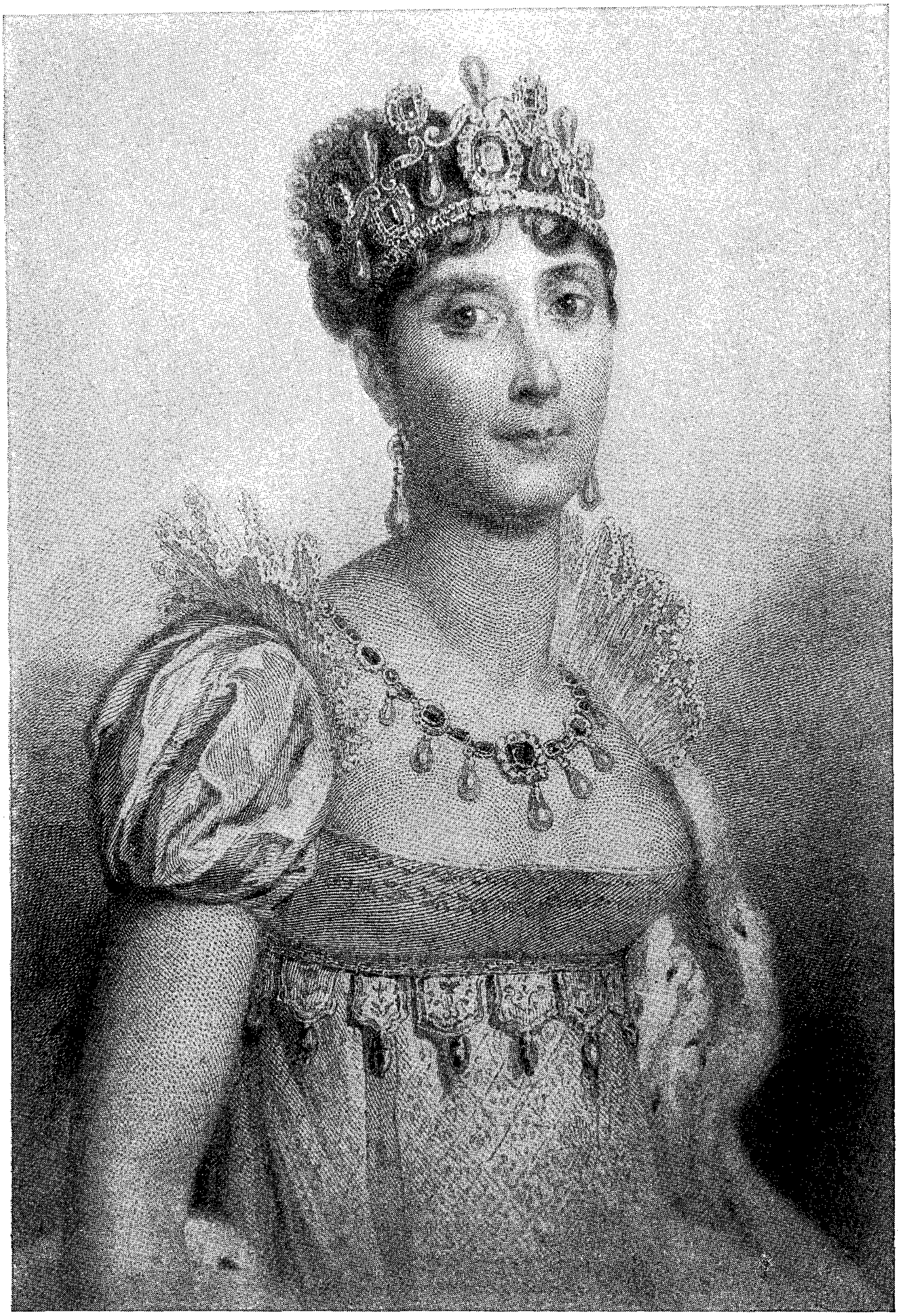
He stripped them at once of all conventional phrases and learned terms, and stated clearly what they meant. He had no use for anything but the plain meaning. By thus going directly to the practical sense of a thing, he frequently cleared up the ideas of the revisers themselves.


"NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL." 1802.

Painted in 1802 by T. Phillips, Esq., R.A.; engraved by C. Turner.

In framing the laws, he took care that they should be worded so that everybody could understand them. Thus, when a law relating to liquors was being prepared, he urged that *wholesale* and *retail* should be defined in such a way that they would be definite ideas to the people. "*Pot* and *pint* must be inserted," he said. "There is no objection to those words. An excise act isn't an epic poem."

Napoleon insisted on the greatest freedom of speech in the discussions on the laws, just as he did on "going straight to the point and not wasting time on idle talk." This clear-headedness, energy, and grasp of subjects exercised over a body of really remarkable men, developed the Council until its discussions became famous throughout Europe. One of its wisest members, Chancellor Pasquier, says of Napoleon's direction, that "it was of such a nature as to enlarge the sphere of one's ideas, and to give one's faculties all the development of which they were capable.



JOSEPHINE. 1804.

Engraved by Weber in 1814; painted by Lethière.

The highest legislative, administrative, and sometimes even political matters were taken up in it (the Council). Did we not see, for two consecutive winters, the sons of foreign sovereigns come and complete their education in its midst?"

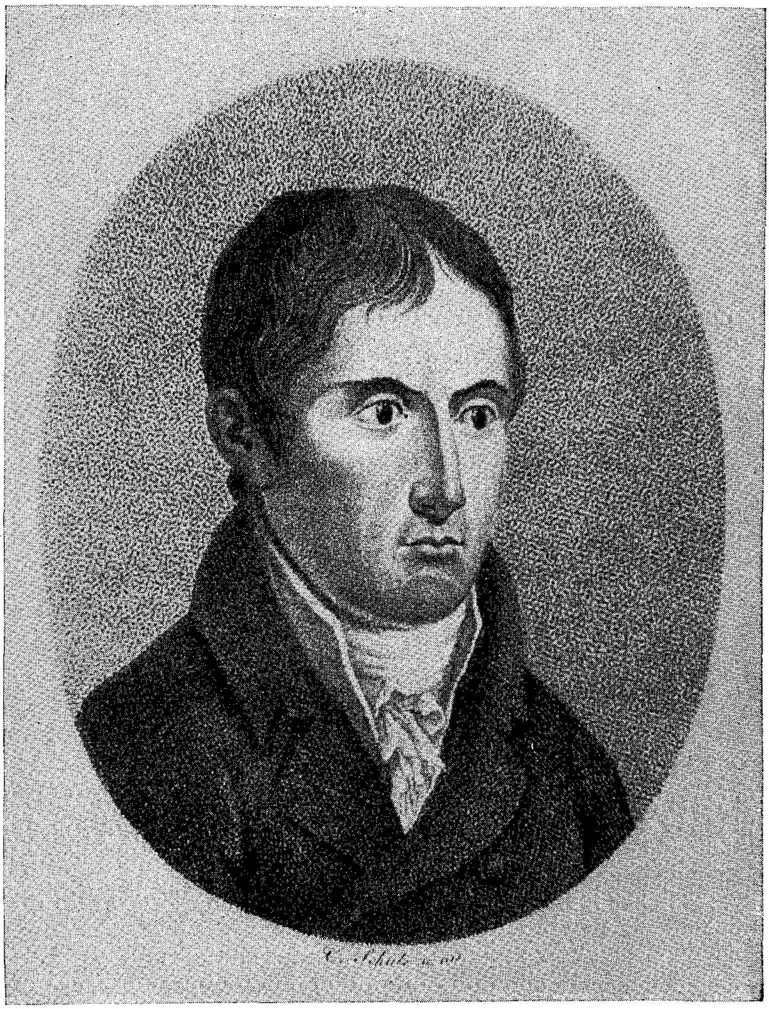
It was the genius of the head of the state, however, which was the most impressive feature of the Council of State. De Molleville, a former minister of Louis XVI., said once to Las Cases:

> "It must be admitted that your Bonaparte, your Napoleon, was a very extraordinary man. We were far from understanding him on the other side of the water. We could not refuse the evidence of his victories and his invasions, it is true; but Genseric, Attila, Alaric had done as much; so he made more of an impression of terror on me than of admiration. But when I came here and followed the discussions on the civil code, from that moment I had nothing but profound veneration for him. But where in the world had he learned all that? And then every day I discovered something new in him. Ah, sir, what a man you had there! Truly, he was a prodigy."

The modern reader who looks at France and sees how her University, her special schools, her hospitals, her great honorary legion, her treaty with the Catholic Church, her code of laws, her bank—the vital elements of her life, in short—are as they came from Napoleon's brain, must ask, with De Molleville, How did he do it—he a foreigner, born in a half-civilized island, reared in a military school, without diplomatic or legal training, without the prestige of name or wealth? How could he make a nation? How could he be other than the barbaric conqueror, the English and the *émigrés* first thought him?

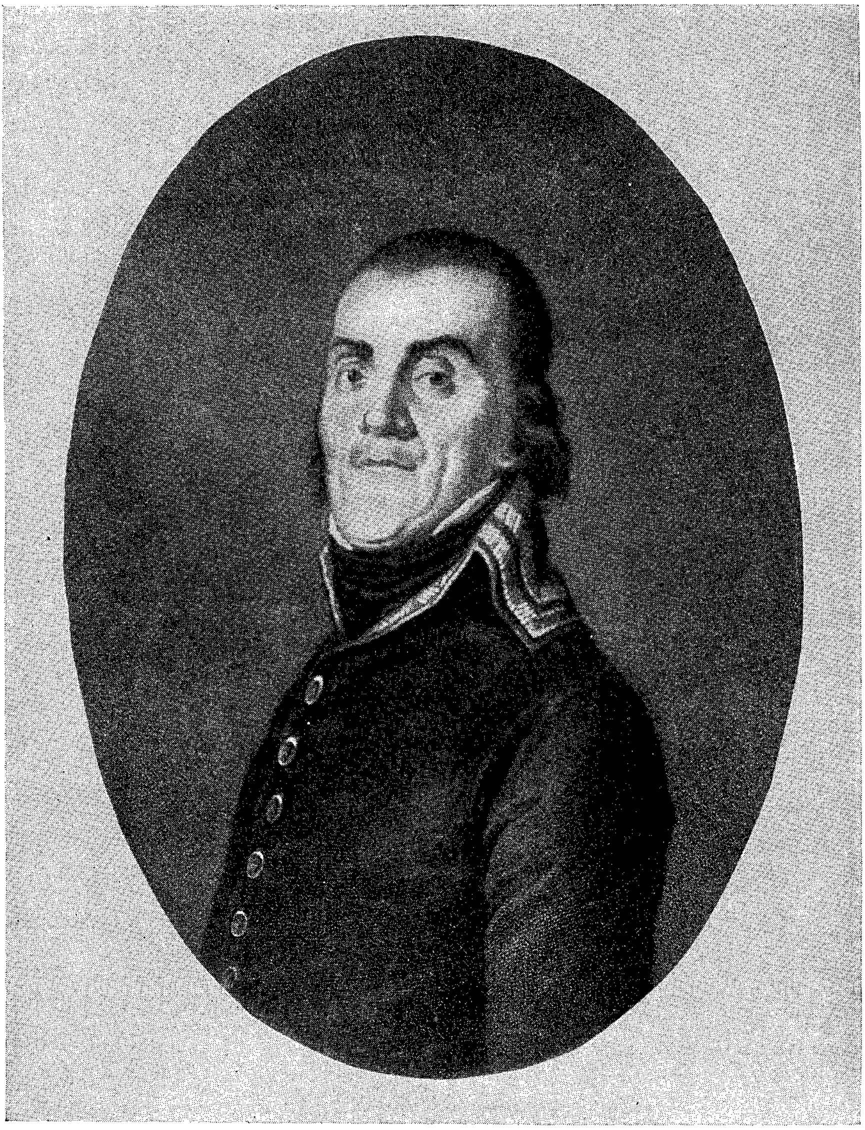
Those who look at Napoleon's achievements, and are either dazzled or horrified by them, generally consider his power superhuman. They call it divine or diabolic, according to the feeling he inspires in them; but, in reality, the qualities he showed in his career as a statesman and law-giver are very human ones. His stout grasp on subjects; his genius for hard work; his power of seeing everything that should be done, and doing it himself; his unparalleled audacity, explain his civil achievements.

The comprehension he had of questions of government was really the result of serious thinking. He had reflected from his first days at Brienne; and the active interest he had taken in the Revolution of 1789 had made him familiar with many social and political questions. His career in Italy, which was almost as much a diplomatic as a military career, had furnished him an experience upon which he had founded many notions. In his dreams of becoming an Oriental lawgiver he had planned a system of government of which



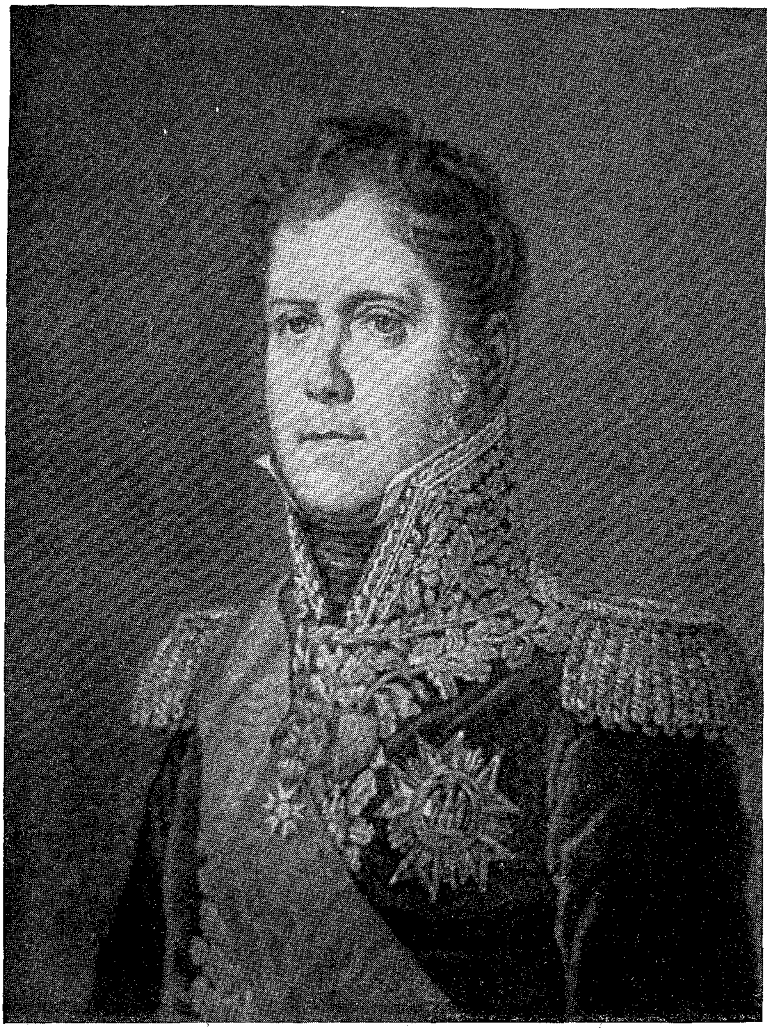
LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Engraved by Schule in 1815.



MARSHAL LEFEBVRE (1755–1820). ABOUT 1796.

Engraved in 1798 by Fiesinger, after Mengelberg. Lefebvre (François Joseph) was born at Ruffach in 1755, son of a miller, destined for the Church, but at eighteen he enrolled in the French guards. When the Revolution broke out he had just reached the grade of sergeant. In 1793 he was made general of brigade under Hoche, and served in the armies of the Rhine with honor until wounded in 1798, when he returned to Paris, where he was named commander of one of the military divisions. On the 18th Brumaire, Lefebvre rendered important service, and in 1800 was named for the Senate by the First Consul. In 1804 he was made a marshal and a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1806 Lefebvre commanded a division of the Grand Army, and at Jena led the Imperial foot-guard. In 1807 he directed the siege of Dantzic, which lasted fifty-one days. For the capture of this town he was made Duke of Dantzic. In 1808 Lefebvre served in Spain, gaining two battles. In the war of 1809 against the Austrians he led the Bavarian army, and in 1812 was commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, at whose head he remained during the retreat from Russia. Lefebvre was made a peer of France by the Restoration, and during the Hundred Days he sat in the Imperial Chamber. When Louis XVIII. returned he deposed him, but he was recalled in 1819. He died in 1820. The marshal and his wife are altogether among the most interesting people in the Napoleonic court. Both of them were uneducated and completely impervious to culture, but of such sincerity of thought and speech, and such goodness of heart, that Napoleon valued them highly. The courtiers, however, ridiculed them incessantly, and repeated many of their blunders against etiquette and grammar. Madame Lefebvre, a kind of noble-hearted Mrs. Malaprop, has been made the heroine of several French plays. The latest of these is the "Madame Sans-Gêne" of Victor Sardou, put on at the Vaudeville in Paris in the winter of 1893-94.



MARSHAL NEY ("LE MARÉCHAL NEY, DUC D'ELCHINGEN, PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA, PAIR DE FRANCE.") 1814.

Engraved by Tardieu, after Gérard. Ney (Michel) was born at Sarrelouis in 1769; entered the army at nineteen years of age. In 1792 Ney entered the Army of the North, where he soon attracted attention by his bravery and skill, winning the title of the *Indefatigable*. In 1794 he was made chief of brigade, and two years later general of brigade. He served in the Army of the Rhine and of the Danube until the peace of Lunéville in 1801. Returning to Paris, Napoleon succeeded in attaching him to his fortunes, and sent him to Switzerland as minister plenipotentiary to propose that the Helvetian Republic be placed under the protectorate of France. When, in 1803, war was declared against England, Ney was recalled from Switzerland, where he had succeeded in his negotiations, and sent to the north to command a corps of the Army of Invasion. In 1804 he was named marshal and given the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honor. In the campaign of 1805 against Austria, Ney played a brilliant part, as well as in those of 1806 and 1807. His audacity, military skill, and bravery won him various titles from his soldiers, such as the "Brave of Braves," the "Red Lion" (Ney's hair was red), and "Peter the Red." When Napoleon instituted his new nobility, after Tilsit, Ney was made Duke of Elchingen. During 1809 and 1810 he served in Spain, but, quarrelling with Masséna, his commander-in-chief, he was obliged to return to France. In the Russian campaign no one distinguished himself more than Ney. For his services at the battle of Moskowa he was made Prince of Moskowa. When Louis XVIII. was restored, Ney joined the Bourbons, and was rewarded with high honors, but at court his wife was ridiculed by the ancient nobility, until, deeply wounded, he left Paris. He was in command at Besançon when Napoleon returned from Elba, and was ordered to take his former master prisoner. Ney started, promising to "bring back Bonaparte in an iron cage"; but the enthusiasm over the imperial cause was so great that he made up his mind that the cause of the Bourbons was lost, and went over to Napoleon. He was convicted of treason, and shot in Paris, December 7, 1815.

he was to be the centre. Thus, before the 18th Brumaire made him the dictator of France, he had his ideas of centralized government all formed, just as, before he crossed the Great Saint Bernard, he had fought, over and over, the battle of Marengo with black- and red-headed pins stuck into a great map of Italy spread out on his study floor.

His habit of attending to everything himself explains much of his success. No detail was too small for him, no task too menial. If a thing needed attention, no matter whose business it was, he looked after it. Reading letters once before Madame Junot, she said to him that such work must be tiresome, and advised him to give it to a secretary.

"Later, perhaps," he said. "Now it is impossible; I must answer for all. It is not at the beginning of a return to order that I can afford to ignore a need, a demand."

He carried out this policy literally. When he went on a journey, he looked personally after every road, bridge, public building, he passed, and his letters teemed with orders about repairs here, restorations there. He looked after individuals in the same way; ordered a pension to this one, a position to that one, even dictating how the gift should be made known so as to offend the least possible the pride of the recipient.

When it comes to foreign policy, he tells his diplomats how they shall look, whether it shall be grave or gay, whether they shall discuss the opera or the political situation.

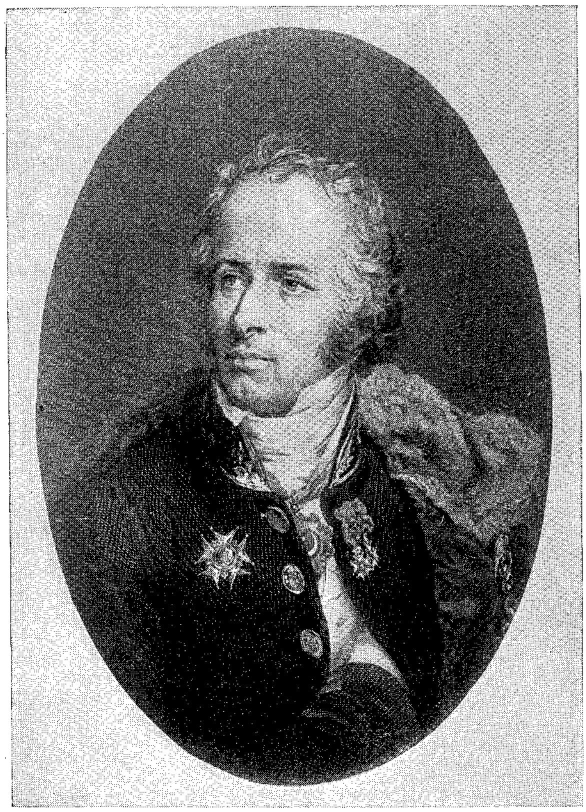
The cost of the soldiers' shoes, the kind of box Josephine takes at the opera, the style of architecture for the Madeleine, the amount of stock left on hand in the silk factories, the wording of the laws, all is his business.

He thinks of the flowers to be scattered daily on the tomb of General Régnier, suggests the idea of a battle hymn to Rouget de l'Isle, tells the artists what expression to give him in their portraits, what accessories to use in their battle pieces, orders everything, verifies everything. "Beside him," said those who looked on in amazement, "the most punctilious clerk would have been a bungler."

Without an extraordinary capacity for work, no man could have done this. Napoleon would work until eleven o'clock in the evening, and be up again at three in the morning. Frequently he slept but an hour, and came back as fresh as ever. No secretary could keep up to him, and his ministers sometimes went to sleep in the Council, worn out with the length of the session. "Come, citizen ministers," he would cry, "we must earn the money the French nation gives us." The ministers rarely went home from the meetings that they did not find a half-dozen letters from him on their tables to be answered, and the answer must be a clear, exact, exhaustive document. "Get your information so that when you do answer me, there shall be no 'buts,' no 'ifs,' and no 'becauses,'" was the rule Napoleon laid down to his correspondents.

He had audacity. He dared do what he would. He had no conventional notions to tie him, no master to dictate to him. The Revolution had swept out of his way the accumulated experience of centuries — all the habits, the prejudices, the ways of doing things. He commenced nearer the bottom than any man in the history of the civilized world had ever done, worked with imperial self-confidence, with a conviction that he "was not like other men." He listened to others, but in the end he dared do as he would.

The centralization of France in Napoleon's



GENERAL FOY. ABOUT 1820.

Engraved by Lefèvre, after Horace Vernet. Foy (Maximilien Sébastien), born at Ham in 1775, entered the artillery school at fifteen, and assisted as lieutenant at the battle of Jammapes. Arrested for contra-revolutionary talk, Foy was imprisoned, but was released after the 9th Thermidor. He afterwards served in the Army of the Rhine under Masséna, and made the German campaign of 1800 under Moreau. He voted against the life consulate and the empire, and showed an opposition to the growth of imperialism which hurt his advancement. After the battle of Vimeiro in 1808 he was named general of brigade, and later general of division. He fought in Spain until the evacuation of the country. Under the restoration Foy served as an inspector-general of artillery; but he joined Napoleon on his return, fought at Waterloo, and went into retirement afterwards. In 1819 he was elected deputy, and almost at once he showed himself an orator of unusual power. He was a pure constitutionalist, and gave all his efforts to holding the Bourbons to the charter. He died in November, 1825.

hands was not to be allowed to go on without interference. Jacobinism, republicanism, royalism, were deeply-rooted sentiments, and it was not long before they began to struggle for expression.

OPPOSITION, AND HOW HE MET IT.

Early in the Consulate, plots of many descriptions were unearthed. The most serious before 1803 was that known as the "Opera Plot," or "Plot of the 3d Nivose" (December 24, 1800), when a bomb was placed in the street, to be exploded as the First Consul's carriage passed. By an accident he was saved, and, in spite of the shock, went on to the opera.

Madame Junot, who was there, gives a graphic description of the way the news was received by the house:

"The first thirty measures of the oratorio were scarcely played, when a strong explosion like a cannon was heard.

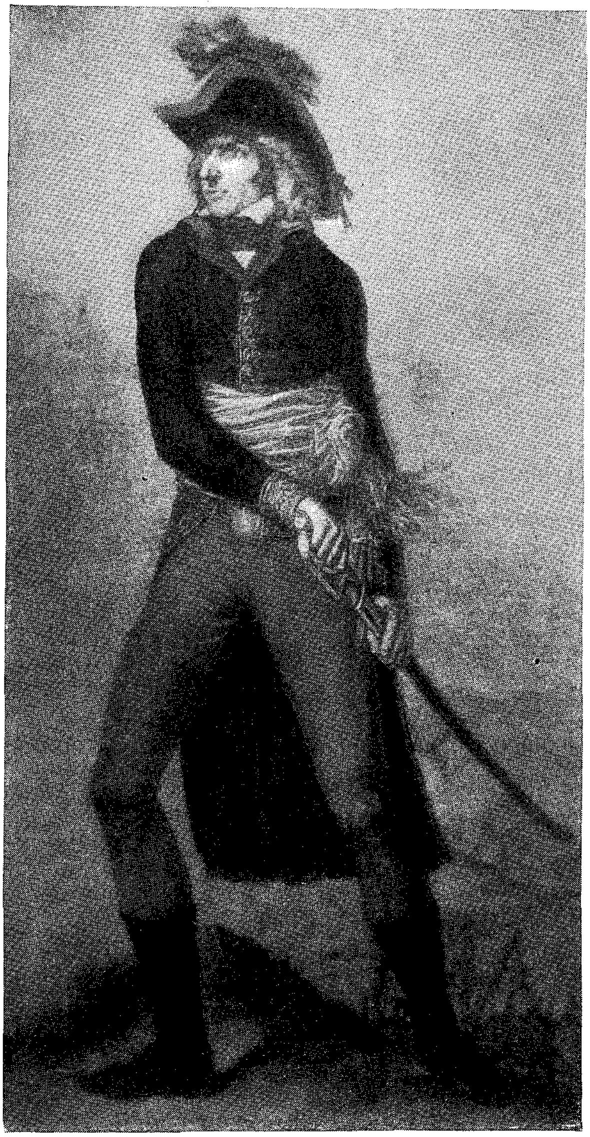
"'What does that mean?' exclaimed Junot with emotion. He opened the door of the *loge* and looked into the corridor. . . . 'It is strange; how can they be firing the cannon at this hour?' And then, 'I should have known it. Give me my hat; I am going to find out what it is. . . .'

"At this moment the *loge* of the First Consul opened, and he himself appeared with General Lannes, Lauriston, Berthier, and Duroc. Smiling, he saluted the immense crowd, which mingled cries like those of love with its applause. Madame Bonaparte followed him in a few seconds. . . .

"Junot was going to enter the *loge* to see for himself the serene air of the First Consul that I had just remarked, when Duroc came up to us with troubled face and a worried air.

"'The First Consul has just escaped death,' he said quickly to Junot. 'Go down and see him; he wants to talk to you.' . . . But a dull sound commenced to spread from parterre to orchestra, from orchestra to amphitheatre, and thence to the *loges*.

"'The First Consul has just been attacked in the Rue Saint Nicaise,' it was whispered. Soon the truth was circulated in the *salle* at



BERNADOTTE. ABOUT 1798.

Engraved by Alix, after Le Dru. Bernadotte (J. B. Jules) was born at Pau, in 1764; entered the Royal Marine at seventeen years of age, and was sergeant in 1789. In 1792 entered the Army of the North, where he served with honor. He entered the Army of Italy in 1797, and, although suspicious of Bonaparte's ambition, he served him valiantly, and was one of those sent to Paris with captured flags. Was an active supporter of the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Fructidor, and was ambassador at Vienna after the treaty of Campo Formio. Bernadotte married the Désirée Clary, sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, whom Napoleon, in 1795, had thought of making his wife. In 1799 he served in the Rhenish armies. He disapproved of the 18th Brumaire, but after it accepted the command of the Army of the West. In 1804 he was made marshal, and later, Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In the Austrian war of 1805 Bernadotte played an important part, and again in the campaign of 1807. In 1810 the Swedish States proclaimed him prince royal and heir-presumptive of Sweden. He was received as a son by Charles XIII., and during the life of that monarch Bernadotte surrounded him by a really filial care. In 1812 he entered the coalition against Bonaparte. At first he tried to act as a mediator, but this failing, he led his army against the French, defeating Ney and Oudinot, and deciding the battle of Leipsic. But he took no part in the invasion of France. In 1818, on the death of Charles XIII., he was proclaimed King of Norway and Sweden, and took the name of Charles Jean IV., though he is usually called Charles XIV. He held the throne for twenty-five years, and his son Oscar succeeded him.

the same instant, and, as by an electric shock, one and the same acclamation arose, one and the same look enveloped Napoleon, as if in a protecting love.

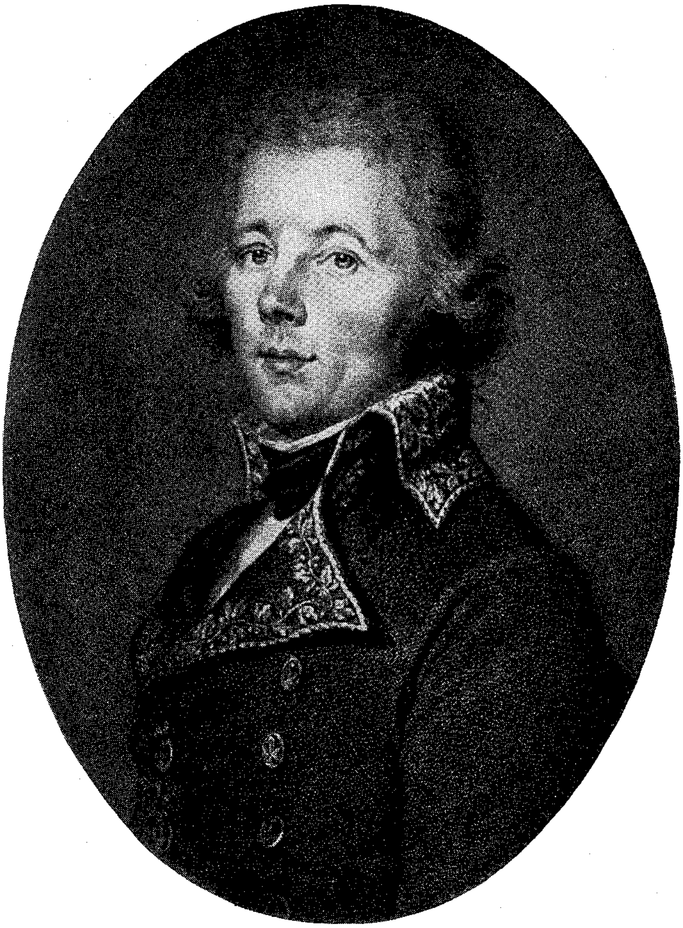
"What agitation preceded the explosion of national anger which was represented in that first quarter of an hour, by that crowd whose fury for so black an attack could not be expressed by words! Women sobbed aloud, men shivered with indignation. Whatever the banner they followed, they were united heart and arm in this case to show that differences of opinion did not bring with them differences in understanding honor."

It was such attempts, and suspicion of like ones, that led to the extension of the police service.

One of the ablest and craftiest men of the Revolution became Napoleon's head of police in the Consulate, Fouché. A consummate actor and skilful flatterer, hindered by no conscience other than the duty of keeping in place, he acted a curious and entertaining part. Detective work was for him a game which he played with intense relish. He was a veritable amateur of plots, and never gayer than when tracing them.

Napoleon admired Fouché, but he did not trust him, and, to offset him, formed a private police to spy on his work. He never succeeded in finding any one sufficiently fine to match the chief, who several times was malicious enough to contrive plots himself, to excite and mislead the private agents.

The system of espionage went so far that letters were regularly opened. It was commonly said that those who did not want their letters read, did not send them by post. It was difficult, however, to get officials for the post-office who could be always relied on; and in 1802, the Postmaster-General, M. Bernard, the father of the beautiful Madame Récamier, was



MOREAU. ABOUT 1801.

Engraved by Elizabeth G. Eerhan, after Guérin. Moreau (Jean-Victor) was born at Morlaix in 1763. Studied law at Rennes. In the troubles of the Parliament which preceded the Revolution, he showed such ability in directing a body of his comrades that he was called the "General of the Parliament." In 1792 entered the army of Dumouriez. Was made general of brigade in 1793, and general of division in 1794. Two years later received the command of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, which he conducted with rare skill. Having seized a correspondence of the Prince of Condé and Pichegru, which proved the latter a conspirator, he concealed it out of friendship for Pichegru until after the 18th Fructidor, when the latter was arrested. For this he was retired from service for eighteen months, but returned to the Army of Italy in 1799. Returning to Paris in 1799, he first met Bonaparte, whom he aided on the 18th Brumaire. Moreau, as a reward for his services, was named general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine. His campaign at the head of his new army was brilliant, ending in the great victory of Hohenlinden on December 3, 1800. Returning to Paris, he became the centre of a faction discontented with Bonaparte, and refused the title of marshal and the decoration of the Legion of Honor which the latter offered him. He was approached by agents of Louis XVIII., and was supposed to be connected indirectly with the Georges plot. Was arrested, tried, and exiled for two years. He retired to the United States, where at first he travelled extensively. Moreau settled in this country, leading a quiet life until 1813, when he was invited by the Emperor Alexander to return to Europe. With Bernadotte he prepared the plans of the campaign of 1813 and 1814, and it was by his advice that the allies refused to give general battle to Napoleon. At Dresden, on August 27, 1813, he was mortally wounded; it is said, by a French bullet.

found to be concealing an active Royalist correspondence, and to be permitting the circulation of a quantity of seditious pamphlets. His arrest and imprisonment made a great commotion in his daughter's circle, which was one of social and intellectual importance. Through the intercessions of Bernadotte, M. Bernard was pardoned by Napoleon. The *cabinet noir*, as the department of the post-office which did this work was called, was in existence when Napoleon came to the Consulate, and he rather restricted than increased its operations. It has never been entirely given up, as many an inoffensive foreigner in France can testify.

The theatre and press were also subjected to a strict censorship. In 1800 the number of newspapers in Paris was reduced to twelve; and in three years there were but eight left, with a total subscription list of eighteen thousand six hundred and thirty. Napoleon's contempt for journalists and editors equalled that he had for lawyers, whom he called a "heap of babblers and revolutionists." Neither class could, in his judgment, be allowed safely to go free.

The *salons* were watched, and it is certain that those whose *habitués* criticised Napoleon freely were reported. One serious rupture resulted from the supervision of the *salons*, that with Madame de Staël. She had been an ardent admirer of Napoleon in the beginning of the Consulate, and Bourrienne tells several amusing stories of the disgust Napoleon showed at the letters of admiration and sentiment which she wrote him even so far back as the Italian campaign. If the secretary is to be believed, Madame de Staël told Napoleon, in one of these letters, that they were certainly created for each other, that it was an error in human institutions that the mild and tranquil Josephine was united to his fate, that nature evidently had intended for a hero such as he, her own soul of fire. Napoleon tore the letter to pieces, and he took pains thereafter to announce with great bluntness to Madame de Staël, whenever he met her, his own notions on women, which certainly were anything but "advanced."

As the centralization of the government increased, Madame de Staël and her friends criticised Napoleon more freely and sharply than they would have done, no doubt, had she not been incensed by his personal attitude towards her. This hostility increased until, in 1803, the First Consul ordered her out of France. "The arrival of this woman, like that of a bird of omen," he said in giving the order, "has always been the signal for some trouble. It is not my intention to allow her to remain in France."

In 1807 this order was repeated, and many of Madame de Staël's friends were included in the proscription:

> "I have written to the Minister of Police to send Madame de Staël to Geneva. This woman continues her trade of intriguer. She went near Paris in spite of my orders. She is a veritable plague. Speak seriously to the Minister, for I shall be obliged to have her seized by the *gendarmerie*. Keep an eye upon Benjamin Constant; if he meddles with anything I shall send him to his wife at Brunswick. I will not tolerate this clique."

But when one compares the policy of restriction during the Consulate with what it had been under the old régime and in the Revolution, it certainly was far in advance in liberty, discretion, and humanity. The republican government to-day, in its repression of anarchy and socialism, has acted with less wisdom and less respect for freedom of thought than Napoleon did at this period of his career; and that, too, in circumstances less complicated and critical.

INTERNAL PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

If there were still dull rumors of discontent, a *cabinet noir*, a restricted press, a censorship over the theatre, proscriptions, even imprisonments and executions, on the whole France was happy.

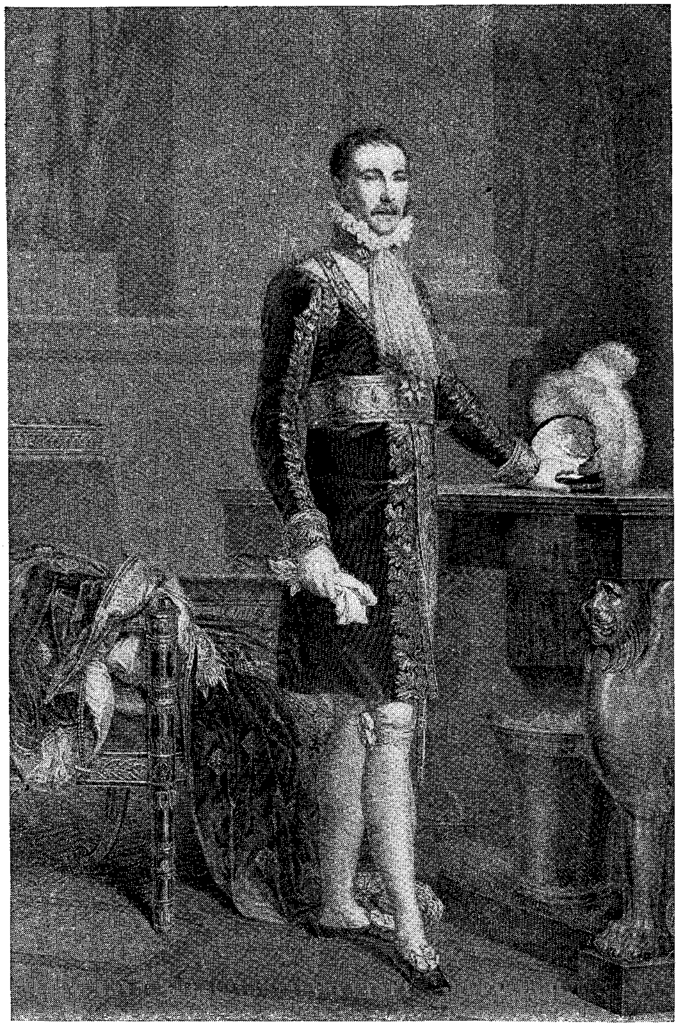
"Not only did the interior wheels of the machine commence to run smoothly," says the Duchesse d'Abrantés, "but the arts themselves, that most peaceful part of the interior administration, gave striking proofs of the returning prosperity of France. The exposition at the *Salon* that year (1800) was remarkably fine. Guérin, David, Gérard, Girodet, a crowd of great talents, spurred on by the emulation which always awakes the fire of genius, produced works which must some time place our school at a high rank."

The art treasures of Europe were pouring into France. Under the direction of Denon, that indefatigable *dilettante* and student, who had collected in the expedition in Egypt more entertaining material than the whole Institute, and had written a report of it which will always be preferred to the "Great Work," the galleries of Paris were reorganized and opened two days of the week to the people. Napoleon inaugurated this practice himself. Not only was Paris supplied with galleries: those department museums which surprise and delight the tourist so in France to-day were then created at Angers, Antwerp, Autun, Bordeaux, Brussels, Caen, Dijon, Geneva, Grenoble, Le Mans, Lille, Lyons, Mayence, Marseilles, Montpellier, Nancy, Nantes, Rennes, Rouen, Strasburg, Toulouse, and Tours.

The *prix de Rome*, for which there had been no money in the treasury for some time, was again reëstablished.

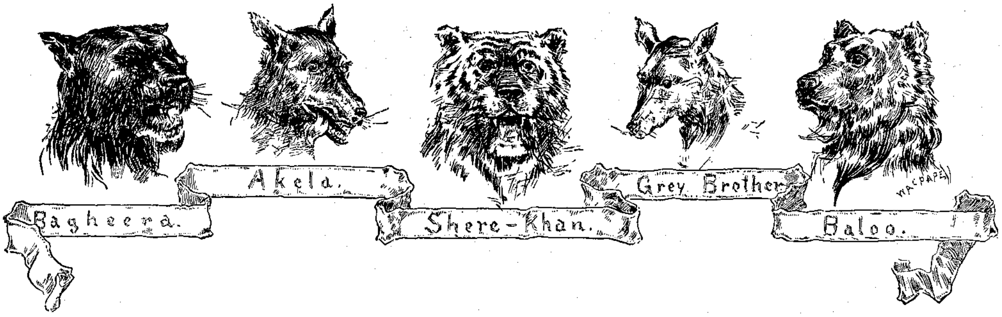
In literature and in music, as in art, there was a renewal of activity. A circle of poets and writers gathered about the First Consul. Paisiello was summoned to Paris to direct the opera and conservatory of music. There was a revival of dignity and taste in strong contrast to the license and carelessness of the Revolution. The *incroyable* passed away. The Greek costume disappeared from the street. Men and women began again to dress, to act, to talk according to conventional forms. Society recovered its systematic ways of doing things, and soon few signs of the general dissolution which had prevailed for ten years were to be seen.

Once more the traveller crossed France in peace; peasant and laborer went undisturbed about their work, and slept without fear. Again the people danced in the fields and "sang their songs as they had in the days before the Revolution." "France has nothing to ask from Heaven," said Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, "but that the sun may continue to shine, the rain to fall on our fields, and the earth to render the seed fruitful."



EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, NAPOLEON'S STEP-SON. ("EUGENIO NAPOLEONE, PRINCE DI FRANCIA, VICE RE D'ITALIA, 1813.")

Engraved by Longhi, after Gérard, Milan, 1813. Eugène de Beauharnais, son of Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie and the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais, was born in Paris in 1781. The property of his father having been confiscated, Eugène was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but, fortune changing, he was employed on the staff of General Hoche. After the marriage of Josephine and Bonaparte, the latter took his step-son with him into Italy, and sent him on a mission to Corfu. He accompanied General Bonaparte to Egypt, and was wounded at Saint-Jean d'Acre. He rose steadily in military rank, and when the Empire was established was made prince, and in 1805 Arch-chancellor of State. When Napoleon took the iron crown, Eugène was made Viceroy of Italy. He governed his kingdom with wisdom and fidelity. In 1806 Eugène was married to a daughter of the King of Bavaria, and adopted by Napoleon, who declared that in case he had no direct heir he intended giving him the crown of Italy. When the Austrian war of 1809 broke out, an army invaded Italy, and Eugène was defeated in a first battle, but, rallying, he gained a series of victories, ending with that of Raab, which Napoleon called the "granddaughter of Marengo." It was Eugène and his sister Hortense that Napoleon charged to prepare Josephine for the divorce, and the former explained to the Senate the reasons for the act. He took so distinguished a part in the Russian campaign that Napoleon said: "Eugène is the only one who has not committed blunders in this war." In 1813 and 1814 he fought with great skill against the allies. The final overthrow of Napoleon took his kingdom from him. He retired then to the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law, who made him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. He died in 1824 at Munich.



LETTING IN THE JUNGLE.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.

["Letting in the Jungle" is a continuation of the marvellous tales of "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Tiger! Tiger!" Those who read the first stories will remember how the tiger Shere Khan pursued a little Indian baby to the mouth of a cave, where it took refuge with Mother Wolf. The lame tiger demanded his prey, but after defying him, the pack adopted Mowgli the man cub, and he was reared as one of the jungle folk, talking their language, and hunting and living along with Bagheera the black panther, and Baloo the bear. It was when the pack revolted against Akela, the old wolf who for years had led them to battle, that Mowgli, in a fit of rage, quit the jungle. He went to live among men, but before his departure vowed never to return till he came to spread Shere Khan's hide on the Council Rock.

In the village Mowgli found his real parents, Messua and her husband, and like a dutiful son tried to conform to human habits and speech. But jungle intrigues followed him; and when his arch enemy Shere Khan lay in wait thirsting for blood, his foster family, Mother Wolf, Grey Brother, and Akela, gave the man cub warning. Mowgli was village herder at the time, and cunningly he trapped his foe. The lame tiger was decoyed into a narrow defile, and then the angry bull buffaloes were driven at a mad pace down the gorge until they trampled the last breath out of Shere Khan's body. In the moment of Mowgli's triumph, Buldeo, the village hunter, demanded that the tiger skin be given to him for the reward it would bring. His insistence forced the man cub to call upon Akela for assistance. Obedient to orders, the old wolf sprang upon the hunter and pinned him to the ground, while Mowgli stripped off the gay hide. Seeing the beast's implicit obedience, Buldeo returned to the village, declared Mowgli a sorcerer, and when the boy returned, driving his buffaloes before him, the people stoned him from the gate. He then returned to the jungle, fulfilled his promise of carpeting the Council Rock with Shere Khan's hide, called the pack together, and after reinstating Akela as leader, he said, "Man pack and Wolf pack have cast me out. Now I will hunt alone in the jungle."—Editor.]

YOU will remember how, after Mowgli had pinned Shere Khan's hide to the Council Rock, he told as many as were left of the Seeonee pack that henceforward he would hunt in the jungle alone, and the four children of Mother and Father Wolf said that they would hunt with him. But it is not easy to change one's life all in one minute—particularly in the jungle. The first thing Mowgli did when the disorderly pack had slunk off, was to go to the home-cave and tell Mother Wolf and Father Wolf as much as they could understand of his adventures; and when he made the morning sun flicker up and down the blade of his skinning-knife—the same he had skinned Shere Khan with—they said he had learned something. Then Akela and Grey Brother had to explain their share of the great buffalo-drive in the ravine, and Baloo toiled up the hill to hear all about it, and Bagheera scratched himself all over with pure delight at the way in which Mowgli had managed his war.

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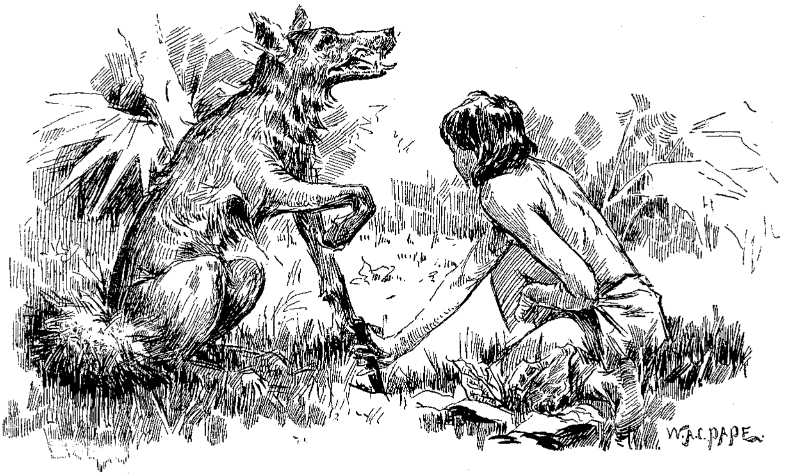
It was long after sunrise, but no one dreamed of going to sleep, and from time to time during the talk Mother Wolf would throw up her head and sniff a deep sniff of satisfaction as the wind brought her the smell of the tiger-skin on the Council Rock.

“But for Akela and Grey Brother here,” Mowgli said at the end, “I could have done nothing. Oh, mother, mother, if thou hadst seen the black herd-bulls pour down the ravine, or hurry through the gates when the man pack flung stones at me!”

“I am glad I did not see that last,” said Mother Wolf stiffly. “It is not my custom to suffer my cubs to be driven to and fro like jackals. *I* would have taken a price from the man pack, but I would have spared the woman that gave thee the milk. Yes, I would have spared her alone.”



HE HAD JUST TIME TO SNATCH UP HIS PAW AS THE SKINNING-KNIFE CUT DEEP INTO THE GROUND BELOW.

“Peace—peace, Raksha,” said Father Wolf lazily. “Our Frog has come back again—so wise that his own father must lick his feet; and what is a cuff more or less on the head? Leave the men alone.” Baloo and Bagheera both echoed, “Leave the men alone.”

Mowgli, his head on Mother Wolf’s side, smiled contentedly, and said that for his own part he never wished to see or hear or smell a man again.

“But what,” said Akela, cocking one ear, “but what if the men do not leave thee alone, Little Brother?”

“We be *five*,” said Grey Brother, looking round at the company, and snapping his jaws on the last word.

“We also might attend to that hunting,” said Bagheera with a little *switch-switch* of his tail, looking at Baloo. “But why think of men now, Akela?”

“For this reason,” the Lone Wolf answered. “When that yellow thief’s hide was hung up, I went back along our trail from the village, stepping in my tracks, turning aside, scratching and lying down, to make a mixed trail in case one should follow us. But when I had fouled the trail so that I myself hardly knew it again, Mang the bat came hawking between the trees, and hung up above me. Said Mang, ‘The village of the man pack where they cast out the man cub hums like a hornets’ nest.’”

“It was a big stone that I threw,” chuckled Mowgli, who had often amused himself by throwing ripe paw-paws into a hornets’ nest, and racing to the nearest pool before the hornets caught him.

“I asked of Mang what he had seen. He said the Red Flower blossomed at the gate of the village, and men sat about it carrying guns. Now *I* know, for I have good cause”—Akela looked down at the old dry scars on his flank and side—“that men do not carry guns for pleasure. Presently, Little Brother, a man with a gun follows our trail—if, indeed, he be not already on it.”

“But why should he? Men have cast me out. What more do they need?” said Mowgli angrily.

“Thou art a man, Little Brother,” Akela returned. “It is not for us, the Free Hunters, to tell thee what thy brethren do, or why.”

He had just time to snatch up his paw as the skinning-knife cut deep into the ground below. Mowgli struck quicker than an average human eye could follow, but Akela was a wolf; and even a dog, who is very far removed from the wild wolf his ancestor, can be waked out of deep sleep by a cartwheel touching his flank, and can spring away unharmed before that wheel comes on.

“Another time,” Mowgli said quietly, returning the knife to its sheath, “speak of the man pack and of Mowgli in *two* breaths, not one.”

“Phff! that is a sharp tooth,” said Akela, snuffing at the blade's cut in the earth; "but living with the man pack has spoiled thy eye, Little Brother. I could have killed a buck while thou wast striking."

Bagheera sprang to his feet, thrust up his head as far as he could, sniffed, and stiffened through every curve in his body. Grey Brother followed his example quickly, keeping a little to his left to get the wind that was blowing from the right, while Akela bounded fifty yards up wind, and, half-crouching, stiffened too. Mowgli looked on enviously. He could smell things as very few human beings could, but he had never reached the hair-trigger-like sensitiveness of a jungle nose; and his three months in the smoky village had put him back sadly. However, he dampened his finger, rubbed it on his nose, and stood up to catch the upper scent, which, though it is the faintest, is the truest.

"Man," Akela growled, dropping on his haunches.

"Buldeo," said Mowgli, sitting down. "He follows our trail, and yonder is the sunlight on his gun. Look!"

It was no more than a flash of sunlight, for a fraction of a second, on the brass clamps of the old Tower musket, but nothing in the jungle winks with that flash except when the clouds race over the sky. Then a piece of mica, or a little pool, or even a highly polished leaf will flash like a heliograph. But that day was cloudless and still.

"I knew men would follow," said Akela triumphantly. "Not for nothing have I led the pack—and now?"

The four cubs, headed by Grey Brother, said nothing, but ran down hill on their bellies, melting into the thorn and underbrush as a mole melts into the earth.

"Where go ye, without word?" Mowgli called.

"H'sh! We will roll his skull here before midday!" Grey Brother answered.

"Here! Back and wait! Man does not eat man!" Mowgli shrieked.

"Who was a wolf but now? Who drove the knife at me for thinking he might be a man?" said Akela, as the four wolves turned back sullenly and dropped to heel.

"Am I to give reasons for what I choose to do?" said Mowgli furiously.

"That is a man. There speaks a man," Bagheera muttered under his whiskers. "Even so did men talk round the king's cages at Oodeypore. We of the jungle know that man is wisest of all. If we trusted our ears, we should know that of all things he is most foolish." Then raising his voice, he added, "The man cub is right in this. Men hunt in packs. To kill one, unless we know what the others will do, is bad hunting. Come, let us see what this man means towards us."

"We will not come," Grey Brother growled. "Hunt alone, Little Brother. We know our own minds. That skull would have been ready to bring by now."

Mowgli had been looking from one to the other of his friends, his chest heaving, and his eyes full of tears. But now he strode forward to the wolves, and dropping on one knee, said: "Do I not know my mind? Look at me!"

They looked uneasily; and when their eyes wandered, he called them back again and again, till their hair stood up all over their bodies, and they trembled in every limb, while Mowgli stared and stared.

"Now," said he, "of us five, which is leader?"

"Thou art leader, Little Brother," said Grey Brother, and he licked Mowgli's foot.

"Follow, then," said Mowgli; and the four followed at his heels with their tails between their legs.

"This comes of living with the man pack," said Bagheera, slipping down after them. "There is more in the jungle now than jungle law, Baloo."

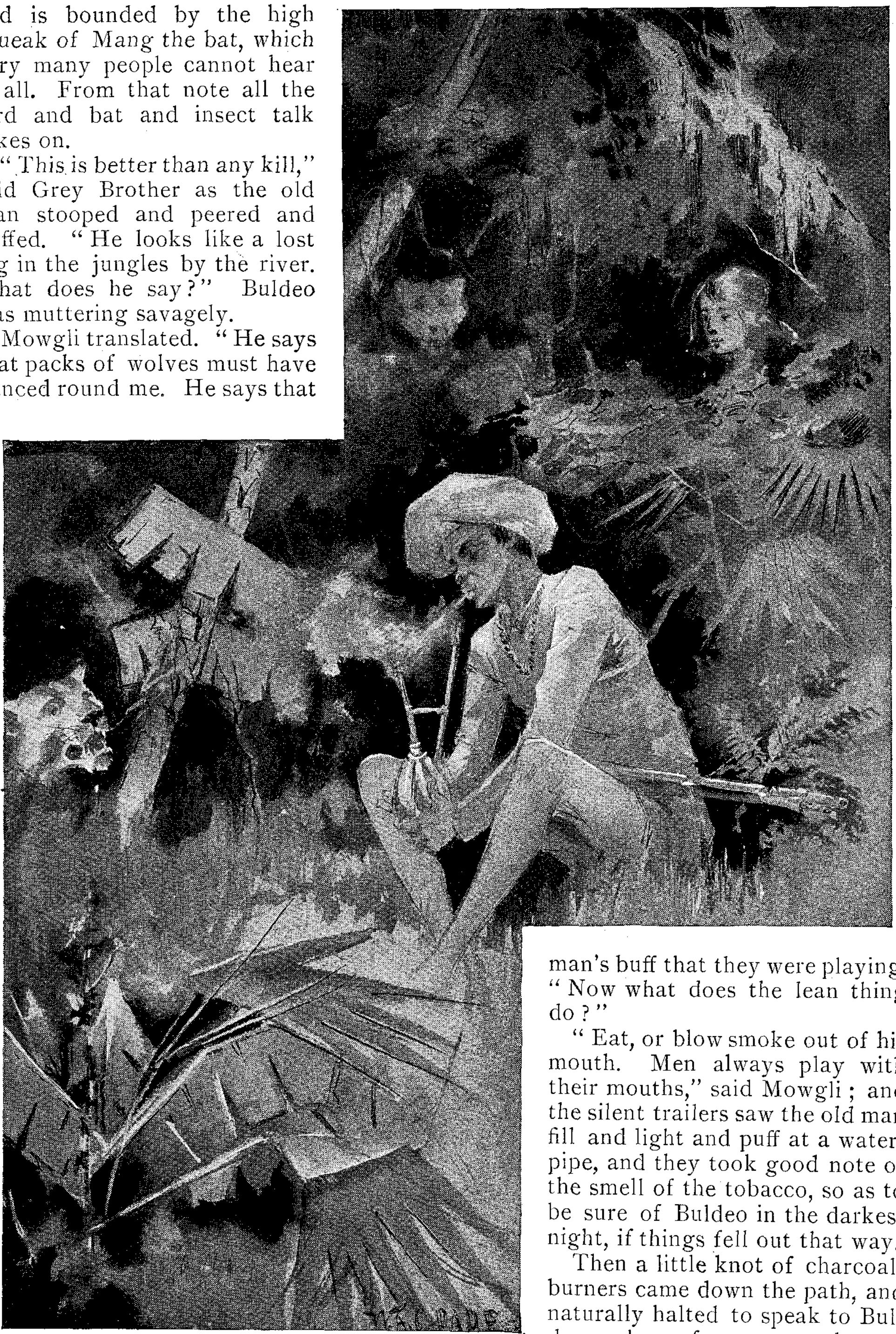
The old bear said nothing, but he thought many things.

Mowgli cut across noiselessly through the jungle, at right angles to Buldeo's path, till, parting the undergrowth, he saw the old man, his musket on his shoulder, running up the trail of overnight at a dog-trot.

You will remember that Mowgli had left the village with the heavy weight of Shere Khan's hide on his shoulders, while Akela and Grey Brother trotted behind, so that the trail was very clearly marked. Presently Buldeo came to where Akela, as you know, had gone back and mixed it all up. Then he sat down and coughed and grunted and made little casts round and about into the jungle to pick it up again, and all the time he could have thrown a stone over those who were watching him. No one can be so silent as a wolf when he does not care to be heard; and Mowgli, though the wolves thought he moved very clumsily, could come and go like a shadow. They ringed the old man as a school of porpoises ring a steamer going at full speed, and as they ringed him, they talked unconcernedly; for their speech began below the lowest end of the scale that untrained human beings can hear. The other end is bounded by the high squeak of Mang the bat, which very many people cannot hear at all. From that note all the bird and bat and insect talk takes on.

"This is better than any kill," said Grey Brother as the old man stooped and peered and puffed. "He looks like a lost pig in the jungles by the river. What does he say?" Buldeo was muttering savagely.

Mowgli translated. "He says that packs of wolves must have danced round me. He says that he never saw such a trail in his life. He says he is tired."



"EAT, OR BLOW SMOKE OUT OF HIS MOUTH. MEN ALWAYS PLAY WITH THEIR MOUTHS," SAID MOWGLI.

"He will be rested before he picks it up again," said Bagheera coolly, as he slipped round a tree trunk, in the game of blind man's buff that they were playing. "Now what does the lean thing do?"

"Eat, or blow smoke out of his mouth. Men always play with their mouths," said Mowgli; and the silent trailers saw the old man fill and light and puff at a water-pipe, and they took good note of the smell of the tobacco, so as to be sure of Buldeo in the darkest night, if things fell out that way.

Then a little knot of charcoal-burners came down the path, and naturally halted to speak to Buldeo, whose fame as a hunter reached for at least twenty miles round. Then they all sat down and smoked, and Bagheera and the others came up and watched while Buldeo began to tell the story of Mowgli, the devil-child, from one end to another with additions. How he himself had really killed Shere Khan; and how Mowgli had turned himself into a wolf, and fought with him all the afternoon, and changed into a boy again, and bewitched Buldeo's rifle, so that the bullet turned the corner when he pointed it at Mowgli, and killed one of Buldeo's own buffaloes; and how the village, knowing him to be the bravest hunter in Seeonee, had sent him out to kill this devil-child. But, meantime, the village had got hold of Messua and her husband, who were undoubtedly the father and mother of this devil-child,—Messua he knew was a sorceress; had known it for years, but had not cared to make bad blood in the village by talking about it,—and had barricaded them in their own hut, and presently would torture them to make them confess they were witch and wizard, and then they would be beaten to death. "When?" said the charcoal-burners, because they would very much like to be present at the ceremony.

Buldeo said that nothing would be done till he returned, because the village wished him to kill the jungle boy first. After that they would dispose of Messua and her husband, and divide their lands and buffaloes among the village. Messua's husband had some remarkably fine buffaloes, too. It was an excellent thing to clear out wizards, Buldeo thought; and people who entertained wolf children out of the jungle were clearly the worst kind of witches.

"But," said the charcoal-burners, "what would happen if the English heard of it?" The English, they had heard, were a perfectly mad people, who would not let honest farmers kill witches in peace.

Why, said Buldeo, the head man of the village would report that Messua and her husband had died of snake bite. That was all arranged, and the only thing now was to kill the wolf child. They did not happen to have seen anything of such a creature? The charcoal-burners looked around cautiously, and thanked their stars they had not; but they had no doubt that so brave a man as Buldeo would find him, if any one could. The sun was getting rather low, and they had an idea that they would push on to Buldeo's village and see that wicked witch. Buldeo said that though it was his duty to kill the devil-child, he could not think of letting a party of unarmed men go through the jungle, which might produce the wolf-demon at any minute, without his escort. He, therefore, would accompany them, and if the sorcerer's child appeared—well, he would show them how the best hunter in Seeonee dealt with such things. The Brahmin, he said, had given him a charm against the creature, that made everything perfectly safe.

"What says he? What says he? What says he?" the wolves repeated every few minutes; and Mowgli translated until he came to the witch part of the story, which was a little bit beyond him, and then he said that the man and woman who had been so kind to him were trapped.

"Do men trap men?" said Bagheera.

"So he says. I cannot understand the talk. They are all mad together. What have Messua and the man to do with me that they should be put in a trap, and what is all this talk about the Red Flower? I must look to this. Whatever they would do to Messua, they will not do till Buldeo returns. . . . And so——" Mowgli thought hard, with his fingers playing round the haft of the skinning-knife, while Buldeo and the charcoal-burners went off very valiantly in single file.

"I am going hot foot back to the man pack," he said at last.

"And those?" said Grey Brother, looking hungrily after the brown backs of the charcoal-burners.

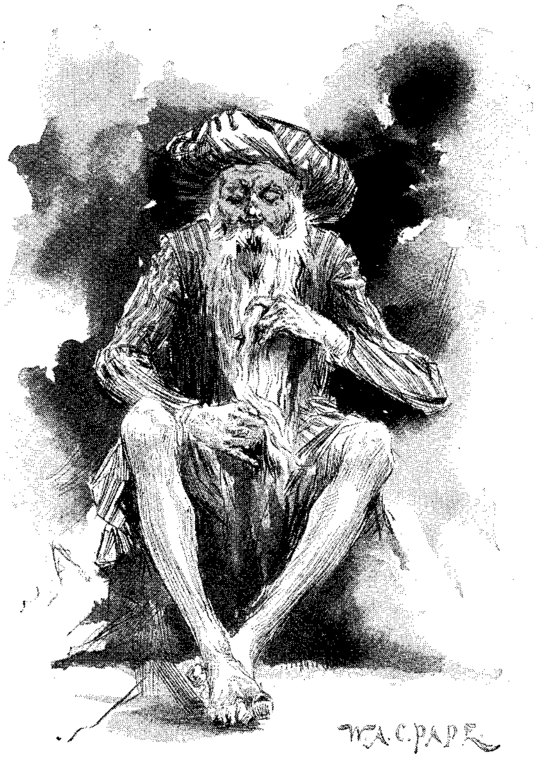
"Sing them home," said Mowgli, with a grin; "I do not wish them to be at the village gate till it is dark. Can you hold them?"

Grey Brother bared his white teeth in contempt. "We can head them round and round in circles like tethered goats—if I know men."

"That I do not need. Sing to them a little, lest they be lonely on the road; and, Grey Brother, the song need not be of the sweetest. Go with them, Bagheera, and help make that song. When the night is well down, meet me by the village. Grey Brother knows the place."

"It is no light hunting to work for a man cub. When shall I sleep?" said Bagheera yawning, though his eyes showed he was delighted with the amusement. "Me to sing to naked men! But let us see."

He lowered his head so that the sound would travel well, and cried a long, long "good hunting"—a midnight call in the afternoon which was quite awful enough to begin with. Mowgli heard it rumble and rise, and fall and die off in a creepy sort of whine behind him, and laughed to himself as he ran through the jungle. He could see the charcoal-burners huddled in a knot, with old Buldeo's gun-barrel waving like a banana-leaf to every point of the compass at once. Then Grey Brother gave the *Ya-la-hi*, *Yalaha!* call for the buck-driving, when the pack drives the Nilghai, the big Blue Cow, before them; and it seemed to come from the very ends of the earth, nearer and nearer and nearer, till it ended in a shriek snapped off short. The other three answered till even Mowgli could have vowed that the full pack was in full cry; and then they all broke into the magnificent morning-song in the jungle, with every turn and flourish and grace-note that a deep-mouthed wolf of the pack knows. This is a rough rendering of the song, and you must imagine what it sounds like when it breaks the afternoon hush of the jungle:



HER HUSBAND . . . SAT PICKING DUST AND THINGS OUT OF HIS TORN BEARD.

One moment past our bodies cast
  No shadow on the plain;
Now clear and black they stride our track,
  And we run home again.
In morning hush, each rock and bush
  Stands hard and high and raw;
Then give the call: "*Good rest to all*
  That keep the jungle law."

Ho! Get to lair! The sun's aflare
  Behind the breathing grass;
And creaking through the young bamboo,
  The warning whispers pass.
By day made strange, the woods we range,
  With blinking eyes we scan;
While down the skies the wild duck cries:
  "*The day—the day to man!*"

The dew is dried that drenched our hide,
  Or washed about our way;
And where we drank, the puddled bank
  Is crisping into clay.
The traitor dark gives up each mark
  Of stretched or hooded claw;
Then hear the call: "*Good rest to all*
  That keep the jungle law."

But no translation can give the effect of it, or the yelping scorn the four threw into every word of it as they heard the trees crash when the men hastily climbed up into the branches, and Buldeo began repeating incantations and charms. Then they lay down and slept, for, like all who live by their own exertions, they were of a methodical cast of mind; and no one can work well without sleep.

Meantime Mowgli was putting the miles behind him at the rate of nine an hour, swinging on, delighted to find himself so fit after all those cramped months among men. The one idea in his head was to get Messua and her husband out of the trap, whatever it was, for he had a natural mistrust of traps. Later on, he promised himself, he would begin to pay his debts to the village at large. It was twilight when he saw the well-remembered grazing-grounds, and the dhak-tree where Grey Brother had waited for him on the morning that he killed Shere Khan. Angry as he was at the whole breed and community of man, something jumped up in his throat and made him catch his breath when he looked at the village roofs. He noticed that every one had come in from the fields unusually early, and that, instead of getting to their evening cooking, they gathered in a crowd under the village tree, and chattered and shouted.

"Men must always be making traps for men, or they are not content," said Mowgli. "Last night it was Mowgli—the last night seems many rains ago. To-night it is Messua and her man. To-morrow and for very many nights after, it will be Mowgli's turn again."

He crept along outside the wall till he came to Messua's hut, and looked through the window into the room. There lay Messua, gagged and bound hand and foot, breathing hard and groaning, and her husband was tied to the gayly painted bedstead. The door of the hut that opened into the street was shut fast, and three or four men were sitting with their backs to it.

Mowgli knew the manners and customs of the villagers very fairly. He argued that so long as they could eat and talk and smoke, they would not do anything else; but as soon as they had fed, they would begin to be dangerous. Buldeo would be coming in before long, and if his escort had done its duty, Buldeo would have a very interesting tale to tell. So he went in through the window, and stooping over the man and the woman, cut their thongs, pulled out the gags, and looked round the hut for some milk.

Messua was half wild with pain and fear (she had been beaten and stoned and cuffed all the morning), and Mowgli put his hand over her mouth just in time to stop a scream. Her husband was only bewildered and angry, and sat picking dust and things out of his torn beard.

"I knew—I knew he would come," Messua sobbed at last. "Now do I *know* that he is my son;" and she hugged Mowgli to her heart. Up to that time he had been perfectly steady, but now he began to tremble all over, and that surprised him immensely.

"What are all these thongs? Why have they tied thee?" he asked, after a pause.

"To be put to the death for making a son of thee—what else?" said the man sullenly. "Look! I bleed."

Messua said nothing, but it was at her wounds that Mowgli looked, and they heard him grit his teeth when he saw the blood.

"Whose work is this?" said he. "There will be a price to pay."

"The work of all the village. I was too rich. I had too many cattle. *Therefore*, she and I are witches because we gave thee shelter."

"I do not understand. Let Messua tell the tale."

"I gave thee milk, Nathoo; dost thou remember?" Messua said timidly. "Because thou wast my son whom the tiger took, and because I loved thee very dearly. They said that I was thy mother, the mother of a devil, and therefore worthy of death."

"And what is a devil?" said Mowgli. "Death I have seen."

The man looked up gloomily under his eyebrows, but Messua laughed. "See!" she said to her husband. "I knew when I said that he was no sorcerer. He is my son—my son!"

"Son or sorcerer, what good will that do us?" the man answered. "We are as dead already."

"Yonder is the road to the jungle"—Mowgli pointed through the window—"and your hands and feet are free. Go, now."

"We do not know the jungle, my son, as—as thou knowest," Messua began. "I do not think that I could walk far."

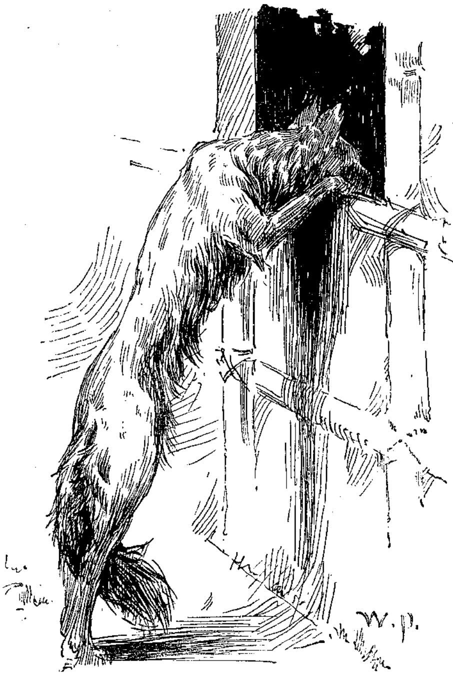
"And the men and women would be upon our backs and drag us here again," said the husband.

"H'm!" said Mowgli, and he tickled the palm of his hand with the tip of his skinning-knife. "I have no wish to do harm to any one of this village—*yet*. But I do not think they will stay thee. In a little while they will have much to think of. Ah!" He lifted his head and listened to shouting and trampling outside. "So they have let Buldeo come home at last."

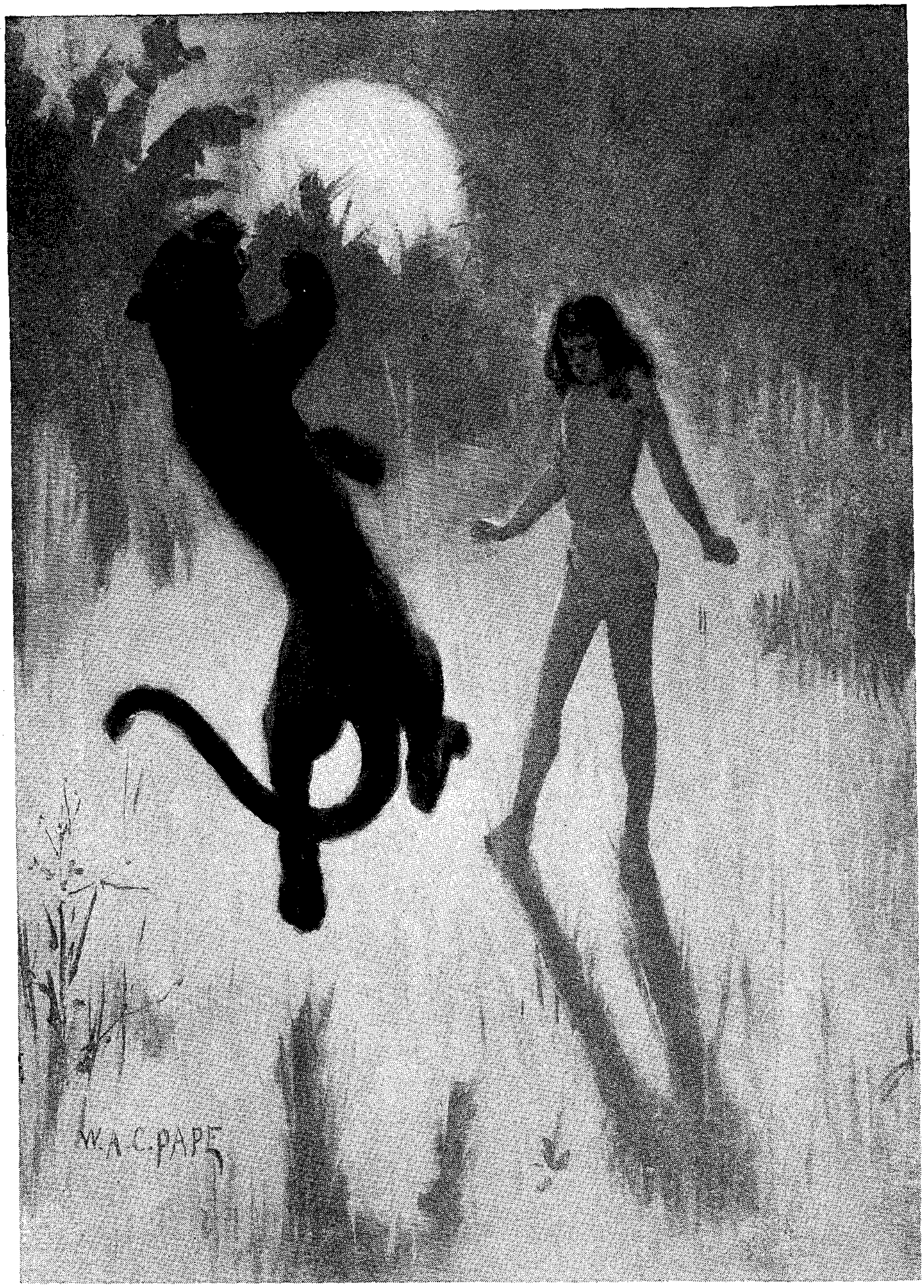
"He was sent out this morning to kill thee," Messua cried. "Didst thou meet him?"

"Yes—we—I met him. He has a tale to tell; of that I am certain. And while he is telling it, there is time to do much. But first I will look and see what they mean. Think where ye would go, and tell me when I come back."

He bounded through the window, and ran along again outside the wall of the village, till he came within earshot of the crowd round the peepul-tree. Buldeo was lying



MOTHER WOLF REARED HERSELF UP ON END, AND LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO THE DARK OF THE HUT.



"LOOK! AS I DANCE WITH MY SHADOW SO I DANCED WITH THOSE MEN."

on the ground coughing and groaning, and every one was asking him questions all at once. His hair had fallen about his shoulders; his hands and legs were skinned from climbing up trees, and he could hardly speak; but he felt the importance of his position keenly. From time to time he said something about devils and singing devils and magic enchantment, just to give the crowd a taste of what was coming. Then he called for water.

"Bah!" said Mowgli. "Chatter, chatter. Talk, talk! These men are brothers of the Bander-log. Now he must wash his mouth with water; now he must smoke; and when all that is done, he has still his story to tell. They are very wise people—men. They will leave no one to guard Messua, till their ears are stuffed with Buldeo's tales. And—I am becoming as lazy as they!"

He shook himself and glided back to the

hut. Just as he was at the window, he felt a touch on his foot.

"Mother," said he, for he knew that tongue well, "what dost thou here?"

"I heard my children singing through the woods, and I followed the one I loved best. Little Frog, I have a desire to see that woman who gave thee milk," said Mother Wolf, all wet with the dew.

"They have bound and mean to kill her. I have cut those ties, and she goes with her man through the jungle."

"I also will follow. I am old, but not yet toothless." Mother Wolf reared herself up on end, and looked through the window into the dark of the hut.

In a minute she dropped noiselessly, and all she said was, "I gave thee thy first milk; but Bagheera speaks true. Man goes to man at last."

"Maybe," said Mowgli, with a very unpleasant look on his face. "But to-night I am very far from that trail. Wait here, but do not let her see."

"*Thou* wast never afraid of *me*, Little Frog," said Mother Wolf, backing into the high grass, and blotting herself out, as she knew how.

"And now," said Mowgli cheerfully, as he came into the hut again, "they are all sitting round Buldeo, who is saying that which did not happen. When his talk is finished, they say they will assuredly come here with the Red—with fire, and burn you both. And then?"

"I have spoken to my man," said Messua. "Kanhiwara is thirty miles from here, but at Kanhiwara we may find the English——"

"And what pack are they?" said Mowgli.

"I do not know. They be white, and it is said that they govern all the land, and do not suffer people to burn or beat each other without witnesses. If we can get thither to-night, we live. Otherwise, we die."

"Live, then. No man passes the gates to-night. But what does *he* do?" Messua's husband was on his hands and knees, digging up the earth in one corner of the hut.

"It is his little money," said Messua. "We can take nothing else."

"Ah, yes! The stuff that passes from hand to hand and never grows warmer. Do they need it outside this place also?"

The man stared angrily. "He is a fool, and no devil," he muttered. "With the money I can buy a horse. We are too bruised to walk far, and the village will follow us in an hour."

"I say they will *not* follow till I choose; but the horse is well thought of, for Messua is tired." Her husband stood up and knotted the last of the rupees into his waist-belt. Mowgli helped Messua through the window, and the cool night air revived her; but the jungle in the starlight looked very dark and terrible.

"Ye know the trail to Kanhiwara?" Mowgli whispered.

They nodded.

"Good. Remember, now, not to be afraid. And there is no need to go quickly. Only—only there may be some small singing in the jungle behind you and before."

"Think you we would have risked a night in the jungle through anything less than the fear of burning? It is better to be killed by beasts than by men," said Messua's husband; but Messua looked straight at Mowgli and smiled.

"I say," Mowgli went on, just as though he were Baloo repeating an old jungle law for the hundredth time to a foolish cub, "I say that not a tooth in the jungle is bared against you; not a foot in the jungle is lifted against you. Neither man nor beast shall stay you till ye come within eyeshot of Kanhiwara. There will be a watch about you." He turned quickly to Messua, saying, "*He* does not believe, but thou wilt believe."

"Ay, surely, my son. Man, ghost, or wolf of the jungle, I believe."

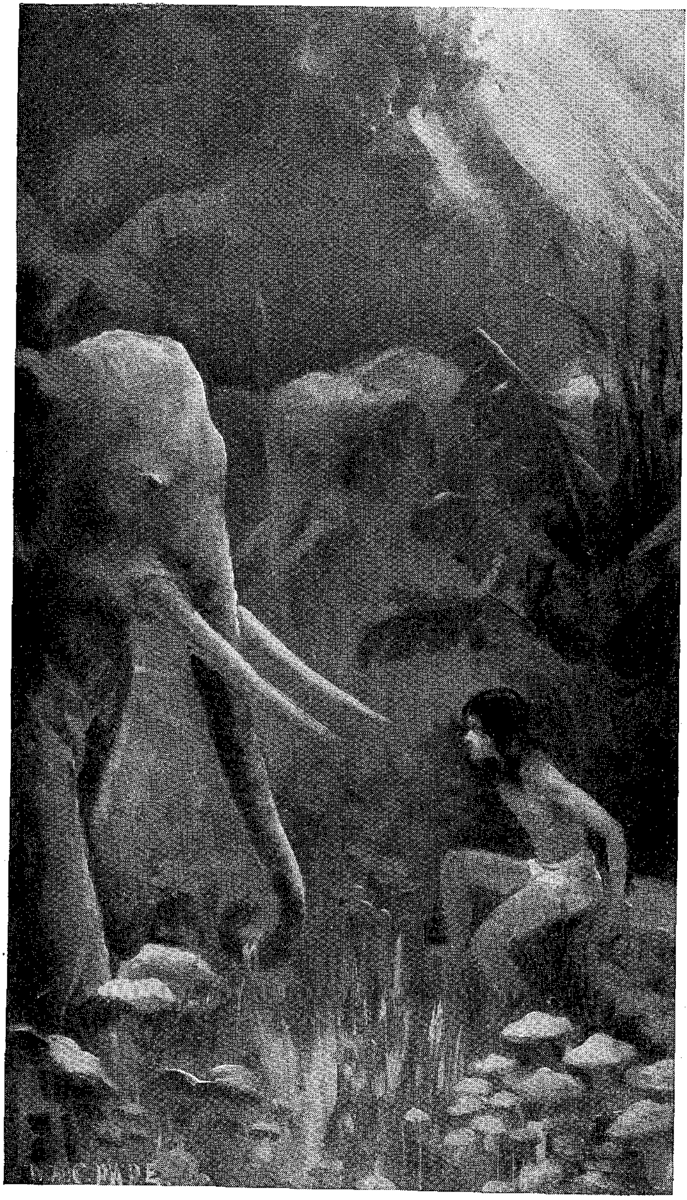
"*He* will be afraid when he hears my people singing. Thou wilt know and understand. Go now, and slowly, for there is no need of any haste. The gates of this village are shut."

Messua flung herself sobbing at Mowgli's feet, but he lifted her very quickly with a shiver. Then she hung about his neck, and called him every name of blessing she could think of; but her husband looked enviously across his fields, and said: "*If* we reach Kanhiwara, and I get the ear of the English, I will bring such a lawsuit against the Brahmin and old Buldeo and the others as shall eat the village to the bone. They shall pay me twice over for my crops untilled and my buffaloes unfed. I will have a great justice."

Mowgli laughed. "I do not know what justice is; but—come next rains, and see what is left."

They went off towards the jungle, and Mother Wolf leaped from her place of hiding.

"Follow," said Mowgli, "and look to it that all the jungle knows these two are safe. Give tongue a little. I would call Bagheera."



"LET IN THE JUNGLE, HATHI!"

The long, low howl rose and fell, and Mowgli saw Messua's husband flinch and turn round, half minded to run back to the hut.

"Go on," he called cheerfully. "I said there might be singing. That call will follow up to Kanhiwara. It is favor of the jungle."

Messua urged her husband forward, and the darkness of the jungle shut down on them and Mother Wolf as Bagheera rose up almost under Mowgli's feet, trembling with the delight of the night that drives the jungle people wild.

"I am ashamed of thy brethren," he said, purring.

"What! Did they not sing sweetly to Buldeo?" said Mowgli.

"Too well! Too well! They made even *me* forget my pride, and, by the Broken Lock that freed me, I went singing through the jungle as though I were out wooing in the spring. Didst thou not hear us?"

"I had other game afoot. Ask Buldeo if he liked the song. But where are the four? I do not wish one of the man pack to leave the gates to-night."

"What need of the four, then?" said Bagheera, shifting from foot to foot, his eyes ablaze, and purring louder than ever. "I can hold them, Little Brother. It is killing at last? The singing and the sight of the men climbing up the trees have made me very ready. What is man that we should care for him? The naked brown digger, the hairless and toothless, the eater of earth. I have followed him all day, at noon, in the white sunlight. I herded him as the wolves herd buck. I am Bagheera! Bagheera! Bagheera! Look! As I dance with my shadow so I danced with those men." The great panther leaped, as a kitten leaps, at a dead leaf whirling overhead; struck left and right into the empty air, that sung under the strokes; landed noiselessly, and leaped again and again, while the half purr, half growl, gathered head as steam rumbles in a boiler. "I am Bagheera, in the jungle, in the night, and all my strength is in me. Who shall stay my stroke? Man cub, with one blow of my paw I could beat thy head flat as a dead frog in the summer!"

"Strike, then!" said Mowgli, in the dialect of the village, not the talk of the jungle; and the human words brought

Bagheera to a full stop, flung back on his haunches, that quivered under him, his eyes just on the level of Mowgli's. Once more Mowgli stared as he had stared at the rebellious cubs, full into the beryl-green eyes, till the red glare behind their green went out like the light of a lighthouse shut off twenty miles across the sea; till the eyes dropped and the big head with them—dropped, lower and lower, and the red rasp of a tongue grated on Mowgli's instep.

"Brother—brother—brother!" the boy whispered, stroking steadily and lightly from the neck along the heaving back. "Be still, be still. It is the fault of the night, and no fault of thine."

"It was the smells of the night," said Bagheera penitently. "This air cries aloud to me. But how dost *thou* know?"

Of course the air round an Indian village is full of all kinds of smells; and to any creature who does nearly all his thinking through his nose, smells are as maddening as music and drugs are to human beings. Mowgli gentled the panther for a few minutes longer, and he lay down like a cat before a fire, his paws tucked under his breast, and his eyes half shut.

"Thou art of the jungle and not of the jungle," he said at last. "And I am only a black panther. But I love thee, Little Brother."

"They are very long at that council under the tree," Mowgli said, without noticing the last sentence. "Buldeo must have told many tales. They should come soon to drag the woman and her man out of the trap and put them into the Red Flower. They will find that trap sprung. Ho! ho!"

"Nay, listen," said Bagheera. "The fever is out of my blood now. Let them find *me* there! Few would leave their houses after meeting me. It is not the first time I have been in a cage, and I do not think they will tie *me* with cords."

"Be wise, then," said Mowgli laughing; for he was beginning to feel as reckless as the panther, who had glided into the hut.

"Pah!" he heard Bagheera say. "This place is heavy with man, but here is just such a bed as they gave me to lie upon in the king's cages at Oodeypore. Now I am lying down." Mowgli heard the strings of the cot crack under the great brute's weight. "By the Broken Lock that freed me, they will think they have caught big game! Come and sit beside me, Little Brother; we will give them good hunting together!"

"No. I have another thought in my stomach. The man pack shall not know what share I have in the sport. Make thy own hunt. I do not wish to see them."

"Be it so," said Bagheera. "Ah, now they come."

The conference under the peepul-tree had been growing noisier and noisier, at the far end of the village. It broke in wild yells and a rush up the street of men and women waving clubs and bamboos and sickles and knives. Buldeo and the Brahmin were at the head of it, but the mob was close at their heels, and they cried, "The witch and the wizard! Let us see if hot coins will make them confess! Burn the hut over their heads! We will teach them to shelter wolf devils! Nay. Beat them first. Torches! More torches! Buldeo, heat the gun barrel."

There was some little difficulty with the catch of the door. It had been very firmly fastened, but the crowd tore it away bodily, and the light of the torches streamed into the room, where, lying at full length on the bed, his paws crossed and lightly hung down over one end, black as the pit and terrible as a demon, was Bagheera. There was one half minute of desperate silence, as the front ranks of the crowd clawed and tore their way back from that threshold, and in that minute Bagheera raised his head and yawned—elaborately, carefully, and ostentatiously—as he would yawn when he wished to insult an equal. The fringed lips drew back and up; the red tongue curled; the lower jaw dropped and dropped till you could see half way down the hot gullet; and the gigantic dog-teeth stood clear to the pit of the gums till they rang together, upper and under, with the snick of steel-faced wards shooting home round the edges of a safe. Next minute the street was empty; Bagheera had leaped back through the window and stood at Mowgli's side, while a yelling, screaming torrent scrambled and tumbled over one another in their panic haste to get to their own huts.

"They will not stir till the day comes," said Bagheera quietly. "And now?"

The silence of the afternoon sleep seemed to have overtaken the village, but, as they listened, they could hear the sound of heavy grain-boxes being dragged over earthen floors and set down against doors. Bagheera was quite right; the village would not stir till daylight. Mowgli sat still and thought, and his face grew darker and darker.

"What have I done?" said Bagheera, at last, coming to his feet fawning.

"Nothing but great good. Watch them now till the day. I must go sleep." And Mowgli ran off into the jungle, and dropped like a dead man across a rock, and slept and slept the day round and the night back again.

When he waked, Bagheera was at his side, and there was a newly-killed buck at his feet. Bagheera watched curiously while Mowgli went to work with his skinning knife, ate and drank, and turned over with his chin in his hands.

"The man and the woman came safe within eye-shot of Kanhiwara," Bagheera said. "Thy mother sent the word back by Chil the kite. They found a horse before midnight of the night. They were freed and went very quickly. Is not that well?"

"That is well," said Mowgli.

"And thy man pack in the village did not stir till the sun was high this morning. Then they ate their food, and ran back quickly to their houses."

"Did they by chance see thee?"

"It may have been. I was rolling in the dust before the gate at dawn, and I may have sung also a little song to myself. Now, Little Brother, there is nothing more to do. Come hunting with me and Baloo. He has new hives, that he wishes to show, and we all desire thee back again as of old. Take off that look which makes even me afraid. The man and woman will not be put into the Red Flower, and all goes well in the jungle. Is it not true? Let us forget the man pack."

"They shall be forgotten in a little while. Where does Hathi feed to-night?"

"Where he chooses. Who can answer for the silent one? But why? What is there Hathi can do which we cannot?"

"Bid him and his three sons come here to me."

"But, indeed, and truly, Little Brother, it is not—it is not seemly to say 'come' and 'go' to Hathi. Remember he is the master of the jungle; and before the man pack changed the look on thy face, he taught thee the master-words of the jungle."

"That is all one. I have a master-word for him now. Bid him come to Mowgli the Frog, and if he does not hear at first, bid him come because of the sack of the fields of Bhurtpore."

"The sack of the fields of Bhurtpore," Bagheera repeated two or three times to make sure. "I go. Hathi can but be angry at the worst, and I would give a moon's hunting to hear the master-word that compels the silent one."

He went away, leaving Mowgli stabbing furiously with his skinning-knife into the earth. Mowgli had never seen human blood in his life before till he had seen and—what meant much more to him—smelt Messua's blood on the thongs that bound her. And Messua had been kind to him, and, as far as he knew anything about love, he loved Messua as completely as he hated the rest of mankind. But deeply as he loathed them, their talk, their cruelty, and their cowardice, not for anything the jungle had to offer could he bring himself to take a human life and have that terrible scent back again in his nostrils. His plan was simpler, but much more thorough; and he laughed to himself when he thought that it was one of old Buldeo's tales, told under the peepul-tree in the evening, that had put the idea into his head.

"It *was* a master-word," Bagheera whispered in his ear. "They were feeding by the river, and they obeyed as though they were bullocks. Look, there they come now!"

Hathi and his three sons had arrived in their usual way without a sound. The mud of the river was still fresh on their flanks, and Hathi was thoughtfully chewing the green stem of a young banana-tree that he had gouged up with his tusks. But every line in his vast body showed to Bagheera, who could see things when he came across them, that it was not the master of the jungle speaking to a man cub, but one who was afraid coming before one who was not. His three sons rolled side by side behind their father.

Mowgli hardly lifted his head as Hathi gave him "Good hunting." He kept him swinging and rocking and shifting from one foot to another for a long time before he spoke, and when he opened his mouth it was to Bagheera and not to the elephants.

"I will tell a tale that was told to me by the hunter ye hunted to-day," said Mowgli. "It concerns an elephant, old and wise, who fell into a trap, and the sharpened stake in the pit scarred him from a little above his heel to the crest of his shoulder, leaving a white mark." Mowgli threw out his hand, and as Hathi wheeled, the moonlight showed a long white scar on his side as though he had been struck with a red-hot whip. "Men came to take him from the trap," Mowgli continued, "but he broke his ropes, for he was strong, and he went away till his wound was healed. And I remember now that he had three sons. These things happened many, many rains ago, and very far away — among the fields of Bhurtpore. What came to those fields at the next reaping, Hathi?"

"They were reaped by me and by my three sons," said Hathi.

"And to the ploughing that follows the reaping?" said Mowgli.

"There was no ploughing," said Hathi.

"And to the men that live by the green crops on the ground?" said Mowgli.

"They went away."

"And to the huts in which the men slept?" said Mowgli.

"We tore the roofs to pieces, and the jungle swallowed up the walls," said Hathi.

"And what more beside?" said Mowgli.

"As much good ground as I can walk over in two nights from the east to the west, and from the north to the south as much as I can walk over in three nights, the jungle took. We let in the jungle upon five villages, and in those villages and in their lands, the grazing-ground and the soft crop grounds, there is not one man to-day who gets his food from the ground. That was the sack of the fields of Bhurtpore, which I and my three sons did; and now I ask, man cub, how the news of it came to thee?" said Hathi.

"A man told me. And now I see even Buldeo can speak truth. It was well done, Hathi with the white mark; but a second time it can be done better, for the reason that there is a man to direct. Thou knowest the village of the man pack that cast me out? They are idle, senseless, and cruel; they play with their mouths, and they do not kill the weaker for food but for sport. When they are full-fed they would throw their own breed into the Red Flower. It is not well that they should live here any more. I am tired of them."

"Kill, then," said the youngest of Hathi's three sons, picking up a tuft of grass, dusting it against his forelegs, and throwing it away, while his little red eyes glanced furtively from side to side.

"What good are white bones to me?" Mowgli answered angrily. "Am I cub of a wolf to play in the sun with a raw head? I have killed Shere Khan, and his hide rots on the Council Rock; but—but I do not know where Shere Khan is gone, and my stomach is still empty. Now I will take that which I can see and touch. Let in the jungle upon that village, Hathi."

Bagheera shivered and cowered down. He could understand, if the worst came to the worst, a quick rush down the village street, and a right and left blow into a crowd, or systematic killing of men as they ploughed in the twilight; but this scheme for deliberately blotting out an entire village from the eyes of man and beast frightened him. Now he saw why Mowgli had sent for Hathi. No one but the long-lived elephant could plan and carry through such a war.

"Let them run as the men ran from the fields of Bhurtpore, till we have the rain-water for the only plough, and the noise of the rain on the thick leaves for the pattering of the spindles; till Bagheera and I lair in the house of the Brahmin, and the buck drink at the tank behind the temple. Let in the jungle, Hathi!"

"But I—but we have no quarrel with them, and it needs the red rage of great pain ere we tear down the places where men sleep," said Hathi doubtfully.

"Are ye the only eaters of grass in the jungle? Drive in your peoples. Let the deer and the pig and the nilghai look to it. Ye need never show a hand's-breadth of hide till the fields are naked. Let in the jungle, Hathi!"

"There will be no killing? My tusks were red at the sack of the fields of Bhurtpore, and I would not wake that smell again.'

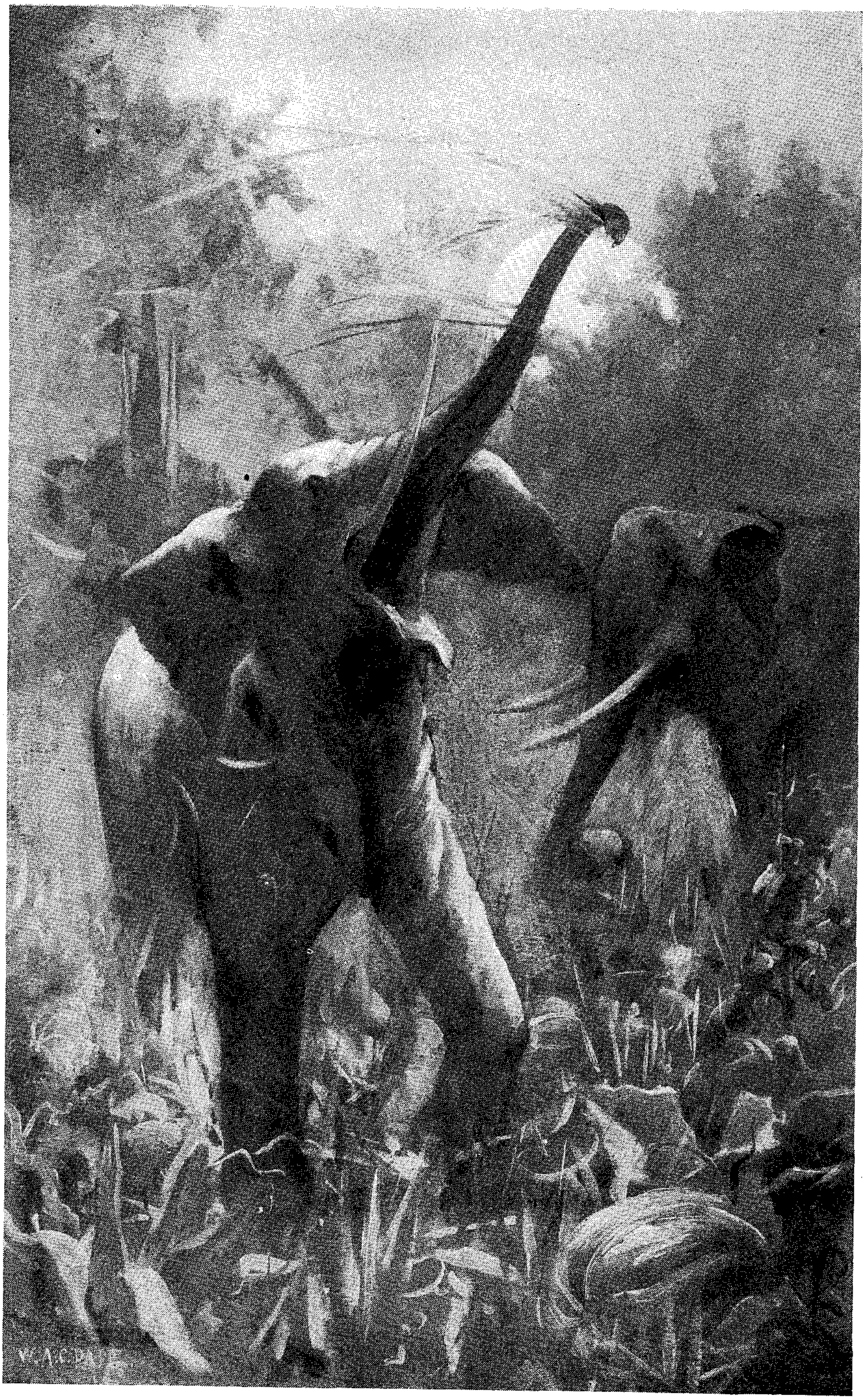
"Nor I. I do not wish their bones to lie on the clean earth. Let them go and find a new place. They cannot stay here. I have seen and smelt the blood of the woman that gave me food—the woman whom they would have killed but for me. Only the smell of the new grass on their doorsteps can take away that smell. It burns in my mouth. Let in the jungle, Hathi!"

"Ah!" said Hathi. "So did the scar of the stake burn on my hide till we saw the villages die under in the spring growth. Now I see. We will let in the jungle."

Mowgli had barely time to catch his breath—he was shaking all over with rage and hate—before the place where the elephants had stood was empty, and Bagheera was looking at him with terror.

"By the Broken Lock that freed me," said the black panther at last, "art *thou* the naked thing I spoke for in the pack! Master of the jungle, when my strength goes, speak for me—speak for Baloo—speak for us all. We are cubs before thee. Snapped twigs under foot. Fawns that have lost their doe."

The idea of Bagheera being a stray fawn upset Mowgli altogether, and he laughed and caught his breath, and sobbed and laughed again, till he had to jump into a pool to make himself stop. Then he swam round and round, ducking in and out of



WHERE HATHI GLEANS THERE IS NO NEED TO FOLLOW.

the bars of the moonlight like the frog his namesake.

By this time Hathi and his three sons had turned, each to one point of the compass, and were striding silently down the valleys a mile away. They went on and on for two days' march, that is to say, a good sixty miles, through the jungle, and every step they took and every wave of their trunks was known and noted and talked over by Mang and Chil and the monkeys and all the birds of the forest. Then they began to feed, and fed quietly for a week or so. Hathi and his sons are like Kaa the rock python. They never hurry till they have to.

At the end of that time, and no one knew who had started it, a rumor went through the jungle that there was better food and water to be found in such and such a valley. The pig—who, of course, will go to the ends of the earth for a full meal—moved first by companies, scuffling over the rocks; and the deer followed, with the little wild foxes that live on the dead and dying of the herds; and the heavy-shouldered nilghai moved parallel with the deer, and the wild buffaloes of the swamps came after the nilghai. The least little thing would have turned the scattered, straggling droves that grazed and sauntered, and drank and grazed again; but whenever there was an alarm some one would rise up and soothe them. At one time it would be Sahi the porcupine, full of news of good feed just a little farther on; at another, Mang would cry cheerily, and flap down a glade to show it was all empty; or Baloo, with his mouth full of roots, would shamble alongside a wavering line, and half frighten, half romp it clumsily back to the proper road. Very many creatures broke back, or ran away, or lost interest, but very many were left to go forward. At the end of another ten days or so the situation was this: The deer and the pig and the nilghai were milling round and round in a circle of eight or ten miles radius, while the eaters of flesh skirmished round its edge. And the centre of that circle was the village, and round the village the crops were ripening, and in the crops sat men on what they call machans—platforms like pigeon perches, made of sticks, at the top of four poles—to scare away birds and other stealers. Then the deer were coaxed no more. The eaters of flesh were close on them, and forced them forward and onward.

It was a dark night when Hathi and his three sons slipped down from the jungle and broke off the poles of the machans with their trunks, and they fell as a snapped stalk of hemlock in bloom falls, and the men that tumbled from them heard the deep breathing of the elephants in their ears. Then the vanguard of the bewildered armies of the deer broke down and flooded into the village grazing grounds and the ploughed fields, and the sharp-hoofed, rooting wild pig came with them, and what the deer left, the pig spoiled; and from time to time an alarm of wolves would shake the herds, and they would rush to and fro desperately, treading down the young barley, and cutting flat the banks of the irrigating channels. Before the dawn broke, the pressure on the outside of the circle gave way at one point. The eaters of flesh had fallen back, and left an open path to the south, and drove upon drove of buck fled along it. The others, who were bolder, lay up in the wild sal thickets to finish their meal next night.

But the work was practically done. When the villagers looked in the morning, they saw their crops were lost. And that meant death, if they did not get away; for they lived, year in and year out, as near to starvation as the jungle was near to them. When the buffaloes were sent to graze, the hungry brutes found that the deer had cleared the grazing-ground, and so wandered into the jungle, and drifted off with their wild mates; and when twilight fell, the three or four ponies that belonged to the village lay in their stables with their heads beaten in. Only Bagheera could have given those strokes, and only Bagheera would have thought of insolently dragging the last carcasses to the open street.

The villagers had no heart to light fires in the fields that night, so Hathi and his three sons went gleaning among the pumpkins and what was left of the maize; and where Hathi gleans there is no need to follow. The men decided to live on their stored seed corn until the rains had fallen, and then to take work as servants till they could catch up with the lost year; and as the grain-dealer was thinking of his well-filled crates of corn, and the prices he would levy at the sale of it, Hathi's sharp tusks were picking out the corner of his mud house, and smashing open the big wicker-chest heaped with cowdung, where the precious stuff lay.

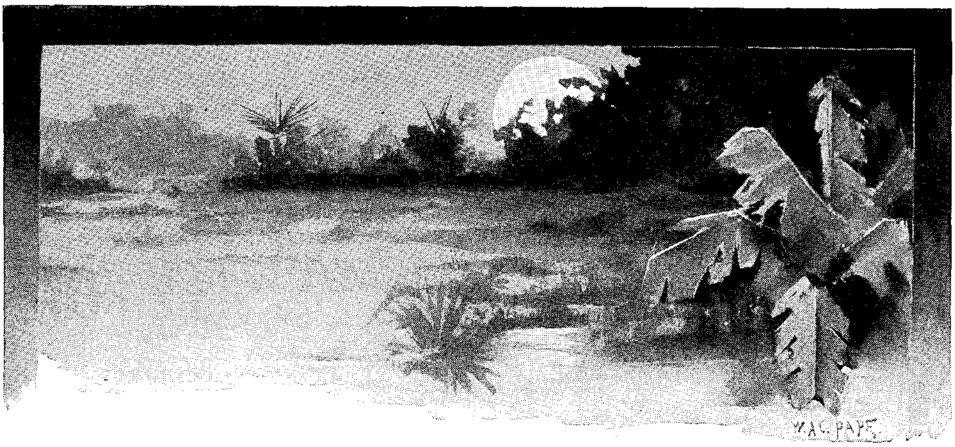
When that last loss was discovered, it was the Brahmin's turn to speak. He had prayed to his own gods without answer. It might be, he said, that unconsciously the village had offended some one of the gods of the jungle, for beyond doubt the jungle was against them. So they sent for the head man of the nearest tribe of wandering Gonds—little, wise, and very black hunters living in the deep jungle, whose fathers came of the oldest race in India—the aboriginal owners of the land. They made the Gond welcome with what they had, and he stood on one leg, his bow in his hand, and two or three poisoned arrows stuck through his top-knot, looking half afraid and half contemptuously at the anxious villagers and their ruined fields. They wished to know whether his gods—the old gods—were angry with them, and what sacrifices should be offered. The Gond said nothing, but picked up a trail of the vine that bears the bitter wild gourd, and laced it to and fro across the temple door in the face of the staring red Hindu image. Then he pushed with his hand in the open air along the road to Kanhiwara and went back to his jungle, and watched the jungle people drifting through it.

There was no need to ask his meaning. The wild gourd would grow where they had worshipped their god, and the sooner they saved themselves the better.

But it is hard to tear a village from its moorings. They stayed on as long as any of their summer food was left to them, and they tried to gather nuts in the jungle; but shadows with glaring eyes watched them and rolled before them even at noon, and when they ran back, afraid, to their walls, on the tree trunks they had passed not five minutes before the bark would be stripped and chiselled with the stroke of some great-taloned paw. The more they kept to their village, the bolder grew the wild things that gambolled and bellowed on the grazing-grounds by the Waingunga. They had no time to patch and plaster the rear walls of the empty byres tacking on to the jungle, so the pig trampled them down, and the vines hurried after and threw their elbows over the new-won ground, and the coarse grass bristled behind the vines like the lances of a goblin army following a retreat. The single men had left earlier, and carried the news far and near that the village was doomed. Who could fight, they said, against the jungle, or the gods of the jungle, when the very cobra had left his hole in the platform under the peepul? So their little commerce with the outside world shrunk as the trodden paths across the open grew fewer and fainter; and the nightly trumpetings of Hathi and his three sons ceased to trouble them, for they had no more to lose. The crop on the ground and the seed in the ground had been taken. The outlying fields were already losing their shape, and it was time to throw themselves on the charity of the English at Kanhiwara.

Native fashion, they delayed their departure from one day to another, till the first rains caught them, and the unmended roofs let in a flood, and the grazing-ground stood ankle deep. And all nature came on with a rush after the heat of the summer. Then they waded out, men, women, and children, through the blinding hot rain of the morning, but turned naturally for one look at their homes.

They heard, as the last burdened family filed through the gate, a crash of falling beams and thatch behind the walls. Then they saw a shiny, snaky, black trunk lifted for an instant, scattering sodden thatch to and fro. It disappeared, and there was another crash, followed by a squeal. Hathi had been plucking off the roofs of the huts



THE SPOT THAT HAD BEEN UNDER PLOUGH NOT SIX MONTHS BEFORE.

as you pluck water-lilies, and a rebounding beam had hit him. It only needed this to unchain his full strength; for of all things in the jungle the wild elephant enraged is the most wantonly destructive. He kicked backwards at a mud wall that crumbled at the stroke, and, as it crumbled, melted to yellow mud under the torrent of rain. Then he wheeled and squealed and tore through the narrow streets, leaning against the huts right and left, shivering the crazy doors and crumpling up the eaves, while his three sons raged behind, as they had raged at the sack of thefields at Bhurtpore.

"The jungle will swallow these shells," said a quiet voice in the wreckage. "It is the outer wall that must lie down," and Mowgli, with the rain sluicing over his bare shoulders and arms, leaped back from a wall that was settling like a tired buffalo.

"All in good time," panted Hathi. "Oh, but my tusks were red at Bhurtpore! To the outer wall, children! With the head! Together! Again! With the tusk stab and weaken! Now!"

The four were in line side by side, and the outer wall bulged, split, and fell, and the villagers, dumb with horror, saw the savage, clay-streaked heads of the wreckers in the ragged gap. Then they fled, houseless and foodless, down the valley, as their village, smashed and overturned, shredded and tossed and trampled, melted behind them. A month later the place was a dimpled mound covered with soft green young stuff; and by the end of the rains there was the roaring jungle, in full blast, on the spot that had been under plough not six months before.

CONCERNING "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

By Beatrice Harraden,

Author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," "Things Will Take a Turn," etc.

IT has been suggested to me that I should give some short account of the writing of that little book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," which seems to have won for itself a success quite unexpected either by the publishers or myself. It was really written for the few who might perhaps care for that kind of story—a story without a plot, without a motive, without, indeed, any sort of *raison d'être;* without any striking situation or subtle development of circumstance. But the many decided that it was a story for them, too. And so in England the book leapt from one edition into another; and in America, having unfortunately been unprotected, from one piracy into another, until it has spread through the States, and is to be found in places remote and unfrequented.

HOW THE BOOK FOUND A PUBLISHER.

It has never been greatly advertised. The English publishers never seemed to take much interest in it; and if one may be allowed to criticise so sacred a personage as a publisher, one might almost say that it has succeeded in spite of its publishers. From the very beginning it was quite independent of everyone and everything; it started life on its own account, and therefore regards itself, with justice, as self-made. It was first of all submitted to a well-known firm of publishers, who decided against it. They said that it could not possibly sell; that it was morbid and pessimistic from beginning to end; that the attempts at sentiment and pathos rang false; that there was nothing original in it. But for all that, if it had been in three volumes, they would have published it, as they admired the style and appreciated the workmanship—or words somewhat to that effect.

At that time I was possessed with the fixed idea that these gentlemen were the only publishers in the world; and that failing to meet with their approval, all chances of success were everlastingly cut off from me. So when a friend proposed that I should take the book to a young new firm, it seemed a matter of indifference to me whether or not it was submitted to any other court; but finally my reasonableness gave way to my most grievous disappointment, and the little book went to the young new firm. I was staying at the Green Dragon, a wayside inn in Shropshire, when I heard that the story was accepted, and would be published at once. I gave this news to the landlady, who took the greatest interest in myself and my doings, and she passed it on to two or three of the farmers who came in the evenings to smoke their long clay pipes and drink the famous Green Dragon ale. They took their pipes from their mouths, gazed at me absently, and said :

" Well, to be sure, now ! Who'd have thought the like of her ? "

And then they returned to the topics which were more congenial to their tastes, such as turnips and potatoes and the forthcoming horse fair ; and so frivolous a subject as literature was immediately dismissed from their consideration.

WHERE THE BOOK GOT ITS TITLE.

About five months later the book was published, and was reviewed in the papers unusually quickly ; and I was beset with letters of inquiry concerning the origin of the words " Ships that Pass in the Night."

I myself did not know where to find them, although I had searched through many editions of Longfellow. They had been given to me many years ago, and I suppose I had borne them unconsciously in my mind all that time; and when I came to one of the last chapters of the first part of the book, where the melting of the snow had begun, and the guests of Petershof were speeding each on his own way, each in utter disregard of any one else, then those words swept across my remembrance, and I called the chapter " Ships that Speak Each Other in Passing."

When the book was finished, I could find no title for it. I thought of this, and thought of that, and then in despair I took my pen and wrote on the outside sheet, " Ships that Pass in the Night." In sending the story to the publishers, I told them that I could suggest no other title, but that of course these words would not do, only that they would serve for the present, just for the sake of calling the book something. The publishers saw no objection to the quotation, and therefore the title remained. It would be impossible to say how many letters I have received and answered about those words ; and as time went on, and the book became more generally known in reading circles, the first question that was put to me personally was : " Where——" I instinctively felt what would be likely to follow, and began to wish that my ships would sink and be heard of no more. I believe that letters of inquiry still continue to be sent to me in England, but in the land of Longfellow no one needs to ask such a question—or is it, rather, that in America all the editions of Longfellow are complete ?

HOW THE BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

I gathered much of the material out of which the book was built, at Petershof, a mountain health resort, probably identified by many people. I was there myself for six or seven months, and during that time was too ill to have any thoughts of writing a book or to take mental notes of the sufferers around me. It was more than a year after leaving Petershof, when I was supposed to have gained a certain amount of strength, that I was strongly urged by those who loved me to take up my writing once more, and try whether the old pleasure in the old occupation would not return.

And here perhaps it would not be out of place to say that, before falling ill, I had attained to a certain amount of quiet success, having, of course, passed through the usual round of disappointments, all of them well merited, and useful as stepping-stones in the apprenticeship which every workman must have. I wrote many unsigned and some signed stories for children, and in contriving these I learnt something about the secret of concentration ; and I wrote short tales for two or three of the magazines, and, finally, had the advantage of appearing in " Blackwood's Magazine." First in one direction and then another, opportunities presented themselves, but I confined myself almost entirely to the short story, for I felt, and had been told, too, that this was the best way of preparing for a longer and more sustained attempt ; and I had no wish to rush headlong into a novel, and then have cause to regret my hastiness. But after waiting some time I did begin a novel, and had written about twelve chapters of it, when I was obliged to give up work, and the twelve chapters were laid on one side and afterwards burnt, a circumstance which has ever since caused me unmixed satisfaction. But to return to the book which was not burnt.

The suggestion that I should go back to my old occupation weighed heavily on me, for I was quite out of practice and out of touch ; and it seemed impossible to me that I should ever manage to set down six consecutive words. I felt entirely bereft of ideas and inclination and enthusiasm ; and moreover, my hand, which for some time had been entirely useless, was still a very troublesome member, often fickle and uncontrollable. But this did not fret me so much as the bereftness; it was that which made me feel that it was folly to waste the time and energy on attempts which were foregone failures. I should never have gone on with my task but for the tender solicitude of the friends to whom the little book was dedicated. It was written chiefly in their home, and I count it my greatest pleasure in remembering how deep an interest they took in every sentence, and how gratified they were when I seemed to be less dissatisfied than usual with my morning's efforts.

THE STORY CAME MAINLY AS THE PEN MOVED.

When I began my work again, I had no idea of inventing a story about Petershof; but as I bent lazily over the blank sheet of paper, memories of the Kurhaus came crowding over me, and, much to my own astonishment, the first chapter contrived itself. But that did not help me greatly, for I could not think what to make out of the characters which I had thus casually introduced on the scene; but I went on in a dull kind of way, not knowing from one sentence to another what I was going to say next. And, indeed, it was not until I arrived at the thirteenth chapter that I felt I was beginning to take hold of my people and to form some vague idea of what might possibly be done with them. But for all that, it was a very vague idea; and, indeed, the dimness of purpose pursued me to the last word of the book. The great drawback was that I could not use my hand for more than a quarter of an hour or so at a time; and in consequence of this hinderance, my work seemed to me hopelessly disconnected, done in such snatches, and without the advantage of continuous application. But, with the exception of a word here and there, I made no alterations, and the pages stand just as I originally wrote them. The second chapter in the first part, containing a few details about my heroine's life previous to her departure for Petershof, was written last of all, and gave me some trouble. I knew, of course, that I should have to account for Bernardine's existence, and refer, however briefly, to her surroundings; but I put this off to the end, shirking the difficulty until I was obliged to turn and face it. In reading novels I have always felt irritated when the author gives a long and detailed account of the back history of his characters, and I determined to try and avoid a tediousness from which I myself had so often suffered, just at a point, too, where my interest had been aroused in the present, and where the past seemed an unwelcome intrusion. So I made my second chapter as short as possible, and felt more than thankful that Bernardine had only one relation. In real life, as is well known, too many relatives are apt to be a nuisance, and difficult of management, but I have always thought that in a book they must be even worse. Crowded together in one little volume, what could anyone do with them, and what could they do with themselves in such close quarters?

With regard to the allegory of the Traveller and the Temple of Knowledge, I wrote it for the purpose of avoiding a long and delicate analysis of Bernardine's condition of mind when she discovered that she had taken a long journey in vain. It seemed to me to present the situation, and without need of any comment.

There was a chapter called "Self-cheatings: A Chapter which has Crept in Unawares"; and it followed "The One Great Sacrifice." As far as I recollect, it was a reverie of the Disagreeable Man, and it might, perhaps, have been interesting to some of the many friends who have taken so kindly to him; but for some reason or other I decided not to use it, and I have since lost it.

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED ENDING.

The ending of the story has been much criticised, and Bernardine's unexpected death favorably and unfavorably commented upon. I felt at the time that she had to die, and that it was in keeping with the irony of life that she, the stronger of the two, should be suddenly swept away. I felt, too, that she would never have got back to any real touch with life, and I was not sorry that she should be at rest. I do not at all claim that my own ending was the best or the most artistic; but of the many suggestions which have been made on the subject, I have not found one which would have helped me out satisfactorily. I can only say about my own ending, that it came so, whether for better or for worse.

An incident in connection with the description of Bernardine's last moments is perhaps worth mentioning. I had made her send one more message to the Disagreeable Man; and when the proofs of the story were forwarded to me at Mentone, where I was passing the winter, a friend helped me to correct them, and pounced like a tigress upon those extra words (on which I set great store), and tried to persuade me that they were bathos itself, and that they would spoil the chances of the book, as the critics would be sure to make fun of them—as, indeed, so she said, they ought to do. I was extremely touchy on the point, and fought obstinately for those extra words; but finally I was overcome by her arguments, and gave in. Nevertheless, I still regret that sentence, and so would the critics, especially the young and unmerciful ones, if they only knew what it contained.

As I had no definite idea of what I intended to do with my characters, notes would not have been of any use to me; but as the book grew, and my confidence with it, I remember putting down on paper the headings of some of the conversations which afterwards took place between Bernardine and Robert Allitsen. For instance, I put down: "The loneliness of most of us." "Death and our bereftness." "Our unreasonable desire for uninterrupted happiness," and so on; and then, as the opportunity presented itself, I wove these detached thoughts into the story, just where they happened to fit in best; or, rather, I should say, they arranged themselves according to their fancy.

BEATRICE HARRADEN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MIDGLEY ASQUITH, HARROGATE, ENG.

LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR FROM ALL DIRECTIONS AND OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

I have been repeatedly asked for my favorite passages in the book, and I always turn to the words: "Saints they may not be, but, for want of a better name, saints they are to us, gracious and lovely presences." Or, if not in a serious mood, I turn to the scene between Mrs. Reffold and Bernardine, and put my finger on the words: "Where does one get the best tea?"

The chapter "Concerning the Care-takers" has, I believe, caused a great deal of amusement and irritation and anger amongst the care-takers of various health-resorts, and I have been thought by some people to be somewhat malicious in my judgment of this interesting portion of the community. I never intended to be malicious, but was merely anxious to paint a truthful picture, and I am quite sure that I have not used too strong colors. I have been comforted on this point by receiving letters of reassurance from French and German, as well as English, guests, who said that my observations coincided with their own experiences.

And this leads me to speak of the many curious letters which have reached me from all sorts and conditions of men and women—strange human documents which will always remain in my memory. I have heard from grave scholars and professors, and hurried business men who seldom pause to read a book; from people of rare culture and distinction, and people without any culture or distinction; from gay women and from tired workers; from the happy and the miserable; from Baptist ministers, and Catholics, and French *pasteurs*, and Church of England clergymen. I am always being surprised by the widely different types of readers who take up their pen and write to me so warmly about the book and so frankly about themselves. They find something in it, I suppose, which appeals to them, or which seems to apply to their own particular cases; and then they hasten to tell me that the book was written for them, and that it has sunk into their hearts. As for the gracious and gratifying words spoken and written to me by other authors, that alone has been to me a most delightful experience.

Of course I have had other kinds of letters, too—complaints about Bernardine's death; reproaches about many other things; regrets over Bernardine's way of looking at life and death, and over the general tone of pessimism and hopelessness pervading the story; whilst others have written at the same time, rejoicing over the optimism and the strong note of hope. One curious document was sent me, containing nothing but texts from the Bible, chosen to contradict some of the statements in the book; no letter came with it, and it was signed "From a Ship Passing in the Night." One letter from a lover of dogs interested me. He asked what had become of the Disagreeable Man's dog, which was never mentioned after Bernardine appeared on the scene. It is true that I had completely forgotten him. The funniest note of all came a few days ago. It was from a lady, saying that I had done a great deal for her by my book, and now she wanted to benefit me. She gave me the name of an electric battery, peculiarly helpful in cases of writer's cramp, and she asked me to order it through her, as it was the means of bringing her in a small percentage.

TRANSLATIONS.

I have been much astonished at the number of applications from both French and German translators, asking for permission to translate the book, and all of them, apparently, quite confident of its success in France and Germany. I have not yet heard whether the French version has been completed, but I understand that the German edition, by Madame Niemeyer, will be issued by Engelhorn.

These letters from foreign readers have greatly pleased me, for I feel it to be very satisfactory to have broken through the barriers of nationality; and even now, as I write, I have before me a note just received from an Italian medical student, telling me that he has translated my book into Italian, "con intelletto d'amore," with loving heart and mind, and asking for permission to publish it, and keeping all the time a great fear in his heart, so he says, lest I should have given to some one else "the right to frame those thoughts with Italian words." I am half tempted to quote his naïve and graceful letter, but it was written for me and not for the public, and so I reluctantly reserve it for myself. The Danish translation, "Skibe i Natten," done by Madame Ingeborg Raūnkiar of Copenhagen, herself a writer of some standing, appeared several months ago, and has met with a favorable reception.

"Ships" has also been put into the Braille type for the blind. I learn from many sides that sermons have been preached for and against this little volume, and more than once the text for the discourse has been taken from the allegory of "The Traveller and the Temple of Knowledge."

And so I might go on, telling of curious experiences and gracious incidents which have befallen me, and running the risk, I fear, of tiring my readers. But I cannot resist the temptation of saying that my knowledge of geography, which was always my weakest point, has considerably increased since the publication of "Ships." Obscure places in dear old England have revealed themselves to me, and kindly greetings have been sent me from mysterious corners of several countries. From lonely hill stations in India, news comes to me that the book has been read and cared for. And out here in California I have myself learned how far into the mountains it has penetrated; for the other day, on an expedition into the back country, amongst cattle ranches, and near a desolate Indian reservation, I was astonished to find a copy of it at the inn where I stayed. To my everlasting shame, very little I knew about the geography of the United States until I came here and received letters from so many places both in the East and West. Even if I forget most of what I have learnt, I shall certainly always remember that Keokuk is in Iowa. The inhabitants of that town write frequently, begging me to settle some point of dispute about the book. The last question asked was whether, in my opinion, Bernardine, if she had lived, would ever have married the Disagreeable Man. My answer was, that, so far as my understanding of her went, she would not have married him. And last week I saw it stated in the "London Era" that "Ships that Pass in the Night" had been dramatized and performed in—Keokuk!

The following lines from Matthew Arnold seem to me to contain the same idea as Longfellow's words, though not so simply stated:

"Yes, in the sea of life enisled,
  With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
  We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know."

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST:

HIS RECENT WORK IN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

DR. PARKHURST, his purpose and his methods in carrying on the work of municipal reform, were the subject of a review printed in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April, 1894. At that time it was possible to do little more than set forth something of the personal qualities of Dr. Parkhurst, and suggest why he had undertaken a work of reform in a manner unusual for a clergyman, and, it seemed at first to many persons, in some respects not wholly worthy.

DR. PARKHURST THE MORAL RULER OF NEW YORK.

At the time of the publication of that sketch Dr. Parkhurst's work was still tentative. At least it was so deemed even by many who had learned to have respect for his courage and confidence in his purpose. The fruition of the work had not been then reached, nor is the work yet fully and finally done. Nevertheless, the personal triumph, if the achievement of Dr. Parkhurst may properly be so termed, has come. Dr. Parkhurst is to-day the acknowledged moral force that directs public sentiment in New York city. Turning to him, with exquisite grace and gesture, and in the presence of many distinguished men, the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, then fresh from his highest achievement, the reconstruction of the State Constitution of New York, said: "There is Parkhurst, the moral ruler of New York."

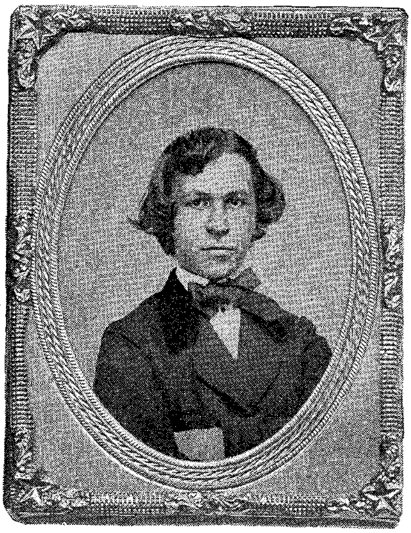
The characterization was accepted by all present as deserved. To-day Dr. Parkhurst is in truth the moral ruler of New York. Since the review of him and his work was published in McCLURE'S—a review which needs not, in the light of later events, to be changed in a single word or suggestion—he has revealed himself as a moral force producing actual, concrete, tremendous results, such as it is safe to say have not been gained by the power of agitation and moral suasion since the day when Hamilton persuaded the State, against its own inclination, to become a member of the Federal Union.

DR. PARKHURST'S SKILL AS AN ORGANIZER.

Perhaps the most difficult of the more recent work Dr. Parkhurst had to do was to give proper direction to the public sentiment, and bring into effective union the various influences, which had been aroused by the revelations which he and his associates were able to make. From the first Dr. Parkhurst had said, "We are aiming not so much at vice as at a system which tolerates and supports vice. We are bringing our guns to bear upon the citadels of those by whose authority, influence, and command vice flourishes, honest government is destroyed, and the community is made a spot of shame."

Therefore, when public sentiment was sufficiently aroused—after testimony had been heaped on testimony and the awful skeleton had been exposed—there was need of executive qualities of the highest order, the wisdom which distinguishes statesmanship; a capacity for handling groups of men who, while having a common object, incline to seek it by diverse ways and thereby jeopardize it; and beyond that even, the skill and strategy of the politician, who depends somewhat upon expediency, and very greatly upon organization.

It was in the way he met these new demands on him that Dr. Parkhurst made the fullest revelation of his extraordinary intellectual power. His purpose was moral. He aimed to overthrow, and to overthrow permanently, a political system which had made the administration of the city's affairs a left-handed partnership with vice and crime—an administration for spoils. In the arguments, the consultations, and the other work which the achievement of this aim involved, he showed an intellectual capacity which now even the greatest of the politicians of New York cheerfully admit would have made him, had he chosen



DR. PARKHURST AT 15.

DR. PARKHURST AT 20.

politics or public life as his vocation, pre-eminent.

THE ELEMENTS THAT HAD TO BE HARMONIZED.

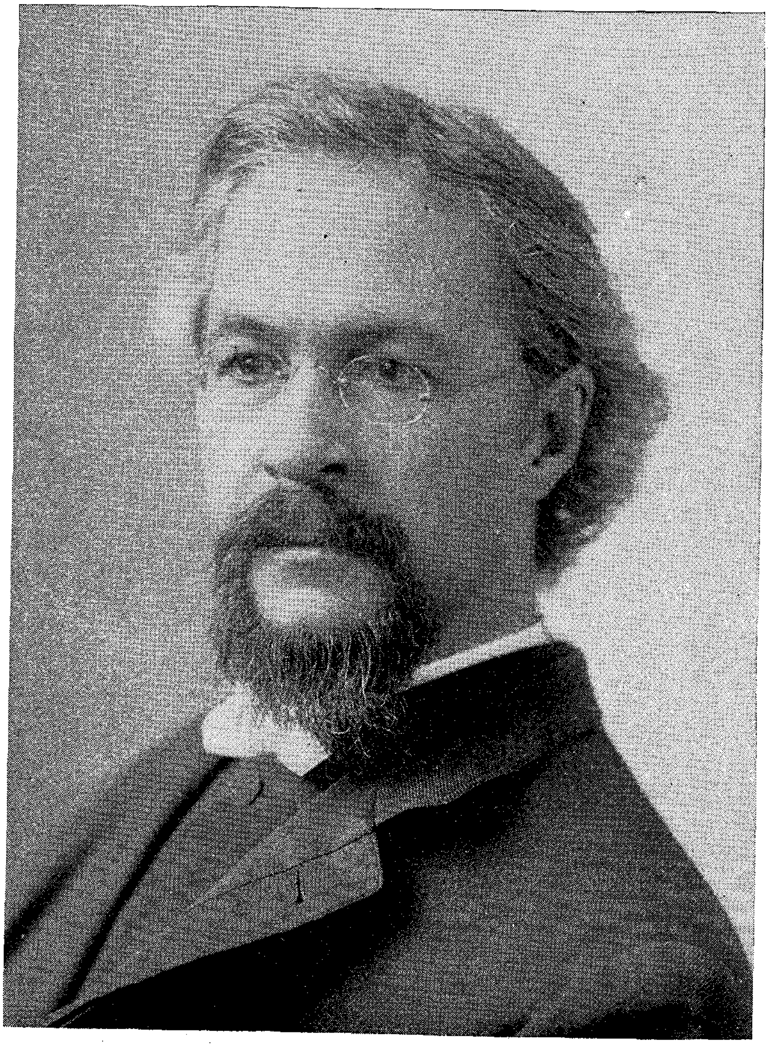
In the interest and horror excited by the revelations before the investigating committee of the State Senate, the public lost sight of the extraordinary political skill with which Dr. Parkhurst was then attempting to unite into one compact, coherent, sympathetic, and well-disciplined organization all of the elements which had been aroused against the Tammany administration in New York City. It was a task of supreme difficulty. It could not have been accomplished with less than Dr. Parkhurst's generalship. The elements opposing Tammany were many. There was first the Republican party. Then there were the independents—the persons associated with the Good Government clubs and kindred organizations. There was a great body of German-American citizens, nearly all of them of Democratic inclination. There was a new organization of the Democracy, created by ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild and ex-Mayor Grace. There was an independent Democratic association; and two or three others. Every one of these organizations was opposed to Tammany and to Tammany methods. But the great danger was that, fighting against the enemy each organization in its own way, the attack would be futile, and the strength which united would be irresistible would be frittered away. In each of these organizations there were very able and very ambitious men. Some of them had had long training in political organization and management. It seemed even to the shrewdest of them that it might be impossible to bring about an understanding and combination. This was the work which Dr. Parkhurst undertook. The Republican leaders before taking any action consulted with him. The German reform association spent through its representatives hours with him. The Fairchild and Grace Democracy sent delegates to him. And so he found himself in the position of an arbiter, and he realized

DR. PARKHURST AT 35.

that his suggestions were taken almost as commands. He was the moral power of the moment. Nothing was behind him but public sentiment; he was supported wholly and only by the confidence of the worthy elements in the community. That was a supreme test of the qualities which make the ablest statesman, the most successful politician. An error in counsel, a mistake in judgment, a concession to personal vanity or pride, and the union which Dr. Parkhurst sought could never be accomplished.

DR. PARKHURST'S RELATIONS WITH MR. GOFF.

Probably Dr. Parkhurst's power was best illustrated when he interfered to prevent the nomination for mayor of a man in whom he had the highest confidence, and who had been his most able lieutenant. Mr. John W. Goff had been named as a satisfactory candidate for the mayoralty nomination by the Grace Democracy and by the Committee of Seventy, an independent association representing the business and professional activities of New York. The nomination was formally tendered to Mr. Goff. It was a dazzling honor for a man who six months ago was almost unknown. Moreover, the chances were that it would not prove an empty honor. Yet Mr. Goff, in a brief, simple, courteous note, declined it. And those who had tendered it did not then know, nor does the public know yet, that it was Dr. Parkhurst's judgment more than any other influence that caused Mr. Goff to decline. Dr. Parkhurst was



DR. PARKHURST AT THE PRESENT TIME.

persuaded that it would be a mistake for Mr. Goff to accept, and for two reasons: first, because his acceptance might prevent a union of all the elements opposing Tammany; second, because Dr. Parkhurst believed that Mr. Goff could be of more service in the work which remains to be done, and which must be continued for many months, if he were chosen to another post, that of presiding criminal judge, an office long filled by an able lawyer, but one who has been in intimate association with Tammany Hall.

DR. PARKHURST'S TRIUMPH.

Dr. Parkhurst insisted from the beginning that union was absolutely essential, and he recognized that in order to procure union the various elements must be represented upon a single anti-Tammany ticket. It seemed to him that as the Republican organization contained by far the greater number of those who would deliver votes against Tammany, the candidate for mayor might properly be chosen from that party. But he also said that any one of a score or more of Democrats would be preferable to any one of a score or more of Republicans who had no other recommendation for the mayoralty than that they had been active politicians.

Several times there seemed to be danger that union could not be effected, and in these emergencies Dr. Parkhurst showed a diplomacy which amazed the politicians with whom he was brought in contact. He spurned the proposition that he himself become a candidate, regarding the acceptance of a nomination as sure to involve him in the charge of self-interest and ambition in his reform work. Moreover, he believed that his influence would be more effective if it were still exerted through purely moral agencies. The delicate, difficult task was achieved finally. Every element in the city opposed to Tammany was brought by Dr. Parkhurst's genius and influence into enthusiastic association, and united upon a ticket in which the more important were all represented. And this ticket was elected by majorities ranging from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand. To-day Dr. Parkhurst is the most popular man in New York. No longer is he ridiculed or held up to contempt, and no longer is it urged that he has contaminated himself and his calling by his contact with vice. Instead there is a wide-spread disposition to make some formal acknowledgment of his great service, and, if he would permit it, a tribute could be swiftly secured which would represent a considerable fortune.

THE INVALUABLE AID RENDERED BY MR. GOFF.

In the moment of his triumph, Dr. Parkhurst regards with especial fondness and approval his able assistant John W. Goff. When the first review of Dr. Parkhurst's work appeared in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Goff was known to a comparatively limited circle. There he had gained a repute not only for moral honesty, but for intellectual honesty. He thought honestly as well as acted honestly. He had served briefly as an Assistant District Attorney, and had held no other public office. Although of Irish birth, he bore in personal appearance the marks of the Saxon race. Golden-haired (before time had touched his locks), blue-eyed, and fair-cheeked, he scarcely suggested the power of the reformer which was in him. But it was known that in his brief experience in public office he had been made well aware of the vicious system that prevailed, and that he could speak of it only with loathing and contempt. The men who maintained that system often solicited him to become their associate, and he refused opportunities that would have made him comfortable even at times when he had no great promise of securing much of the good things of life.

When Mr. Goff and Dr. Parkhurst first met, they approached each other not suspiciously, but still searchingly, curiously, each determined to read the other well. There were not many interviews, however, before each discovered in the other a man of his own quality, and after a little there came perfect trust and confidence. Dr. Parkhurst turned over to Mr. Goff a great mass of testimony which his agents had collected. After this testimony had been carefully sifted, Mr. Goff, profiting by his training as a prosecutor and examiner, as well as his natural abilities, laid down a line of procedure before the Lexow Committee involving arrangements and a strategy of prosecution quite as detailed and extensive as those which a general devises for the conduct of a great battle. He never deviated from that line, excepting in those cases where circumstances which he could not control suddenly arose. One of his first acts was to put a Republican police commissioner upon the stand. He chose a Republican so that it could not be said that this was a partisan investigation. Before he was through with that commissioner he had driven him from office. Then there came witness after witness telling under oath most startling stories of police blackmailing and persecution. Shock followed shock, as police captains, sergeants, and even inspectors were involved, until at last the community was ready to believe anything; and it seemed useless to prolong the investigation, except possibly, for the purpose of bringing guilty officers to justice. As a result of these investigations, some ten police captains, as many sergeants, and a considerable number of wardmen, or detectives, were shown to be participants in the system of blackmail. Three of these captains have since been dismissed from the force, with sergeants and wardmen as well, and some of them and others are now under indictment, and are to be prosecuted.

Mr. Goff cannot much longer take formal part in these investigations. On the 1st of January he becomes presiding criminal judge, succeeding a man who fined him for contempt because he insisted upon his rights as counsel in protecting one of Dr. Parkhurst's agents. The investigation, however, will continue on the lines laid down by Mr. Goff and Dr. Parkhurst, and it is understood that we have really had but a beginning of these exposures. Dr. Parkhurst's work, however, and that of the successful party which he organized, will be hereafter mainly that of the constructive reformer, a more difficult and delicate task, even, than the destructive reform with which Dr. Parkhurst was compelled to begin this great labor. There is to be necessary careful, prudent legislation, and the maintenance of influences that will keep public spirit alert, watchful, impressive, and sufficient.

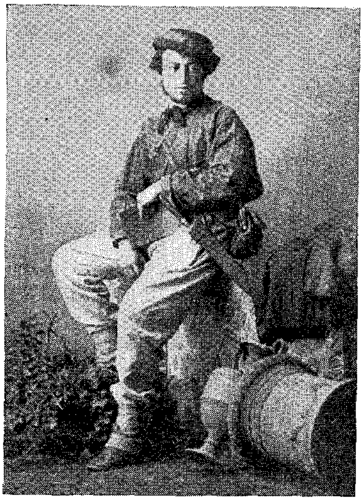
THOMAS NAST'S SHARE IN THE OVERTHROW OF THE TWEED RING IN 1872.

IT has occurred to many persons who are familiar with the influences which procured the overthrow of the corrupt ring of which Tweed was the chief, to compare the service rendered by the artist Thomas Nast in that work with what has been done by Dr. Parkhurst in the later revolution. Excepting the fact that both men were prominent in undertakings of a similar nature, there is, after all, little to furnish a comparison. Mr. Nast's service was important. He represented in the concrete, and by the weapon of satire, the public opinion which was then making against Tweed and the vulgar thieves by whom he was surrounded. He was able to catch the spirit of the public opposition, and so suggest it by his pencil as to show the public by cartoon what it was thinking about. His most famous cartoon represented Tweed as a money-bag. With a skill which has never been equalled in this country, Nast converted, by a few strokes of his pencil, the representation of a bag of gold into a caricature of Tweed's face, and this expressed week after week what everybody had in his mind, that Tweed had, by his political power and control of the city of New York, been able to make a great fortune for himself.

The cartoons were of immense importance in thus formulating or crystallizing public opinion. It has been said that Tweed himself looked upon them as one of the most important influences in causing his downfall.

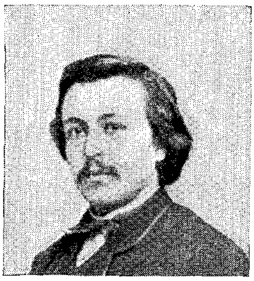
Mr. Nast is of European birth, having been born in Bavaria fifty-four years ago; but he came early to this country, and is one of the most enthusiastic and loyal of Americans. His first work as a cartoonist or a sketch-maker for the illustrated weeklies was done before the civil war. He went to England, and sketched the famous prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers, and he also followed Garibaldi during the most important of his engagements. It was by means of his pencil that America became familiar with these important events. Coming back to the United States, he became associated with the Harpers, and sprang into general fame when he began to tell in satire the story of Tweed's corruption. He became still further known by his illustrated lectures, delivered all over the county. Lately Mr. Nast has made one or two ventures of his own in illustrated journalism. He was the first of the great American cartoonists, and pointed the way for Keppler and Gillam.

THOMAS NAST IN 1842. AGE 2.



1860. AT THE TIME OF THE GARIBALDIAN CAMPAIGN. AGE 20.

1868, AT THE TIME OF GRANT'S FIRST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT. AGE 28.



1865, AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. AGE 25.

1872, AT THE TIME OF THE DOWNFALL OF TWEED. AGE 32.

1893. AGE 53.

THE GREEN FLAG.

By A. Conan Doyle,

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

WHEN Jack Conolly, of the Irish Shot-gun Brigade, the Rory of the Hills Inner Circle, and the extreme left wing of the Land League, was incontinently shot by Sergeant Murdoch of the constabulary, in a little moonlight frolic near Kanturk, his twin brother Dennis joined the British army. The countryside had become too hot for him; and, as the seventy-five shillings were wanting which might have carried him to America, he took the only way handy of getting himself out of the way. Seldom has Her Majesty had a less promising recruit, for his hot Celtic blood seethed with hatred against Britain and all things British. The sergeant, however, smiling complacently over his six feet of brawn and his forty-four inch chest, whisked him off with a dozen other of the boys to the depot at Fermoy, whence in a few weeks they were sent on, with the spade-work kinks taken out of their backs, to the first battalion of the Royal Mallows, at the top of the roster for foreign service.

The Royal Mallows, at about that date, were as strange a lot of men as ever were paid by a great empire to fight its battles. It was the darkest hour of the land struggle, when the one side came out with crowbar and battering-ram by day, and the other with mask and with shot-gun by night. Men driven from their homes and potato-patches found their way even into the service of the government, to which it seemed to them that they owed their troubles, and now and then they did wild things before they came. There were recruits in the Irish regiments who would forget to answer to their own names, so short had been their acquaintance with them. Of these, the Royal Mallows had their full share; and, while they still retained their fame as being one of the smartest corps in the army, no one knew better than their officers that they were dry-rotted with treason and with bitter hatred of the flag under which they served.

And the centre of all the disaffection was C Company, in which Dennis Conolly found himself enrolled. They were Celts, Catholics, and men of the tenant class to a man; and their whole experience of the British government had been an inexorable landlord, and a constabulary who seemed to them to be always on the side of the rent-collector. Dennis was not the only moonlighter in the ranks, nor was he alone in having an intolerable family blood-feud to harden his heart. Savagery had begotten savagery in the veiled civil war. A landlord with an iron mortgage weighing down upon him had small bowels for his tenantry. He did but take what the law allowed; and yet, with men like Jim Holan, or Patrick McGuire, or Peter Flynn, who had seen the roofs torn from their cottages and their folk huddled among their pitiable furniture upon the roadside, it was ill to argue about abstract law. What matter that in that long and bitter struggle there was many another outrage on the part of the tenant, and many another grievance on the side of the landowner! A stricken man can only feel his own wound, and the rank and file of the C Company of the Royal Mallows were sore and savage to the soul. There were low whisperings in barrack-rooms and canteens, stealthy meetings in public-house parlors, bandying of pass-words from mouth to mouth, and many other signs which made their officers right glad when the order came which sent them to foreign and, better still, to active, service.

For Irish regiments have before now been disaffected, and have at a distance looked upon the foe as though he might, in truth, be the friend; but when they have been put face on to him, and when their officers have dashed to the front with a wave and halloo, those rebel hearts have softened and their gallant Celtic blood has boiled with the mad joy of the fight, until the slower Britons have marvelled that they ever could have doubted the loyalty of their Irish comrades. So it would be again, according to the officers, and so it would not be if Dennis Conolly and a few others could have their way.

It was a March morning upon the eastern fringe of the Nubian desert. The sun had not yet risen; but a tinge of pink flushed up as far as the cloudless zenith,

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and the long strip of sea lay like a rosy ribbon along the horizon. From the coast inland stretched dreary sand-plains, dotted over with thick clumps of mimosa scrub and mottled patches of thorny bush. No tree broke the monotony of that vast desert. The dull, dusty hue of the thickets and the yellow glare of the sand were the only colors, save at one point where, from a distance, it seemed that a landslip of snow-white stones had shot itself across a low foot-hill. But as the traveller approached, he saw, with a thrill, that these were no stones, but the bleaching bones of a slaughtered army. With its dull tints, its gnarled viperous bushes, its arid barren soil, and this death streak trailed across it, it was indeed a nightmare country.

Some eight or ten miles inland the rolling plain curved upwards with a steeper slope until it ran into a line of red basaltic rock which zigzagged from north to south, heaping itself up at one point into a fantastic knoll. On this summit there stood upon that March morning three Arab chieftains—the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas, Moussa Wad Aburhegel, who led the Berber dervishes, and Hamid Wad Hussein, who had come northward with his fighting men from the land of the Baggaras. They had all three just risen from their praying-carpets, and were peering out, with fierce, high-nosed faces thrust forward, at the stretch of country revealed by the spreading dawn.

The red rim of the sun was pushing itself now above the distant sea, and the whole coast-line stood out brilliantly yellow against the rich deep blue beyond. At one spot lay a huddle of white-walled houses, a mere splotch in the distance; while four tiny cock-boats, which lay beyond, marked the position of three of Her Majesty's ten-thousand-ton troopers and the admiral's flagship. But it was not upon the distant town, nor upon the great vessels, nor yet upon the sinister white litter which gleamed in the plain beneath them, that the Arab chieftains gazed. Two miles from where they stood, amid the sand-hills and the mimosa scrub, a great parallelogram had been marked by piled-up bushes. From the inside of this dozens of tiny blue smoke-reeks curled up into the still morning air; while there rose from it a confused deep murmur, the voices of men and the gruntings of camels blended into the same insect buzz.

"The unbelievers have cooked their morning food," said the Baggara chief, shading his eyes with his tawny, sinewy hand. "Truly their sleep has been but scanty; for Hamid and a hundred of his men have fired upon them since the rising of the moon."

"So it was with these others," answered the Sheik Kadra, pointing with his sheathed sword towards the old battle-field. "They also had a day of little water and a night of little rest, and the heart was gone out of them ere ever the sons of the Prophet had looked them in the eyes. This blade drank deep that day, and will again before the sun has travelled from the sea to the hill."

"And yet these are other men," remarked the Berber dervish. "Well I know that Allah has placed them in the clutch of our fingers, yet it may be that they with the big hats will stand firmer than the cursed men of Egypt."

"Pray Allah that it may be so," cried the fierce Baggara, with a flash of his black eyes. "It was not to chase women that I brought seven hundred men from the river to the coast. See, my brother, already they are forming their array."

A fanfare of bugle-calls burst from the distant camp. At the same time the bank of bushes at one side had been thrown or trampled down, and the little army within began to move slowly out on to the plain. Once clear of the camp, they halted, and the slant rays of the sun struck flashes from bayonet and from gun-barrel as the ranks closed up, until the big pith helmets joined into a single long white ribbon. Two streaks of scarlet glowed on either side of the square, but elsewhere the fringe of fighting men was of the dull yellow khaki tint which hardly shows against the desert sand. Inside their array was a dense mass of camels and mules bearing stores and ambulance needs. Outside, a twinkling clump of cavalry was drawn up on each flank, and in front a thin scattered line of mounted infantry was already slowly advancing over the bush-strewn plain, halting on every eminence, and peering warily round as men might who have to pick their steps among the bones of those who have preceded them.

The three chieftains still lingered upon the knoll, looking down with hungry eyes and compressed lips at the dark steel-tipped patch. "They are slower to start than the men of Egypt," the sheik of the Hadendowas growled in his beard.

"Slower also to go back, perchance, my brother," murmured the dervish. "And yet they are not many—three thousand at the most."

"And we ten thousand, with the Prophet's grip upon our spear-hafts and his words upon our banner. See to their chieftain, how he rides upon the right and looks up at us with the glass that sees from afar! It may be that he sees this also." The Arab shook his sword at the small clump of horsemen who had spurred out from the square.

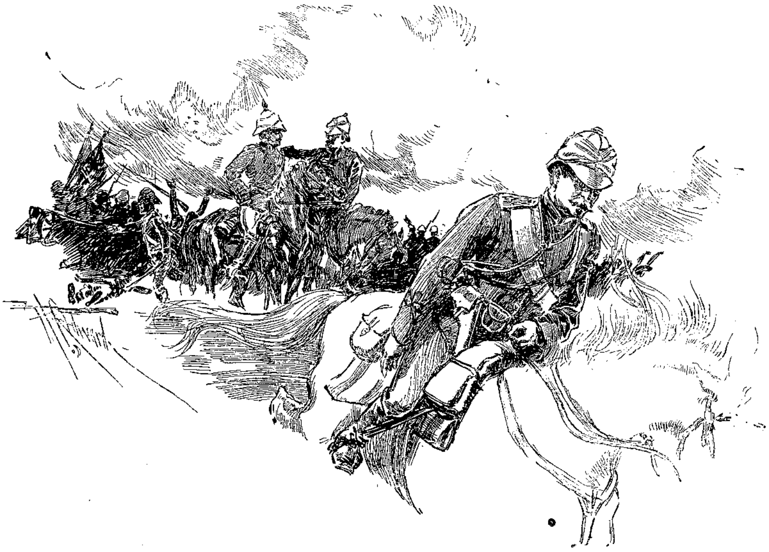
"Lo! he beckons," cried the dervish; "and see those others at the corner, how they bend and heave. Ha! by the Prophet, I had thought it!"

As he spoke, a little woolly puff of smoke spurted up at the corner of the square, and a seven-pound shell burst with a hard metallic smack just over their heads. The splinters knocked chips from the red rocks around them.

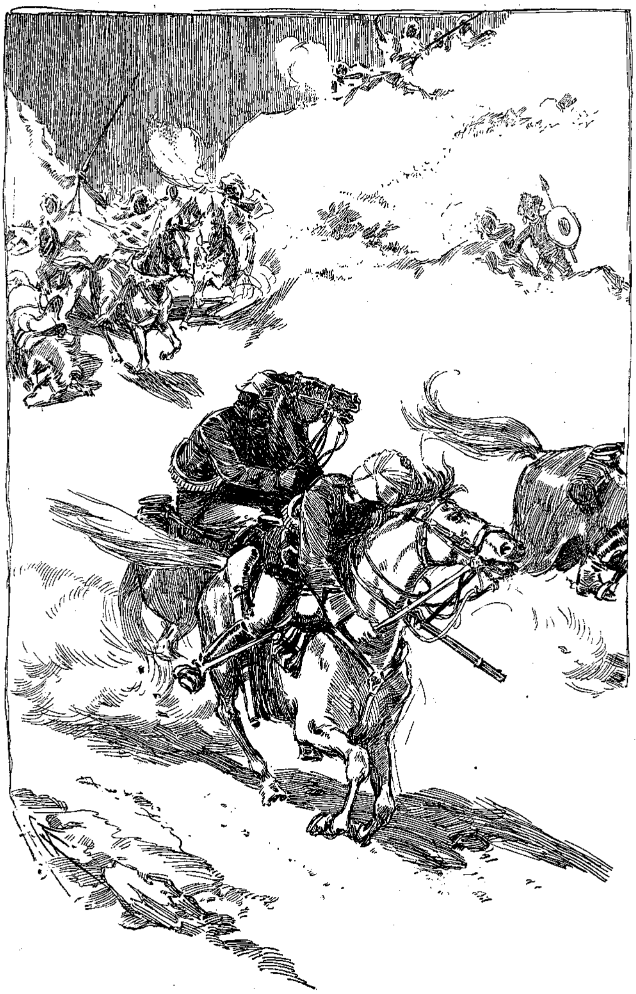
"Bismillah!" cried the Hadendowa, "if the gun can carry thus far, then ours can answer to it. Ride to the left, Moussa, and tell Ben Ali to cut the skin from the Egyptians if they cannot hit yonder mark. And you, Hamid, to the right, and see that three thousand men lie close in the wady that we have chosen. Let the others beat the drum and show the banner of the Prophet; for, by the black stone, their spears will have drunk deep ere they look upon the stars again."

A long, straggling, boulder-strewn plateau lay on the summit of the red hills, sloping very precipitously to the plain, save at one point, where a winding gully curved downwards, its mouth choked with sand mounds and olive-hued scrub. Along the edge of this position lay the Arab host, a motley crew of shock-headed desert clansmen, fierce, predatory slave-dealers of the interior, and wild dervishes from the Upper Nile, all blent together by their common fearlessness and fanaticism. Two races were there, as wide as the poles apart, the thin-lipped, straight-haired Arab, and the thick-lipped curly negro; yet the faith of Islam had bound them closer than a blood tie. Squatting among the rocks, or lying thickly in the shadow, they peered out at the slow-moving square beneath them, while women with water-skins and bags of dhoora fluttered from group to group, calling out to each other those fighting texts from the Koran which in the hour of battle are maddening as wine to the true believer. A score of banners waved over the ragged valiant crew, and among them, upon desert horses and white Bishareen camels, were the emirs and sheiks who were to lead them against the infidels.

As the Sheik Kadra sprang into his saddle and drew his sword, there was a wild whoop and a clatter of waving spears, while the one-ended war-drums burst into a dull crash like a wave upon shingle. For a moment ten thousand men were up on the rocks, with brandished arms and leaping figures. The next they were under cover, again waiting sternly and silently for their chieftain's orders. The square was less than half a mile from the ridge now, and shell after shell from the seven-pound guns was pitching over it. A deep roar on the right, and then a second one, showed that the Egyptian Krupps were in action. Sheik Kadra's hawk eyes saw that



"TELL COLONEL FLANAGAN TO SEE TO IT, STEPHEN," HE CONCLUDED; AND THE GALLOPER SPED UPON HIS WAY.



AN INSTANT LATER THEY WERE SPURRING IT FOR THEIR LIVES, CROUCHING OVER THE MANES OF THEIR HORSES.

the shells burst far beyond the mark, and he spurred his horse along to where a knot of mounted chiefs were gathered round the two guns, which were served by their captured crews.

"How is this, Ben Ali?" he cried. "It was not thus that the dogs fired when it was their own brothers in faith at whom they aimed!"

A chieftain reined his horse back, and thrust a blood-smeared sword into its sheath. Beside him, two Egyptian artillerymen with their throats cut were sobbing out their lives upon the ground.

"Who lays the gun this time?" asked the fierce chief, glaring at the frightened gunners. "Here, thou black-browed child of Shaitan, aim, and aim for thy life."

It may have been chance, or it may have been skill, but the third and fourth shells burst over the square. Sheik Kadra smiled grimly and galloped back to the left, where his spearmen were streaming down into the gully. As he joined them, a deep growling rose from the plain beneath, like the snarling of a sullen wild beast, and a little knot of tribesmen fell in a struggling heap, caught in the blast of lead from a Gardner. Their comrades pressed on over them and sprang down into the ravine. From all along the crest burst the hard sharp crackle of Remington fire.

The square had slowly advanced, rippling over the low sand-hills, and halting every few minutes to rearrange its formation. Now, having made sure that there was no force of the enemy in the scrub, it changed its direction, and began to take a line parallel to the Arab position. It was too steep to assail from the front, and if they moved far enough to the right the general hoped that he might turn it. On the top of those ruddy hills lay a baronetcy for him, and a few extra hundreds in his pension, and he meant having them both that day. The Remington fire was annoying, and so were those two Krupp guns; already there were more cacolets full than he cared to see. But on the whole he thought it better to hold his fire until he had more to aim at than a few hundreds of fuzzy heads peeping over a razor-back ridge. He was a bulky, red-faced man, a fine whist-player, and a soldier who knew his work. His men believed in him, and he had good reason to believe in them, for he had excellent stuff under him that day. Being an ardent champion of the short-service system, he took particular care to work with veteran first battalions, and his little force was the compressed essence of an army corps.

The left front of the square was formed by four companies of the Royal Wessex, and the right by four of the Royal Mallows. On either side the other halves of the same regiments marched in quarter column of companies. Behind them, on the right, was a battalion of guards, and on the left one of marines, while the rear was closed in by a rifle battalion. Two Royal Artillery seven-pound screw-guns kept pace with the square, and a dozen white-bloused sailors, under their blue-coated, tight-waisted officers, trailed their Gardner in front, turning every now and then to spit up at the draggled banners which waved over the cragged ridge. Hussars and lancers scouted in the scrub at each side, and within moved the clump of camels, with humorous eyes and supercilious lips, their comic faces a contrast to the blood-stained men who already lay huddled in the cacolets on either side.

The square was now moving slowly on a line parallel with the rocks, stopping every few minutes to pick up wounded, and to allow the screw-guns and Gardner to make themselves felt. The men looked serious, for that spring on to the rocks of the Arab army had given them a vague glimpse of the number and ferocity of their foes; but their faces were set like stone, for they knew to a man that they must win or they must die, and die, too, in a particularly unlovely fashion. But most serious of all was the general, for he had seen that which brought a flush to his cheeks and a frown to his brow.

"I say, Stephen," said he to his galloper, "those Mallows seem a trifle jumpy. The right flank company bulged a bit when the niggers showed on the hill."

"Youngest troops in the square, sir," murmured the aide, looking at them critically through his eyeglass. The general glared at them too, and remarked, in the racy speech for which he was famous, that the eternally lost idiots were cackling in the ranks like a coopful of anti-Christian hens who had laid an egg which was condemned by the deity.

"Tell Colonel Flanagan to see to it, Stephen," he concluded; and the galloper sped upon his way. The colonel, a fine old Celtic warrior, was over at C Company in an instant.

"How are the men, Captain Foley?"

"Never better, sir," answered the senior captain, in the spirit that makes a Madras officer look murder if you suggest recruiting his regiment from the Punjaub.

"Stiffen them up!" cried the colonel. As he rode away a color-sergeant seemed to trip, and fell forward into a mimosa bush.

He made no effort to rise, but lay in a heap among the thorns.

"Sergeant O'Rooke's gone, sorr," cried a voice.

"Never mind, lads," said Captain Foley. "He's died like a soldier, fighting for his queen."

"To hell with the queen!" shouted a hoarse voice from the ranks.

But the roar of the Gardner and the typewriter-like clicker of the hopper burst in at the tail of the words. Captain Foley heard them, and subalterns Grice and Murphy heard them; but there are times when a deaf ear is a gift from the gods.

"Steady, Mallows!" cried the captain, in a pause of the grunting machine gun. "We have the honor of Ireland to guard this day."

"And well we know how to guard it, captain!" cried the same ominous voice; and there was a buzz from the length of the company.

The captain and the two "subs" came together behind the marching line.

"They seem a bit out of hand," murmured the captain.

"Bedad," said the Galway boy, "they mean to scoot like redshanks."

"They nearly broke when the blacks showed on the hill," said Grice.

"The first man that turns, my sword is through him," cried Foley, loud enough to be heard by five files on either side of him. Then, in a lower voice: "It's a bitter drop to swallow; but it's my duty to report what you think to the Chief, and have a company of Jollies put behind us." He turned away, with the safety of the square upon his mind, and before he had reached his goal the square had ceased to exist.

In their march in front of what looked like a face of cliff, they had come opposite to the mouth of the gully, in which, screened by scrub and boulders, three thousand chosen dervishes, under Hamid Wad Hussein of the Baggarras, were crouching. Tat, tat, tat, went the rifles of three mounted infantrymen in front of the left shoulder of the square, and an instant later they were spurring it for their lives, crouching over the manes of their horses, and pelting over the sand-hills, with thirty or forty galloping chieftains at their heels. Rocks and scrub and mimosa swarmed suddenly into life. Rushing black figures came and went in the gaps of the bushes. A howl that drowned the shouts of the officers, a long, quavering yell, burst from the ambuscade. Two rolling volleys from the Royal Wessex, one crash from the screw-gun firing shrapnel, and then, before a second cartridge could be rammed down, a living, glistening black wave, tipped with steel, had rolled over the gun, the Royal

Wessex had been dashed back among the camels, and a thousand fanatics were hewing and hacking in the heart of what had been the square.

The camels and mules in the centre, jammed more and more together as their leaders flinched from the rush of the tribesmen, shut out the view of the other three faces, who could only tell that the Arabs had got in by the yells upon Allah, which rose ever nearer and nearer amid the clouds of sand-dust, the struggling animals, and the dense mass of swaying, cursing men. Some of the Wessex fired back at the Arabs who had passed them, as excited Tommies will; and it is whispered among doctors that it was not always a Remington bullet which was cut from a wound that day. Some rallied in little knots, stabbing furiously with their bayonets at the rushing spearsmen. Others turned at bay, with their backs against the camels; and others round the general and his staff, who, revolver in hand, had flung themselves into the heart of it. But the whole square was sidling slowly away from the gorge, pushed back by the pressure at the shattered corner.

The officers and men at the other faces were glancing nervously to their rear, uncertain what was going on, and unable to take help to their comrades without breaking the formation.

"By Jove, they've got through the Wessex!" cried Grice of the Mallows.

"The divils have hurrooshed us, Tiddy," said his brother subaltern, cocking his revolver.

The ranks were breaking and crowding towards Private Conolly, all talking together as the officers peered back through the veil of dust. The sailors had run their Gardner out, and she was squirting death out of her five barrels into the flank of the rushing stream of savages.

"Oh, this bloody gun!" shouted a voice. "She's jammed again." The fierce metallic grunting had ceased, and her crew were straining and hauling at the breech.

"This vertical feed!" cried an officer. "The spanner, Wilson, the spanner! Stand to your cutlasses, boys, or they're into us."

His voice rose into a shriek as he ended, for a shovel-headed spear had been buried in his chest. A second wave of dervishes lapped over the hillocks, and burst upon the machine-gun and the right front of the line. The sailors were overborne in an instant, but the Mallows, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer cry, and dropped two hundred of them with a single point-blank volley. The howling, leaping crew swerved away to the right, and dashed on into the gap which had already been made for them.

But C Company had drawn no trigger to stop that fiery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. Some had even thrown them upon the ground. Conolly was talking fiercely to those about him. Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to him with a revolver in his hand.

"This is your doing, you villain!" he cried.

"If you raise your pistol, capt'in, your brains will be over your coat," said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two "subs" had pressed forward, and were by his side.

"What is it, then?" he cried, looking round from one fierce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country?"

"England is no country of ours," cried several.

"You are not fighting for England. You are fighting for Ireland, and for the empire of which it is part."

"A black curse on the impire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "'Twas the impire that backed the man that druv me onto the roadside. May me hand stiffen before I draw thrigger for it."

"What's the impire to us, Captain Foley, and what's the widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice.

"Let the constabulary foight for her."

"Ay, they'd be better imployed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his ears."

"Or shootin' his brother, as they did mine."

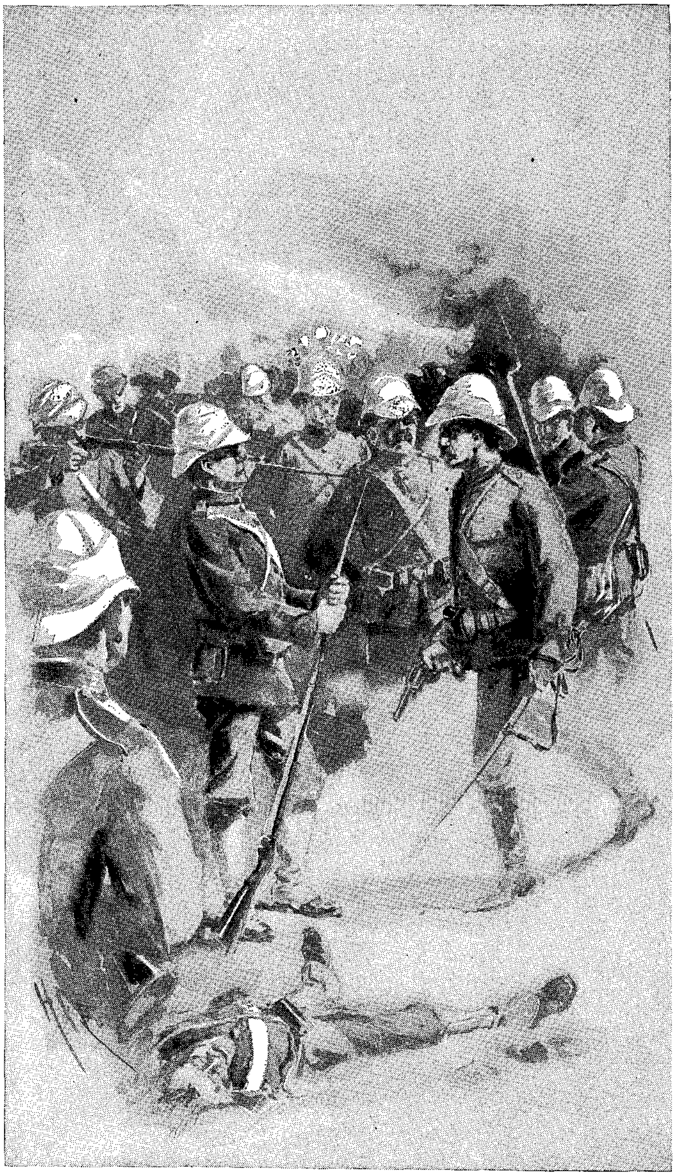
"It was the impire laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next coort-martial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking they had been shuffling backwards, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them. And the pace was accelerating. The mass of men, tormented and writhing, was trying, by a common instinct, to reach some clearer ground where they could re-form. Three faces were still intact, but the fourth had been caved in, and badly mauled, without its comrades being able to help it. The guards had met a fresh rush of the Hadendowas, and had blown back the tribesmen with a volley, and the cavalry had ridden over another stream of them, as they welled out of the gully. A litter of hamstrung horses, and haggled men behind them, showed that a spearman on his face among the bushes can show some sport to the man who charges him. But, in spite of all, the square was still reeling swiftly backwards, trying to shake itself clear of this torment which clung to its heart. Would it break, or would it re-form? The lives of five regiments and the honor of the flag hung upon the answer.

Some, at least, were breaking. The C Company of the Mallows had lost all military order, and was pushing back in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and shoved and prayed in the vain attempt to hold them. Their captain and the "subs" were elbowed and jostled, while the men crowded towards Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies, in the dust and smoke and turmoil, had lost touch with their mutinous comrades. Captain Foley saw that even now there might be time to avert a disaster.

"Think what you are doing, man," he yelled, rushing towards the ringleader. "There are a thousand Irish in the square, and they are dead men if we break."

The words alone might have had little effect on the old moonlighter. It is possible that, in his scheming brain, he had already planned how he was to club his Irish together and lead them to the sea. But at that moment the Arabs broke through the screen of camels which had fended them off. There was a struggle, a screaming, a mule rolled over, a wounded man sprang up in a cacolet with a spear through him, and then through the narrow gap surged a stream of naked savages, mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood—blood dripping from their spears, their arms, their faces. Their yells, their bounds, their crouching, darting figures, the horrid energy of their spear-thrusts, made them look like a blast of fiends from the pit. And were these the allies of Ireland? Were



"THIS IS YOUR DOING, YOU VILLAIN!" HE CRIED.

these the men who were to strike for her against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose up in loathing at the thought.

He was a man of firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered; and at the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge coal-black negro seize a shrieking camel-driver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock-headed tribesman plunge his great spear through the back of their own little bugler from Millstreet. He saw a dozen deeds of blood—the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the unarmed—and caught, too, in a glance, the good, wholesome faces of the faced-about rear rank of the marines. The Mallows, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C Company, striving with the officers to form the men up with their comrades.

But the mischief had gone too far. The rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last rush of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flinched away from the furious faces and dripping forearms. Why should they throw away their lives for a flag for which they cared nothing? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shriek to them to re-form? They would not re-form. They wanted to get to the sea and to safety. He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts, with gaspings. It was useless; the tide was beyond his control. They were shredding out into the desert with their faces set for the coast.

"Bhoys, will ye stand for this?" screamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Mallows glanced backwards. They were held by what they saw. Private Conolly had planted his rifle stock downwards in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for what black mutiny, for what signal of revolt, that flag had been treasured up within the corporal's tunic! Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were reeling slowly backwards.

"What for the flag?" yelled the private. "My heart's blood for it!" "And mine!" "And mine!" cried a score of voices. "God bless it! The flag, boys—the flag!"

C Company were rallying upon it. The stragglers clutched at each other and pointed. "Here, McGuire, Flynn, O'Hara," ran the shoutings, "close on the flag! Back to the flag!" The three standards reeled backwards, and the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C Company, grim and powder-stained, choked with enemies, and falling fast, still closed in on the little rebel ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

It was a good half-hour before the square, having disentangled itself from its difficulties, and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forwards over the ground across which, in its labor and anguish, it had been driven. The long trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed but too clearly the path they had come.

"How many got into us, Stephen?" asked the general, tapping his snuff-box.

"I should put them down at a thousand or twelve hundred, sir."

"I did not see any get out again. What were the Wessex thinking about! The Guards stood well, though; so did the Mallows."

"Colonel Flanagan reports that his front flank company was cut off, sir."

"Why, that's the company that was out of hand when we advanced."

"Colonel Flanagan reports, sir, that the company took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time to re-form."

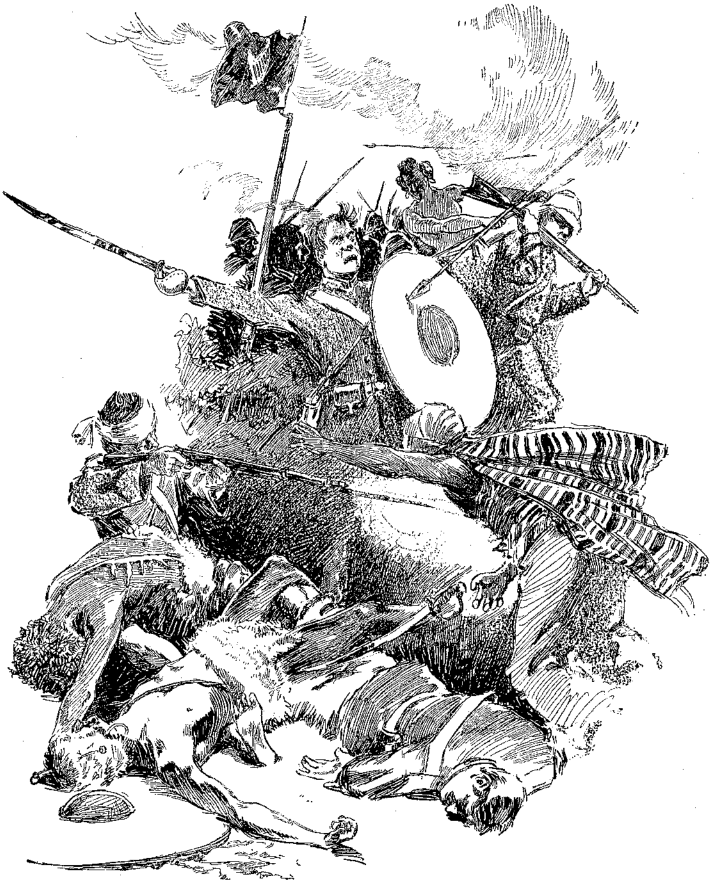
"Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the general, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing, and I fear that the Mallows will want to do some recruiting. Let the square take ground by the right, and then advance."

But the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet business fashion of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with Moussa the dervish and Hussein the Baggarra, and a woe-struck man was he when he learned that the third of his men were safe in the Moslem paradise. So, having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock plateau, a few hundred spears and Remingtons, and a plain which, for the second time, was strewn with slaughtered men, was all that his day's fighting gave to the English general.

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the rebel flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within, the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it, with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent ranks of his Irishry. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar captain raised his hilt in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

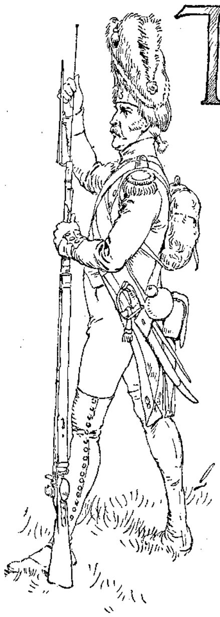
The British general sent home despatches to his government, and so did the chief of the Hadendowas to his, though the style and manner differed somewhat in each. "The Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowa people to Mohammed Ahmed, the chosen of Allah, homage and greeting," began the latter. "Know by this that on the fourth day of this moon we gave battle to the Kaffirs who call themselves Inglees, having with us the Chief Hussein, with ten thousand of the faithful. By the blessing of Allah we have broken them, and chased them for a mile; though, indeed, these infidels are different from the dogs of Egypt, and have slain very many of our men. Yet we hope to smite them again ere the new moon be come, to which end I trust that thou wilt send us a thousand dervishes from Omdurman. In token of our victory, I send you by this messenger a flag which we have taken. By the color it might well seem to have belonged to those of the true faith, but the Kaffirs gave their blood freely to save it, and so we think that though small it is very dear to them."



"CLOSE ON THE FLAG! BACK TO THE FLAG!".

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

By Joseph Petit, of the Mounted Grenadiers of the Consular Guard.



THE description of the battle of Marengo here given is taken from a pamphlet written by Joseph Petit, quartermaster of the mounted grenadiers of the Consular Guard, published in Paris in 1801. The title page of the pamphlet bears the following inscription : *Maringo ou Campagne d'Italie, par l'Armée de Réserve, commandée par le Général Bonaparte, écrite par Joseph Petit, Fourrier des Grenadiers à cheval, de la Garde des Consuls. Seconde Édition, revue et augmentée par l'auteur. À Paris, Chez Favre* [numbers and streets of his shops follow]. *An IX.*

This pamphlet is included in a remarkable series of Napoleon pamphlets owned by the Congressional Library of Washington. In addition to the description of the battle of Marengo, it gives a picturesque and rather detailed account of the passage of the Alps and of the skirmishes and adventures of the army on its march from the foot of the mountain to the battle-field. It includes also a sketch of General Desaix, a list of the rewards given for brilliant services in the campaign, and the agreement drawn up between Generals Berthier and Mélas after the victory.

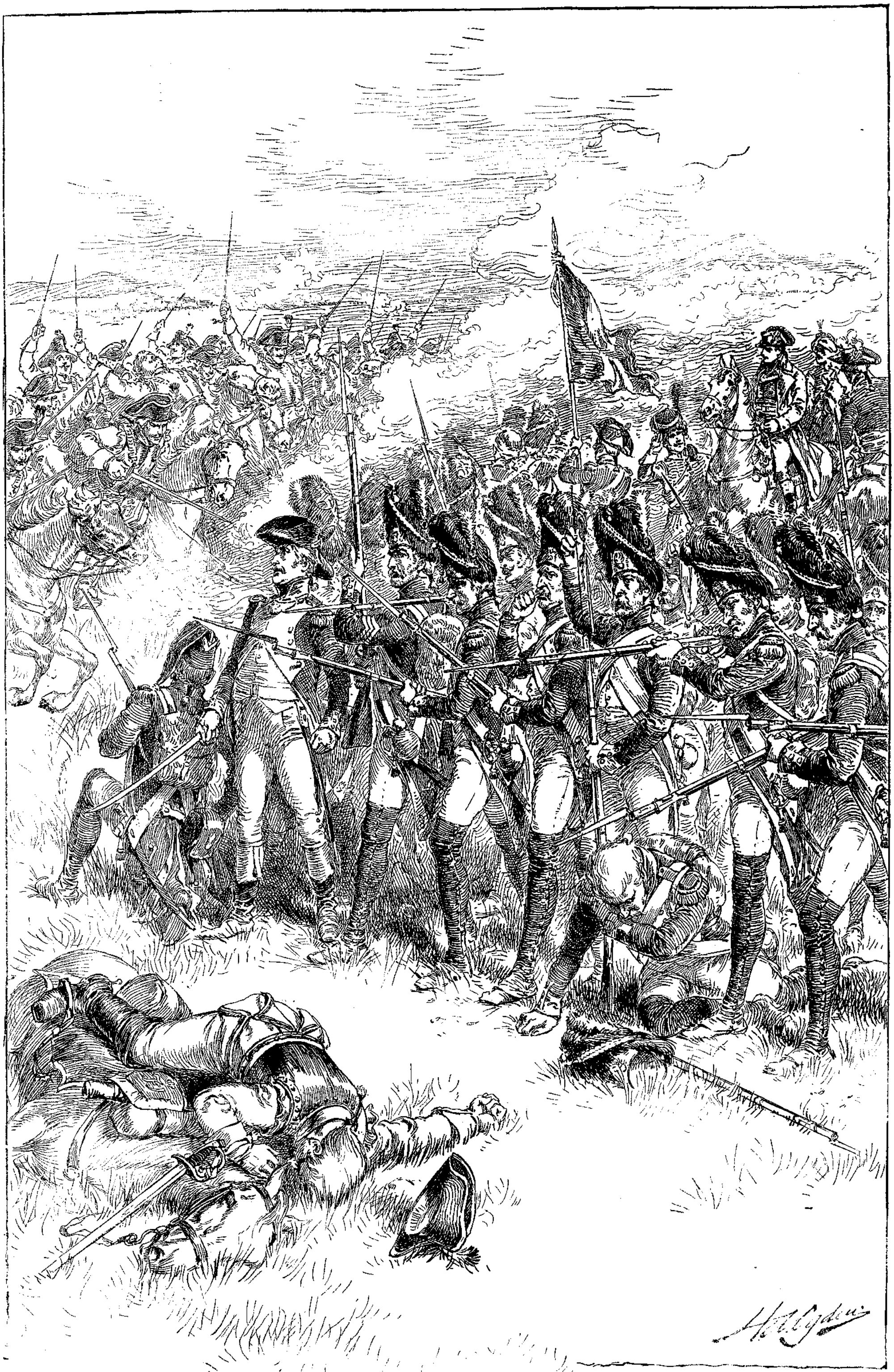
The Austrians under General Mélas were in Italy besieging Genoa. Napoleon had decided to attack them on their rear, and so cut off their retreat. To do this he was obliged to cross the Alps. To hide his plan he collected at Dijon what was called the Army of the Reserve. It was a feeble force, and the Austrian spies only ridiculed it. In order to deceive the enemy as to his route, Napoleon made a demonstration near the Mont Cenis Pass, which led Mélas to believe that if the French crossed the Alps, it would be there, and consequently to send part of his troops to Turin to watch. The pass to the east of Mont Cenis, that of the Great Saint Bernard, he left but feebly defended. It was this pass Napoleon had chosen. The preparations in Switzerland for the passage were made so quietly that even in France the project was not understood. Napoleon did not leave Paris until May 6th. Two weeks later the whole army was across. Descending the valleys of the Aoste and the Po, it came into the plain of Marengo, where, defiantly confronting an army much its superior in numbers, it fought, on June 14, 1800, the great battle which M. Petit describes.—Editor.

THE PASSAGE OF THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

Bonaparte arrived at Martigny, a village of Hautvalais, situated six leagues from Mount Saint Bernard. He believed that this place, because so near the mountain, was a suitable one for preparing and directing the astonishing passage that he had resolved to make. He stayed there three days in the hospital of the monks of Mount Saint Bernard. The advance guard, commanded by General Lannes, advanced to Saint Pierre, a hamlet at the foot of the mountain. . . . On the 30th Floreal, the advance guard crossed the mountain, and at Saint Reme saw for the first time the enemy, of which we did not lose sight again until we had triumphed at Marengo. . . . The first division of the army, commanded by General Watrin, followed the advance guard. The rest did the same. . . .

SLEDDING CANNON OVER THE ALPS.

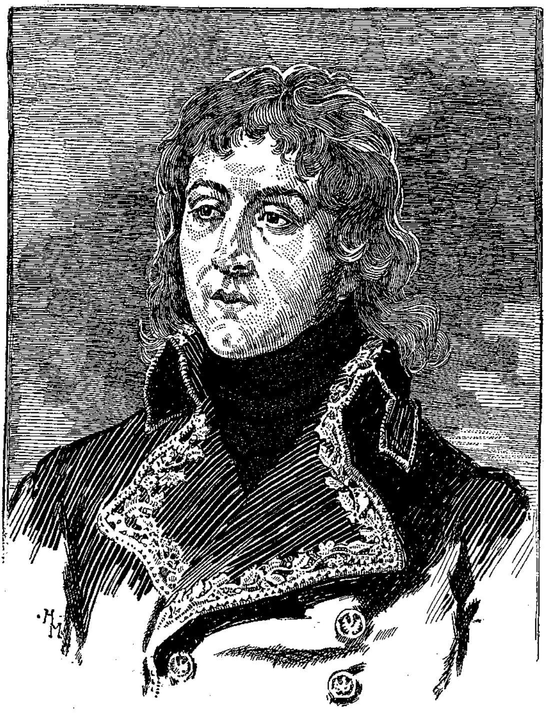
The gunners took to pieces the cannon, caissons, forges, etc. The inspector of artillery, Gassendi, had trees hollowed out into troughs. In these the cannon were slid, and five or six hundred men, according to the weight, dragged these loads. The wheels were carried on poles by hand. Sleds made expressly for this purpose carried the axles and the empty caissons. The mules were loaded with the



THE FOOT GRENADIERS OF THE CONSULAR GUARD WITHSTANDING A DEADLY CHARGE.

ammunitions, which were placed in pine cases. In this way, the army of the French Hannibal began its passage over the summit of the Alps.

To encourage this work, five or six hundred francs were given for each cannon furnished with its caisson. An entire battalion was necessary to transport these two objects. Half alone were needed to drag the loads, while the others were obliged to carry the knapsacks, guns, cartridge-boxes, cans, cooking utensils, and, most important of all, provisions for five days,—bread, meat, salt, and biscuit. The complete furnishing made a burden of from sixty to seventy pounds. Baggage was left behind at Lausanne. The Consul himself took only what was absolutely necessary.


DESAIX.

THE WHOLE ARMY CLIMBED SINGLE FILE.

The army followed close to the advance guard. We mounted one by one. No one was tempted to pass his comrade, an imprudent attempt, the result of which would have inevitably been to bury him in the snow. The head of the army stopped frequently, and we took advantage of these frequent halts to quench our thirst by dipping biscuits in melted snow. No one would believe, unless, like us, he has climbed over the Alps, how delicious this drink is.

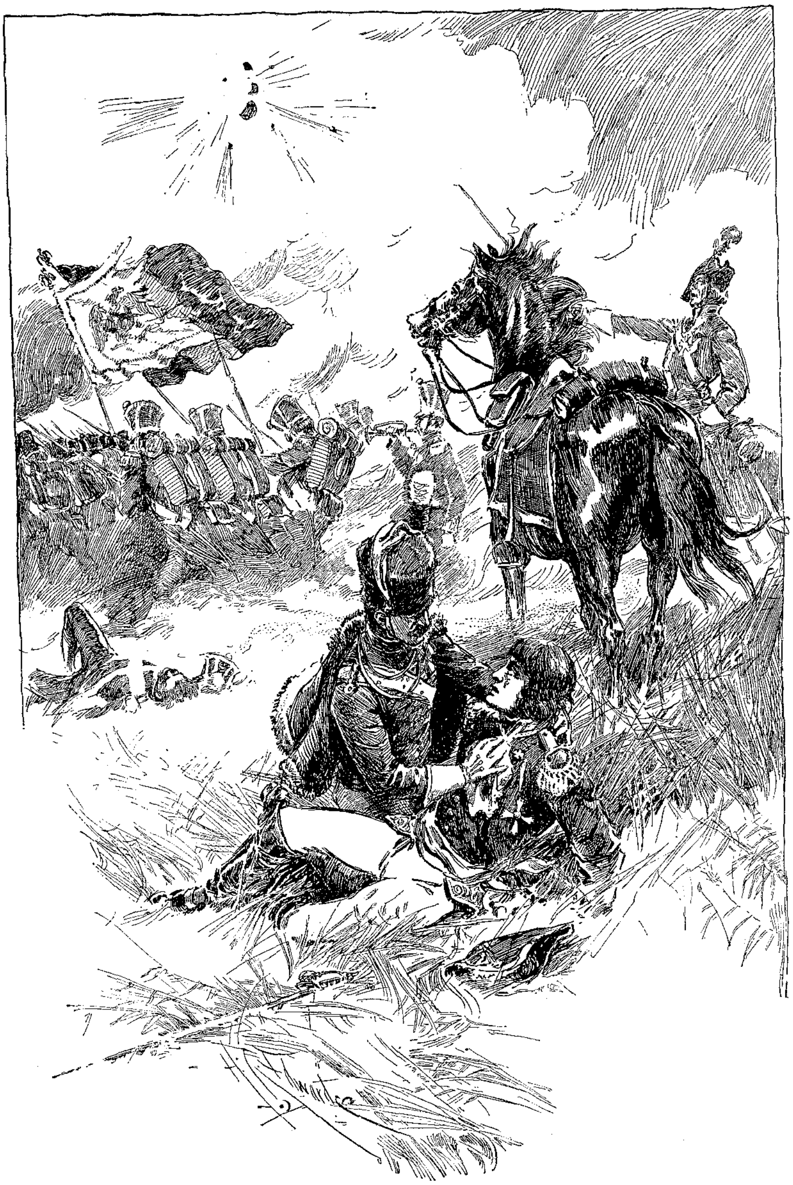
It took us five hours to climb from Saint Pierre to the convent. The path that we followed is more dangerous than difficult to mount. The First Consul mounted it on a mule led by a guide. He was often stopped by the caissons or cannon that the infantry was carrying up this miserable road. His presence always animated the courage of those who were working; and when they were stopped by any obstacle, his advice, listened to in great silence, was carried out with more promptness than could have been procured by anybody else, no matter how much gold he had scattered. On our arrival, each of us received a glass of wine. This liquor, although frozen, warmed us up and revived our strength. No one would have given up his glass for all the gold in Mexico.

A TERRIBLE SIX LEAGUES.

We still had six leagues to make, but six leagues that the extreme rapidity of the descent made terrible. At each step we found crevasses caused by the melting of the snow. In vain we held our horses back firmly. It did not prevent them from slipping frightfully. The men themselves, in spite of all their precautions, often fell; and if they did not get up quickly, they ran the risk of dragging their horses out of the path, and rolling with them into the frightful gulfs.

Bonaparte had entered the monastery, accompanied by the prior, who had followed us; but he stayed there only an hour, and left, urging the hermits to continue their humane work.

The mules and the horses of the Consul followed us. As for him, wishing doubtless to join us by the quickest path, he took a road which a few foot soldiers were following. About the middle, the descent was so rapid that he was obliged to sit down and slide for a distance of about two hundred feet. His aides-de-camp, Duroc, Le Maroi, Merlin, and others, preceded him, and, like us, made the six leagues on foot. The crevasses into which we fell constantly made the path much more fatiguing than that we had followed in mounting. We had marched since midnight, and it was nine o'clock in the evening when we arrived, after having made fourteen leagues



THE DEATH OF DESAIX.

almost without eating. The fatigue and the need we had of sleep made us easily forget our sad supper. . . .

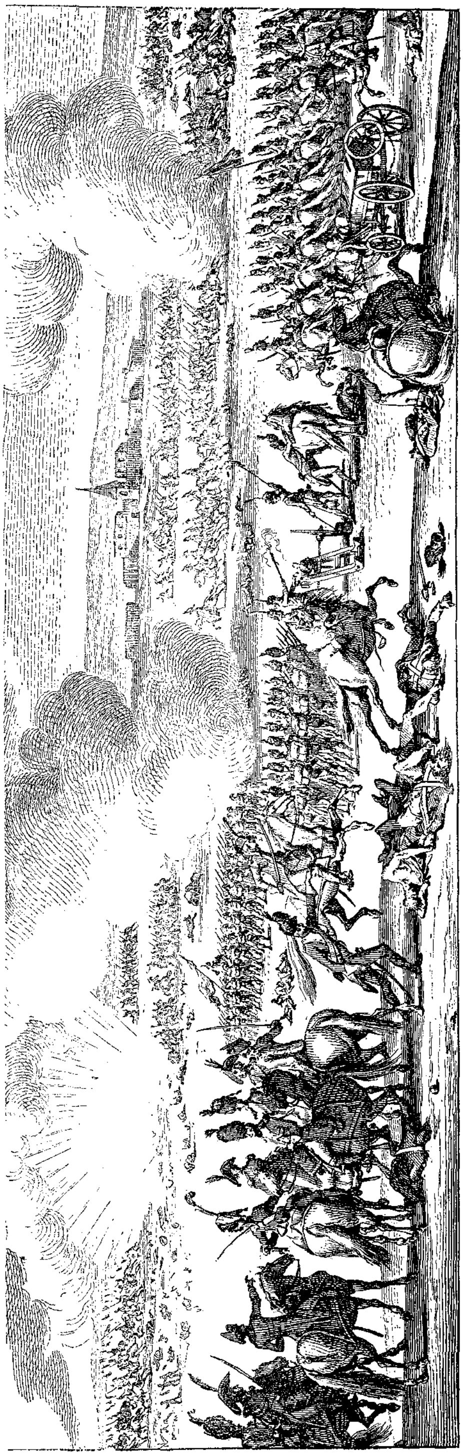
[Having passed the summit, the army made its way down, by hard marching and with occasional light engagements, until it was received at last with great rejoicing at Milan.]

All the engagements in which we had taken part since we crossed the Saint Bernard were of small importance in comparison with the coming one. It was here [in Milan] that the First Consul addressed the army. His proclamation contributed not a little to animate the courage of the army.

BONAPARTE'S PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers, one of our departments was in the power of the enemy; consternation was in all the south of France; the greatest part of the Ligurian territory, the most faithful friends of the Republic, had been invaded. The Cisalpine Republic had again become the grotesque plaything of the feudal regime. Soldiers, you march,—and already the French territory is delivered! Joy and hope have succeeded in your country to consternation and fear.

"You give back liberty and indepen-



THE BATTLE OF MARENGO. FROM AN ENGRAVING MADE IN 1805 BY LAVACHES (AFTER A DRAWING BY DUPLESSI-BERTAUX), IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. AMES HOWLETT.

dence to the people of Genoa. You have delivered them from their eternal enemies. You are in the capital of the Cisalpine. The enemy, terrified, no longer hopes for anything, except to regain its frontiers. You have taken possession of its hospitals, its magazines, its resources.

"The first act of the campaign is terminated. Every day you hear millions of men giving you thanks for your acts.

"But shall it be said that the French territory has been violated with impunity? Shall we allow an army which has carried fear into our families to return to its firesides? Will you run with your arms? Very well, march to the battle; forbid their retreat; tear from them the laurels of which they have taken possession; and so teach the world that the curse of destiny is on the rash who dare insult the territory of the Great People. The result of all our efforts will be spotless glory, solid peace.

[Signed] BONAPARTE."

. . . .

[The battle of Montebello followed, and then Marengo.]

BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE.

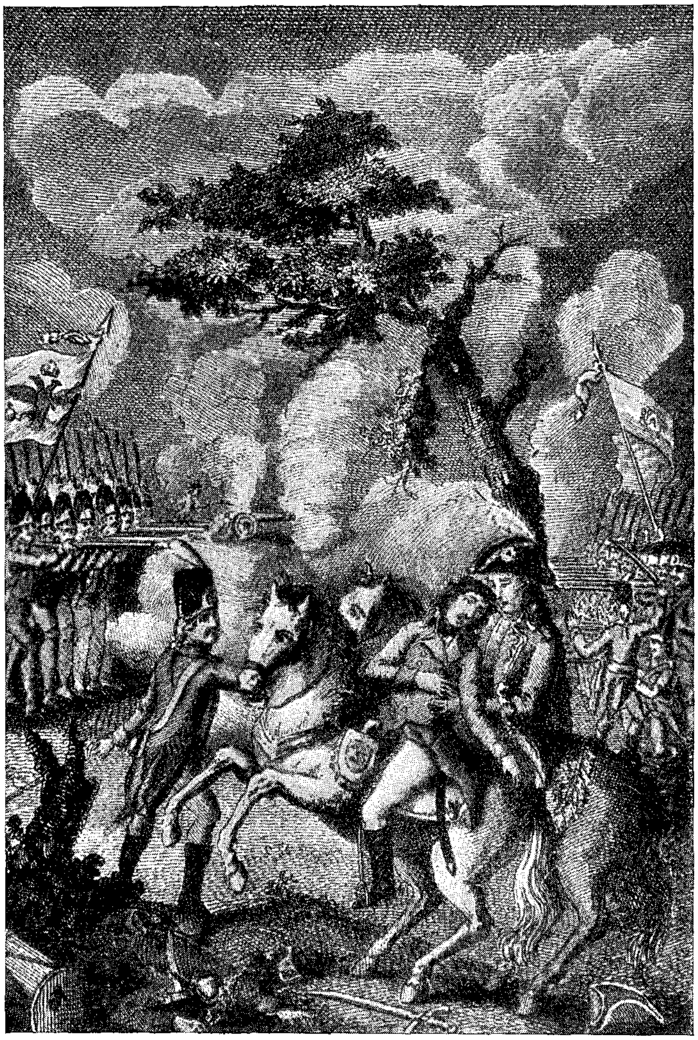
The 25th Prairial [June 14th] commenced to break. A few cannon shots from the advance guard broke our slumbers. In the twinkle of an eye we were ready. At eight o'clock the enemy had not shown much vigor. They were feeling for feeble spots, and arranging their forces accordingly. At the headquarters we did not know their intentions exactly until the end of the morning. General Berthier was on the field of battle, and all through the morning the aides-de-camp came in, one after another, bringing the Consul word of the movements of the enemy. The wounded commenced to arrive, saying that the Austrians were in force.

At eleven o'clock the Consul mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the battlefield. The cannon and the musketry became heavier and heavier, and constantly approached. A great number of wounded cavalry, as well as infantry, carried and led by their comrades, were coming back. The First Consul, seeing them pass, said: "One must regret not to be wounded as they are, and not to share their suffering."

The line of the enemy reached about two leagues; for the Bormida, although rapid and deep, is, nevertheless, fordable in several places. Near the bridge the enemy showed an incredible fury, but the principal point of the action was San Stephano. From this place they were able to reach Voghéra ahead of us and cut off all retreat, so their forces were turned on this—the feeblest part. At noon we no longer had any doubt but that we were engaging the whole Austrian force; that they had accepted the battle they had refused the evening before.

Orders were given to the troops which were in the rear to come up promptly, but the corps that General Desaix commanded was still far away. The left wing, under the order of General Victor, commenced to give way. Much of the infantry retreated in disorder, and our cavalry was driven back. The fire approached. In the centre a terrible uproar was heard, and it ceased suddenly on the Bormida. An inexpressible anxiety took possession of us. Now we flattered ourselves that our troops were advancing, but the same instant we saw them retire in haste, bringing back the wounded on their shoulders. On the right wing the enemy slowly gained ground.

At that moment Bonaparte advanced to the front. He exhorted the soldiers whom he met to firmness and to courage. His presence restored confidence. More than one soldier preferred death to having him a witness of his flight. From this moment his mounted guard no longer remained near him, as before, but began to take an active part in the battle. A cloud of Austrian cavalry suddenly came into the plain and formed itself in battle array before us, concealing several pieces of light artillery, which were not long in beginning to grumble. General Berthier, who examined the movements of this column, was charged and forced to retire. General Murat, at the head of the dragoons, attacked them in the rear, protected the retreat of our infantry, and prevented the right flank of General Victor from being attacked.



THE FALL OF DESAIX. A REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE OF PETIT'S PAMPHLET.

THE GRENADIER GUARD BRAVELY MEETS A TERRIFIC CHARGE.

The foot grenadiers of the Consular Guard arrived at this moment, as if for a parade. They filed out in order, and marched with rapid step on the enemy, whom they met not more than a hundred steps from our front. Without artillery, without cavalry, not more than five hundred in number, they sustained the impetuous and terrible shock of a victorious army. Heedless of their small numbers, they continued to advance. Everything yielded before them. The haughty eagle hovered over them and threatened to rend them in pieces. The first bullet carried away three grenadiers and a quartermaster. Charged three times by the cavalry, shot by the infantry fifty steps away, they close in a square battalion upon their flags and their wounded, exhaust their cartridges, retire slowly in order, and rejoin our astonished rear guard.

One of the foot soldiers of the Consular Guard was left nearly dead on the battle-field at the moment of our retreat. The Austrian soldiers surrounded him and disputed the spoils. Nothing remained but his coat, which they were tearing off in spite of his cries of pain, when an Austrian colonel drove off the inhuman wretches and asked the soldier to what regiment he belonged. "I belong to the Consular Guard in front of you," answered the *chasseur*. The colonel praised the guard, sent for a surgeon, had the Frenchman's wounds dressed before him, and carried him to the ambulance.

Schmitt, the trumpeter of the grenadiers, carried away with excitement, was surrounded by several Austrians. Summoned to surrender, he answered by killing his fiercest assailant. He received several sabre strokes, his trumpet was cut off, and his arm was wounded. The pain made him drop the reins. An Austrian seized them and led him away on a gallop. Schmitt did not lose his presence of mind; driving his spurs into his horse's sides, the animal broke into a run so rapid that the Austrian was forced to abandon him, and Schmitt reached our lines. His bravery was rewarded by the gift of a trumpet of honor from the First Consul.

However, the retreat sounded on all sides. The centre was giving way; the enemy had passed and turned our wings. On the right, particularly, they were successful. On the left they were even able to reach our head-quarters. The garrison of Tortone, seeing our defeat, and being less shut in, was able to escape. On all sides we were almost buried.

The Consul, always in the centre, encouraged the brave men who still defended the road and the defile which it crossed. This defile was shut in on one side by a wood, and on the other by very high and bushy vines. The village of Marengo lay to the left of this place so cruelly memorable.

THE DEAD AND DYING COVER THE EARTH.

How much blood was spilled here! How many brave men perished here! Our indomitable courage struggled ceaselessly against the constantly increasing number of our furious enemies. Our artillery, partly dismounted, had lost some guns, and the ammunition commenced to fail. Thirty pieces of cannon thundering at us cut our men in two, and, to increase the disaster, destroyed trees whose branches in their fall crushed those who had been wounded.

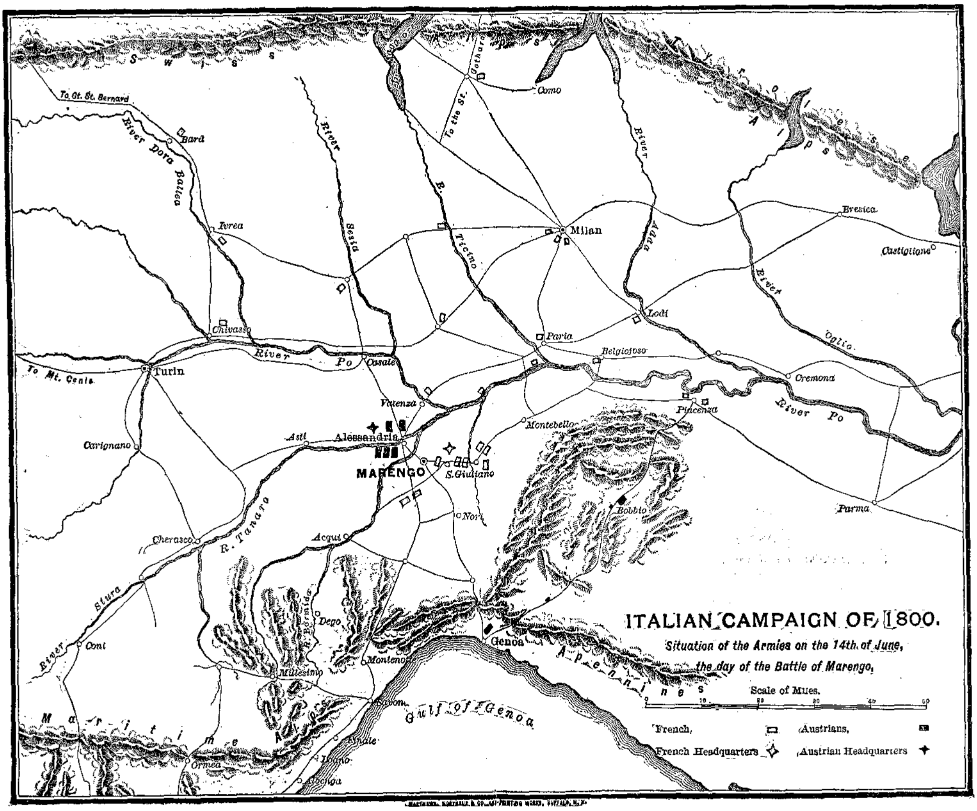
At four o'clock in the afternoon there remained in a radius of two leagues not over six thousand infantry, a thousand horses, and six pieces of cannon. Let no one accuse me of exaggeration in showing so terrible a falling off; the causes of it are easy to explain. A third of our army was not in condition for battle. The lack of carriages to transport the sick made another third necessary for this painful task. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, had forced a great number to withdraw. The sharp-shooters for the most part had lost the direction of their regiments. That which remained of the army was occupied in defending vigorously the defile of which I have spoken, and was not aware of what was passing behind it.

BONAPARTE'S MARVELLOUS COOLNESS.

At this frightful moment, when the dead and the dying covered the earth, the Consul was constantly braving death. He gave his orders with his accustomed coolness, and saw the storm approach without seeming to fear it. Those who saw him, forgetting the danger that menaced them, said: "What if he should be killed? Why does he not go back?" It is said that General Berthier begged him to do so.

General Berthier came to him to tell him that the army was giving way and that the retreat had commenced. Bonaparte said to him: "General, you do not tell me that with sufficient coolness." This greatness of soul, this firmness, did not leave him in the greatest dangers. When the Fifty-ninth Brigade reached the battle-field the action was the hottest. The First Consul advanced towards them and cried: "Come, my brave soldiers, spread your banners; the moment has come to distinguish yourselves. I count on your courage to avenge your comrades." At the moment that he pronounced these words, a bullet struck down five men. He turned with a tranquil air towards the enemy and said: "Come, my friends, charge them."

I had curiosity enough to listen attentively to his voice, to examine his features. The most courageous man, the hero the


ITALIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1800.
Situation of the Armies on the 14th of June,
the day of the Battle of Marengo.
Scale of Miles.
French,
Austrians,
French Headquarters
Austrian Headquarters
S w i s s A l p s
To Gt. St. Bernard
River Dora Baltea
Bard
Ivrea
Chivasso
River Po
Turin
To Mt. Cenis
Carignano
Cherasco
R. Tanaro
Stura River
Coni
Asti
Alessandria
MARENGO
S. Giuliano
Valenza
Casale
Acqui
Dego
Millesimo
Montenotte
Genoa
Savona
Finale
Loano
Ormea
Albenga
Gulf of Genoa
M a r i t i m e A l p s
A p e n n i n e s
River Sesia
R. Ticino
To the St. Gothard
Como
Milan
River Adda
Lodi
Pavia
Belgiojoso
Montebello
Novi
Piacenza
Bobbio
Cremona
River Po
Parma
River Oglio
Brescia
Castiglione
T y r o l

THIS MAP IS REPRODUCED FROM MR. JOHN C. ROPES'S "THE FIRST NAPOLEON," BY PERMISSION OF AND ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

most eager for glory, might have been overcome in his situation without any one blaming him. But he was not. In these frightful moments, when Fortune seemed to desert him, he was still the Bonaparte of Arcola and Aboukir.

He who in these frightful circumstances would have said, "In two hours we shall have gained the battle, made ten thousand prisoners, taken several generals, fifteen flags, forty cannons; the enemy shall have delivered to us eleven fortified places and all the territory of beautiful Italy; they will soon defile shamefaced in our ranks; an armistice will suspend the plague of war and bring back peace into our country,"—he, I say, who would have said that, would have seemed to insult our desperate situation.

How came it, then, that such prodigies were accomplished?

The enemy, not succeeding in forcing the defile where the greatest part of our troops were headed, had established a formidable line of artillery, under the protection of which it threw its infantry into the vines and into the wood. The cavalry, arranged behind, only awaited the moment when we should give way, to throw themselves on our scattered ranks.

If this final misfortune had happened us, all would have been lost. The Consul would have been taken or killed. But we would rather have been hacked to pieces than survived him.

ARRIVAL OF REËNFORCEMENTS.

The hour of Victory sounded. Faithful to Bonaparte, she came at last to hover over our heads, and to act as our guide. The divisions of Monnier and Desaix came in sight. In spite of a forced march of ten leagues, they came upon a quickstep, forgetful of all their needs, thirsting only to avenge us. The great number of refugees and of wounded whom they had met might have weakened their courage, but, their eyes fixed on Desaix, they only knew how to brave dangers and fly to glory. Alas! they little thought that in an hour they would be no longer commanded by their brave general.

When we perceived these reënforcements from afar, hope and joy came back to our hearts. The enemy, harassed, worn out with their own victory, which had cost them dear, were constantly held in check by our soldiers, who, ignorant of the succor which was coming up, had resolved, rather than fall back, to perish in this new Thermopylæ.

General Mélas, finding too great a resistance at the centre, believed that, by stretching out his wings, he could surround us or cut us off entirely. Imagining that he had sufficiently concealed his movements, and that he could hold us in place by his artillery, he arranged his forces in this way. Not being able to discover what was going on on our side, and ignorant of the reënforcements which were coming, he thus prepared for himself an inevitable defeat. Bonaparte, always at the post of honor, and whom nothing escaped, seized the opportunity.

As soon as the first battalion of Desaix's division reached the height, it was formed into a close column. The Consul, the General-in-chief, the generals, the officers of the staff, ran through the ranks, and everywhere inspired that confidence which gives birth to great successes. This operation lasted an hour, terrible to pass, for the Austrian artillery was thundering upon us, and each volley carried away whole ranks. Bullets and shells destroyed man and horses. They received death without moving from their places, and the ranks closed over the bodies of their comrades. This deadly artillery even reached the cavalry, which was drawn up behind us, as well as a large number of footmen of different corps who, encouraged by Desaix's division, which they had seen passing, had hastened back to the field of honor.

THE ENEMY OVERWHELMED.

Everything is arranged. The battalions burn with impatience. The drummer, his eye fixed upon the baton of his major, awaits the signal. The trumpeter, his arm raised, is ready to sound. The signal is given; the terrible quickstep is heard; the regiments all move together. French impetuosity, like a torrent, carries everything before it. In the twinkle of an eye the defile is crossed. The enemy is overwhelmed on all sides. Dying, living, wounded, and dead are trampled under foot.

Each leader, as he reaches the opposite side of the defile and prepares to enter the plain, arranges his division in battle array. Then it was that our line presented a formidable front. As fast as the artillery arrived, it was arranged, and vomited death on the frightened enemy. They recoil. Their immense cavalry charges with fury, but musketry, grape-shot, bayonets, stop them short. One of their caissons explodes; the terror is redoubled. The disorder which begins is hidden by thick clouds of smoke. The cries of the victor increase the terror; at last they are overwhelmed. They fall back; they fly.

Then the French cavalry threw itself into the plain, and by its boldness concealed its small numbers. It marches on the enemy without fear of being broken. At the right is Desaix at the head of his intrepid soldiers. Like a thunderbolt he seems to precede the lightning. Everything gives way before him. He crosses the ditches, the hedges; overwhelms, tramples, crushes everything in his way.

The rough ground is crossed with the same speed. The soldiers clamber headlong over the ditches, conquer every difficulty, and even dispute with their chiefs the glory of passing first.

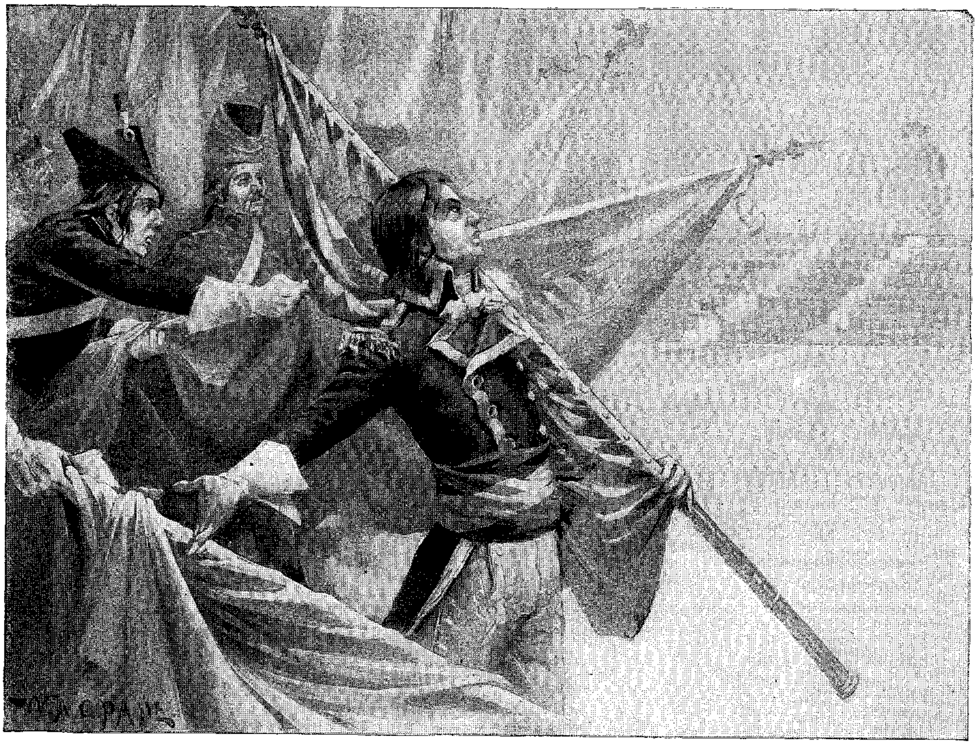
On the left, General Victor, with the same speed, takes possession of Marengo and flies towards the Bormida, in spite of the efforts of a superior enemy whose artillery and cavalry disturb his right flank.

The centre, with less force and cavalry, under the order of General Murat, advances majestically into the plain. Murat attacks the centre of the enemy, follows up his movement, holds in check an enormous body of cavalry. The intrepid Desaix, by an oblique and quick motion, turns to the right on San Stephano, and cuts off entirely the left Austrian wing. At the same moment General Kellermann, with eight hundred horses gathered up from several regiments, compels six thousand Hungarian grenadiers to lay down their arms.

DESAIX FALLS MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Oh, grief! It is in the very moment of his triumph, after having saved his army and perhaps his country, that the friend and the model of all brave men, Desaix, is mortally wounded. He has only time to say to young Lebrun, "Go, tell the First Consul that the only regret I have is not to have done enough for posterity." With these words he expires. The First Consul, on learning this misfortune, cried out, "Why may I not weep?"

Night approached. The troops of the enemy in disorder—cavalry, infantry, artillery—were piled up, one on the other, to-



GENERAL LANNES PRESENTING THE TROPHIES OF MARENGO TO THE GOVERNMENT IN PARIS.

wards the centre and driven from the bridge into the river. The artillery, which they had withdrawn from the beginning of our success, lest it be taken, was more of a hinderance than a help to them now, for it cut off their passage. General Murat, seeing the importance of hurrying their retreat and of increasing their disorder, made us advance double quick. Already we had passed a part of their infantry which, not being able to fly as quickly as the cavalry, was about to be cut to pieces or made prisoner. Our proximity increased the confusion among the enemy. The decisive moment arrives. The trumpets sound the charge. The earth trembles. We are ready to fall on the panting infantry.

The Austrian cavalry, deciding to save the infantry, bore down upon us in a column; its rapidity obliged us to retreat. We made an oblique movement to the left upon them. Thirty paces, and a large trench two yards wide, separate us. To cross the trench, to draw up the line, cut down the enemy, surround the first two platoons,—all that did not take five minutes. Bewildered by this terrible shock, they defended themselves poorly and were cut in pieces. We made no prisoners, and we took no horses. In the meantime the dragoons fell upon the rear of the column and made horrible carnage; they pursued them to a ravine, where several were made prisoners.

Our small number; the difficulty of the land; the night which was coming on; the extreme fatigue of the horses, worn out with hunger; the numerous cavalry, under the eyes of which the action was passing, and which might have taken revenge, forbade the prudent Murat from exposing further the fruits of this glorious day.

THE BATTLE-FIELD IN THE DARKNESS.

Thus ended this memorable day. The darkness did not allow us to care for the wounded, and a great number remained on the battle-field. Austrians and French became brothers, drew near together, dragging themselves as they could, and gave each other aid. Each slept where he was, his knapsack on his back, his gun between his legs. The horsemen, holding their reins on their arms, slept, men and horses, without drinking or eating. Ten o'clock was sounding at Marengo when we slowly returned towards San Juliano. Several, worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, slept on their horses, but at every moment were awakened by the sorrowful cries of those that were being carried on guns or litters; of those who, abandoned and scattered in the fields, implored our aid and awakened in our hearts that melancholy which is not unknown to the true soldier, and which is so honorable to him. Horses wandered here and there on three legs, neighing to ours as we passed. At every step we turned out of the road to avoid crushing the wounded. Further on we came upon houses which had been burned and had fallen in on the unfortunate inmates, who, half dead with fright, had concealed themselves in the cellars. The profound darkness which surrounded us made the picture still more frightful.

At last we reached headquarters. Each one camped where he could among the dead and the dying; not even their sharp cries could disturb our fatigue. The next day hunger was more imperative. I went into the court of the headquarters to try to find something to eat for myself and my horse. The horrible sight made me shudder. More than three thousand wounded French and Austrians were piled one on the other in the court, in the stables, even in the cellars and the garrets. They uttered the most lamentable cries, and even swore at the surgeons, who were not sufficient to care for them all. On every side I heard the weak voices of my comrades and friends, begging me for something to eat or to drink. All that I could do was to go and find them water in my gourd. Forgetting my own needs and those of my horse, I remained more than two hours, doing the work of a surgeon and of a nurse; and every well person did as much. From every side prisoners were being brought in. The day was intolerably long for every one. However, an event which caused many conjectures softened our uneasiness a little. An Austrian officer demanded an interview, and a French aide-de-camp departed immediately for Alexandria. General Berthier went there himself at noon. We all waited, and dared not hope what the next day we knew we had obtained. We learned then the news of an armistice, which filled the French army with joy, while the Austrians shivered with rage.

FRANCE'S PROFITS AND LOSSES FROM MARENGO.

Marengo is the glorious patrimony of all the brave men who fought there. There is not a regiment, not a soldier, who did not there reap laurels.

Who would not have fought in the Ninety-sixth Brigade? Who would not have been glad to have been in the ranks with the grenadiers, as terrible as the Greeks who met the Persian army at the pass of Thermopylæ? With those regiments that counted as many battles as days passed in Italy? What charges were given and received by our cavalry! What audacity! what intrepidity!

As well as I can compute it, the French army at the moment of battle numbered from forty to forty-five thousand men, of whom three thousand were in the cavalry. It had twenty-five to thirty pieces of cannon, two companies of light artillery.

The Austrian army, all told, was composed of from fifty-five to sixty thousand men, of whom fifteen to eighteen thousand were in the cavalry; more than eighty pieces of cannon, two hundred caissons well furnished with ammunition, and an immense quantity of war implements. It is well known that we were not embarrassed with the last; that for lack of caissons we were obliged to put our ammunition on ox-carts, and that the little we had was soon exhausted.

It cannot be denied that this victory cost the Republic dear, by the loss of a great number of its defenders and of one of its best generals. But let us remember that this was necessary to save the South from a certain invasion, and perhaps save France from a frightful devastation. Let us remember that the rights of Italy are assured, that the armistice concluded has brought about since a glorious peace; then we shall have powerful motives for putting aside our just regrets.

A LONELY SOUL.

By Marjorie Milton.

"BE you my boarder?"

The person addressed looked around with a smile at her questioner. She had just alighted from the cars at a wayside station among the hills, and there was an amused look in her dark eyes, as she answered, "If you are Miss Martha Bascom, then I *be*."

The other woman drew a long breath of relief. "I was so afraid," she said, "that something would happen to hender your coming. Now, just as soon as the cars are out of sight, I'll bring round the horse, and we will go home. It's Deacon Hinds's horse, and he's dreadful afraid of railroads."

Disappearing behind the station for a moment, she presently came leading a very meek-looking animal. She held him by the bit, at arm's length, and seemed very much afraid he would step on her. It was quite evident Martha did not feel at home with horses.

The small trunk was placed in the back of the open wagon by the station-master, and, climbing up beside her driver, the boarder, whose name was Marcia Ames, presently found herself riding down a most beautiful country road.

It had been a warm June day, and the sun was still hot on the little depot platform, but as they turned into the shady highway, a cool breeze met them, laden with all the fragrance of the pines and other sweet odors of the wood. The wild roses made pink all the hedges. On one side Marcia saw a meadow white with daisies, like summer snow; and when Martha Bascom, on meeting a carriage, turned out to let it go by, her wheels crushed the mint that grew by the roadside, and the strong fragrance came to Marcia like a welcome. She sighed with content. "I am glad I answered that queer advertisement," she said to herself, "and I will stay here all summer, if things are bearable."

"What a lovely road!" she said to her companion.

"Ain't it?" replied Martha. "Sometimes when I'm worried most to death, I walk down the depot road, as we call it, and my cares all fade away, and things don't seem worth minding."

Miss Ames looked at her. "A character," she thought, "and one that I shall like to study."

She saw a straight figure that disdained the support of the back of the seat; a care-worn face with grave gray eyes and a smiling mouth that did not seem to belong to the rest of the face. She was dressed in a brown checked gingham, as clean as possible; you could see the folds where it had been ironed. She wore a shade hat with strings, which were tied in a prim bow under a rather square chin.

She looked up and caught Marcia's glance.

"I hope," she said, "you won't laugh at my hat; I can't bear bunnets. I know hats are for girls; but I put strings on this, and thought they would take the curse off."

"I am not a girl," said Marcia pleasantly, "and I have a hat in my trunk. I hope you won't insist on my putting strings on it."

"Oh!" replied the other, "you can wear what you have a mind to; I don't care."

"You need not be surprised," she went on, "if folks look pretty sharp at you. You see, I didn't tell anybody I was going to take a boarder, and they don't know who you can be. I hope you will be contented. I haven't got much room, but I can give you a good bed. And I've bought a hammock for you. All the summer boarders I ever heard of loved to set in them."

And Marcia assured her she loved hammocks, and did not care for room, as she intended to live out of doors most of the time.

People *did* stare when they met them, and presently the horse was brought to a standstill by Martha before the gate of a low red house on the side of a hill, and she told her companion they had got home. "You go in the front door," said she, "and I will get somebody to help me out with your trunk, and carry the horse home. Go in and turn to the left. I won't be but a minute."

Marcia followed directions, and found herself in a large front room. The floor was painted yellow, and was so clean it shone; various worn places were trying to hide under braided mats, and everything was spotlessly clean. Between the two front windows a table was set for two. "Her dining-room," she said to herself, "or her kitchen," as she caught sight of a small cook-stove. A door opened between the side windows, and Marcia saw a piazza with a hammock in a shady corner. There was a home-made lounge in one part of the room, and she sat down on it, thinking she would not remove her bonnet until she went to her room.

And then Martha came in; she untied her hat-strings with nervous hands.

"I don't know how to tell you," she said, "but this is all the house I've got. I know it's ridiculous for me to think of taking a boarder, but I've got to earn some money somehow, and there didn't seem to be any other way."

She held out her hands, and Marcia saw that they trembled. "I will do well by you," she went on; "do say that you will put up with it and stay. You don't know what it will be to me."

There was something in the woman's face that touched Marcia. "She is in trouble," she thought, "and I am going to help her."

She smiled reassuringly. "If you don't think I shall crowd you," she said, "I'll stay. But you don't mean that this room is all you have?" And Martha hastened to tell her there was a bedroom where she could sleep. "I shall sleep on the lounge," she added, as she opened the door of the little sleeping-room, and Marcia went in and took off her bonnet.

It was the next morning. Martha's housework was all done; so she took her rocking-chair out on the piazza, where her boarder was trying the new hammock, and as she rocked, she knit, and presently began to talk.

"I want to tell you all about it," she said.

"You see, this was father's house, and, when he died, he left it to brother James and me, after mother. James, he thought he would move right down here, and he wanted mother and me to live in with them, and have a chamber finished off to sleep in; but we didn't want to—we didn't like his wife over and above—and so we divided the house. Afterwards, James built on a porch on his part. They've got a dining-room and everything.

"And mother and I lived in here for a good many years. We got along real comfortable. She had her pension, and I sewed braid; but after a while they stopped bringing braid around. It was all sewed on machines in the straw shop. And then mother died."

She was silent a moment, and Marcia saw her lip quiver.

"She died, and I was all alone. James wanted me to break up and live in with them—his wife wanted this room for a parlor—but I could not; it was home, and I knew it wouldn't be in the other part.

"The children were sarsy, too; they hadn't used mother well, and one of them called me an old maid. His mother heard him, and I looked at her, for I thought she would take him to due; but she didn't, she only laughed. And she knew," continued Martha, "all about my disappointment, too. I was going to marry Hiram Parker, and I had all my sheets and pillow-cases made, and mother and I were just going to quilt. I had five bed-quilts all ready for the bars. He wasn't sick but two weeks; it was the typhus fever. I am sure I feel just like a widder, and I went to his funeral as chief mourner. It was real cruel for James's wife to let her boy twit me so, as if I never had a chance to be married, like old Liddy Wilber." And Martha's knitting-needles flashed brightly in the sun, and her gray eyes were almost black with the remembrance of her wrongs. Marcia murmured sympathizingly, and presently Martha went on.

"It's eight years now," she said, "since mother died, and they are always at me to give them this part of the house. I can't bear to. I've got along in spite of them, till now."

"But how could you?" said Marcia. "What did you do to get something to eat?"

The other woman looked at her a moment. "I suppose," she said, "you'll despise me, but I've worked just like a man. That field over there is mine. I planted it myself, and raised a good many things to sell. I went huckleberrying, and I sold my grass standing, for fifteen dollars, every year, and year before last I sold potatoes enough to buy me a barrel of flour and an alpaca dress. I got a man to plough the field, and I planted the potatoes myself, and hoed them, and dug them. I've got along all right till last year; it was so dry everything dried up. There wasn't any huckleberries, and my potatoes were too little to sell. James used to put a hose in the pond and get water to water his garden, but he never put a drop on mine. They wanted me to give up, and they thought I would have to.

"I came pretty short last winter. Many a time I did not have anything to eat but hasty pudding, and I could not buy any tea. I used to smell it from the other part of the house, and I wanted it so bad.

"I will say I don't think James knew how poor I was; he has always been pretty good to me. And the neighbors used to invite me out to spend the afternoon. I used to be afraid, sometimes, they mistrusted how poor I was.

"I've got a splendid garden this year, but I know we may have a dry season again, and I made up my mind I *must* have a little money to fall back on. I laid awake night after night, thinking of every way folks took to earn money, and finally I thought if I could only take a lady boarder I could save most of her board in the summer; for most of folks like garden sauce and so forth, and I've got most everything planted, and they are doing well. I tried to get the schoolmarm. I went to see her, and when she heard what accommodations I could give her, she laughed at me; but she promised she would not tell anybody I asked her.

"I composed that advertisement myself, and sent it to a Boston paper, because I didn't know anybody around here that took a paper from there, and I could not bear to have anybody know I had tried to get a boarder, if I did not get one. I never saw how it looked in print," and she looked appealingly at Marcia, who told her kindly that it was very much to the point and all right.

Then they sat in silence for a while, and Marcia thought how she had read the advertisement in her city home, and laughed at it, and then suddenly determined to answer it, and find out what manner of woman Martha Bascom was. She thought over the words she had read:

"Wanted, a lady boarder, by a plain country woman, who will do the best she can. The view from the piazza is beautiful, and you will be sure to like it. Address Miss Martha Bascom, Littlefield, Mass."

And here she was, seated on the piazza. She let her eyes wander over the scene before her.

"Yes, it *is* beautiful," she thought. The house was on a hill, and she could look a long way down the valley at her feet. Field after field was outlined there; the stone walls that marked their boundaries seemed like children's work—like the playhouses her brothers used to make years ago, marking out the rooms with a row of stones. A thick growth of bushes and trees told where a river crept, and she could see the glitter of the water, here and there, between the trees.

"I don't wonder," she said to herself, "that the poor woman wanted to keep her home. I will help her all I can."

One day they were in the parlor, as Marcia called the piazza. She had hung it around with pretty shawls, and had a bright cushion in the hammock; a vine shaded one side, and Martha's thrush sang in his cage among the leaves.

"There is one thing I want to tell you," said Martha. "It don't seem right to take four dollars a week for your board. I never was so happy in my life as I have been since you come. You don't eat hardly a thing, and I haven't had but one white petticoat to wash for you since you have been here."

"And there is one thing I want to tell you," said her friend. "I always go somewhere in the country in the summer, and I never paid less than seven dollars a week for board in my life. I intend to pay you as much as that, I assure you. Four dollars a week!" she said scornfully. "It is very evident, my dear Martha, you are taking your first boarder."

Martha sat up straight in her rocking-chair; her eyes shone like diamonds, and there was a faint red in her faded cheek.

"If you stay till September and pay me seven dollars a week," she said excitedly, "I'll have me a cow. I can keep her as well as not, if I can only get her in the first place. I've got a pasture, and I can raise a lot of pumpkins and fodder corn. I know how to milk. I can make butter. Why, I can most live on her milk," and she burst into a flood of tears, and hid her face in her hands.

It seemed as if the poor woman could not talk enough about her cow, and her gratitude to the lady who had proved from the first such a godsend to her.

"I shall have something to love after you are gone," she said one day. "I got me a cat after mother died; she was real pretty, and I thought so much of her. She used to sleep on the foot of my bed, and I did not feel half so lonesome nights, if I could not sleep; for if I spoke to her, she would purr, and come up and rub herself against me. I thought there never was such a cat; but James's boys, they used to stone her whenever she went over on their side, and one day she came dragging herself home with a broken leg, and her head was hurt, too. She died before night, and I buried her under the laylock there. And I missed her so, I got me another; but that one was missing within a week, and one of the boys kept asking me what had become of my cat, and laughing in a hateful way. So I made up my mind I could not have any more pets.

"But they won't dare to hurt a cow, they are too valuable; and I could have the law on them if they did," she added grimly. "Anybody can do what they have a mind to to cats, poor things!" for Martha had never heard of the "society with the long name."

"Let me see," said Marcia, "what kind of a cow will you get—Jersey?"

"I shall get a red and white one," said Martha. "Father used to keep a cow, and that was speckled red and white. I mean to get one just like her, if I can. What will James's folks say! I guess they'll think it will be some time before they'll have my house for a parlor."

"It beats all," said she, one day, "how little things trouble folks. Now, any great trial, like death and such, you can carry to the Lord, and He will help you bear it; but anybody feels so mean to trouble Him about the little things.

"Now, there was mother's gold beads. She always told me I should have them after her. Many a time I've put them on my neck when I was a little girl, and wished mother would give them to me then; but she would take them, and say I should have them some time.

"And when she died I was almost crazy, and James's wife, she had to see to everything.

"It was a few weeks afterwards, and I saw mother's beads on Maria's neck—that is her oldest girl. I felt dreadfully. I went out to the barn and talked to James about it. He said Maria wanted them as bad as I did, and he didn't know if she would give them up. His wife made a fuss about it, and so I did not have them.

"But it was a trial. I never had a piece of jewelry in my life but a cornelian ring. I have got that now, but I have outgrown it."

Now, Martha had a birthday that week; and James's wife was astonished, as she was getting breakfast one morning, by seeing her sister's boarder coming in. She had in her hand a beautiful gold chain. There was a locket attached, and the rhinestone in it sparkled like a diamond in the morning sun.

"Mrs. Bascom," said the lady, "I want to make a bargain with you. I want you to exchange your daughter's gold beads for this chain; it is fully as valuable, and prettier for her.

"You know it is Miss Martha's birthday to-day, and I want to give her a present. I know there is nothing she will prize like her mother's gold beads."

Both mother and child were delighted with the chain.

"I have always felt mean about those beads," said Mrs. Bascom, "but the girl wanted them so; and I'm real glad to change. Here, let me brighten them up a bit," and she hurried around after a piece of flannel and some whiting.

And so it happened, just after breakfast, as Martha was getting up from the table, Marcia Ames's white hands went lovingly around her neck, and clasped there the precious beads.

The autumn came all too soon, and the friends parted until next summer, Marcia said.

A gentle red and white cow stood by the bars in Martha's pasture, and it was on her glossy neck that Martha left the tears she shed when the stage that bore her friend away went out of sight.

For Marcia had insisted on the cow being a reality before she went away, and had named her at Martha's request. Sultana was the rather high-flown name she had bestowed upon her; and her mistress thought it just the right name, as, indeed, she would have if Marcia had called her Peter Snooks. They had a merry time when they christened the gentle creature, who calmly chewed her cud, and looked at them with her great mild eyes, as she thought to herself: "What fools these mortals be!"

I do not think Martha Bascom ever closed her eyes at night, as long as she lived, without thanking God for the friend she had found—a friend who did not forget her as the years went by.

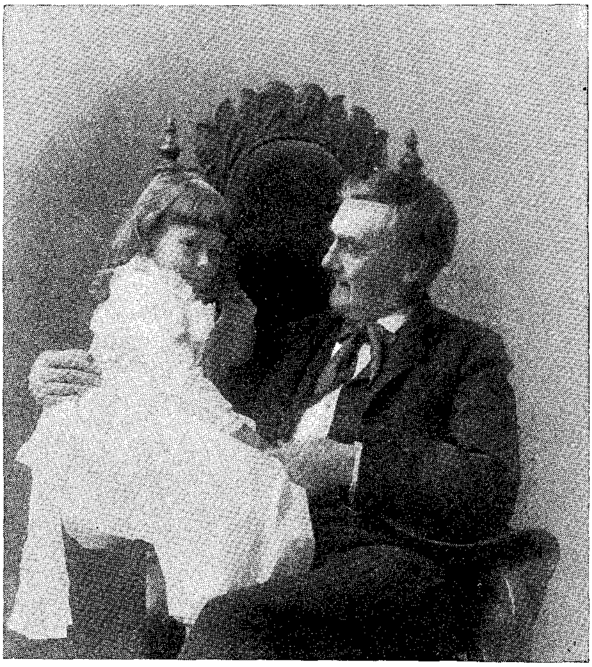
THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

NEW PLAYS, THE OPERA, NOTABLE ACTORS, ACTRESSES, AND SINGERS OF THE YEAR.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

LAST night (if this article be read on any day but Monday) at least two hundred thousand dollars was paid by the people of the United States for the privilege of sitting in theatres and gazing from box or orchestra or gallery at the efforts, tragic and comic, good and bad, of play-actors to mimic life. At least twenty millions had been spent for no other purpose than to furnish buildings and their fittings for the accommodation of this portion of the public. It is safe to say that more than two million five hundred thousand dollars had been, at one time or another, devoted to the preparation of scenery and "properties" used in the presentation of last evening's entertainments, and that the men and women who took part in them had devoted no less than one-fourth of that sum to buying proper costumes for their rôles. The daily cost of moving theatrical people and things from place to place about the country is estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars, and the cost of sustenance and shelter for the players and those who go with them is not under sixty thousand dollars for every twenty-four hours at this time of year. It is fair to figure that the weekly total of salaries paid by theatrical managers will average at least a quarter of a million dollars during the early part of this dramatic season—until February, perhaps. Later it will shrink, because many companies whose efforts fail to gain the public's approbation will disband and scatter.

These figures are not my own, precisely, and are at the best so vague—it is impossible to approach accuracy in preparing them—that they would be of no value to a statistician. Most of them were secured by cutting the estimates of a conservative theatrical manager in half. They are advanced, however, with a certainty that they are not too large.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

THE GROWTH OF THE STAGE IN AMERICA.

But, even if they are not too large, they are stupendous. They offer a pretty contrast to the records of only two years more than a century ago (midwinter, 1792), when, in Boston, "about five hundred dollars" was devoted to the building of the first theatre there, veiled (because theatres and theatrical performances were prohibited by the legislature and abhorred by the governor) under the name of the "New Exhibition Hall." The governor, in fact, suppressed the performance on the night of December 5, 1792, in the midst of a rebellious riot. The first dramatic performance in New York of which authentic

ZELIE DE LUSSAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CONLY, BOSTON.

record exists, occurred sixty years earlier, in a hall the use of which was donated by one Rip Van Dam; and so fearful of official interference were those interested in it that pickets were posted to watch, and, if necessary, to warn.

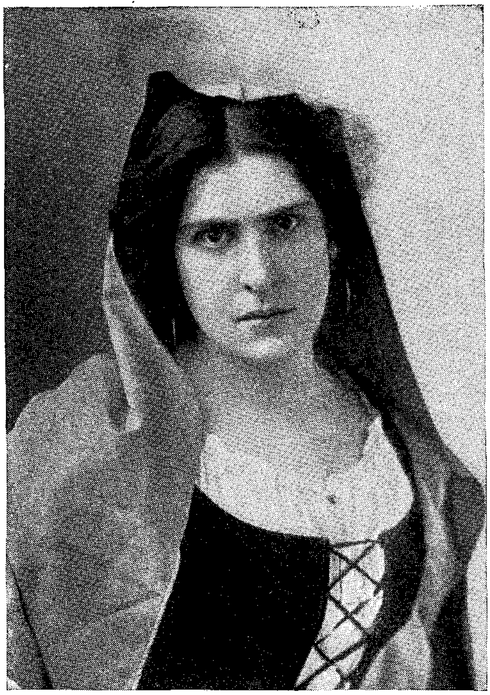
But the nineteenth century had well begun before the theatre had gained a good foothold in America. It is even true that as late as 1833 a whole company of theatrical folk who were bold enough to attempt to give their show in Lowell, Massachusetts, (well known as a stronghold of prejudice against such things,) were arrested because they were "following no lawful and honorable profession." They barely escaped suffering violence at the hands of outraged moralists, and, in thus escaping, they were more fortunate than some of their ilk in other places. It is probable that the tolerance which theatres gained in some localities during the closing years of the eighteenth century was regarded with as much amazement by many good people of the day as are the progressions and queer matters—cleverly set aside by French wit as *fin de siècle*—which make *us* wonder, as the end of the nineteenth century approaches.

Nor has the evolution of the theatre and the drama in America been less astonishing in other ways. From those days when only Shakespeare was regarded worthy by cultivated folk, to these (when one is sometimes forced to fear that it is not entirely dissatisfaction with the players that keeps American theatres empty on nights when the dramas of the immortal bard are given), the gap is wider than one hundred twelvemonths make in almost any other line.

America has had its share of influence on the drama of the world, and has given its quota of almost everything, good and bad, that goes to make the ingredients of dramatic history—except great plays. Good dramas have been penned with Yankee ink, but nothing, so far, that will withstand the wear of years, and last to anything approaching immortality. American lavishness has forced the managers of Europe to extravagance in playhouse and in scenery of which they would not have dreamed without the influence of this spendthrift republic. More money has been made by players here than elsewhere; and, alas! more also has been lost. When a New York manager seeks an artist in London, Paris, or Berlin, competition is abandoned. Great tales are told of individual salaries paid by enterprising American managers to European stars, and most of them should be cut in half for truth's sake; yet it is true that one actress was guaranteed a weekly income of fifteen thousand dollars, besides

JEAN DE RESZKE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR, PARIS.

her expenses, during an American tour, and that operatic stipends have sometimes risen to heights truly incredible to the layman.



JUDITH BEROLDE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

MAX ALVARY AS "PARSIFAL." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. BIEBER, BERLIN AND HAMBURG.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON OF 1894–95.

From the patriot's point of view, the season of 1894–95 offers cold comfort. Not one really notable actor, actress, or singer; not one extraordinarily good play or opera, has sprung within the year from the ranks or brains of America's sixty-five millions. There have been none and will be none but imported "sensations" in New York play places and opera houses this winter, and New York is America's amusement barometer. Two or three artists of whom fine things were predicted during the waning days of last season, have failed to create any stir whatever this year, and not one American this year has arisen to real theatrical importance. The "great plays" which were promised from American pens have either failed or been abandoned. One of the most important managers in America last year announced that thereafter he should open his theatre each season with a play written by an American, this year to be the first under this plan. A few weeks ago this manager was forced to confess his inability to secure an American play of which he thought well enough to devote to it the time and money necessary for production. He opened his theatre with a play by a foreigner.

This is melancholy from the patriot's point of view. Presenting to the manager an equally sorrowful aspect is the fact that, whether times have improved or not in other lines, the business done by the theatres thus far this season has been little, if any, in excess of that done during the same months of last year—and last year was the worst for a decade.

But, as the intelligent observer looks at it, there are many things this year to rejoice over. Principal among them is the decadence—long promised—of the so-called "farce comedy," that nondescript combination of the old variety show and the new "vaudeville."

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

In New York the great period of the amusement year is the operatic season at the Metropolitan Opera House, although it is reasonable to believe that not one-twentieth of the habitual theatre-goers of this city have ever stepped within the lobbies of that great, brown brick pile on Broadway. For a number of years a controversy, which has driven some of its partisans to writing and printing bitter things, has been waged between the lovers of German and the lovers of Italian opera. This year this battle may be said to have been brought to a compromise, for when the end of the winter comes, both will have had extended hearings at the Metropolitan. The regular season of Italian opera is already in progress. It departs little in its features from that of a year ago. The repertory is nearly the same, and the most important change in the list of artists is the absence of the name of Calvé, who brightened the glory of the winter of '93–'94 by her matchless "Carmen," and who turned the financial scale in favor of the management. Calvé is now singing most busily in the capitals of Europe, earning her dowry, it is said, although at a smaller salary than she would have received if a quarrel with Emma Eames had not prevented her returning to America with the rest of the company. Her place in the popular fancy is quite likely to be taken by Miss Sybil Sanderson, the gifted California girl whose voice and beauty captivated Jules Massenet, the first of French operatic composers. She is an exceedingly clever woman, less impulsive than Calvé, but a great artist.

Zelie de Lussan, long a stranger to the land that gave her her first laurels, also adds strength to the Metropolitan forces. She looks something like Patti, and of late years she must have been singing considerably better than *La Diva*, for it is said that her voice has broadened and developed notably since the days when she was a treasured member of the old Boston Ideals. Both Miss de Lussan and a promising young Russian prima donna named Myra Heller will appear as "Carmen."

If "Falstaff," the bright, musical child of Verdi's old age, is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, as it has been half promised that it shall be, the title rôle probably will be reserved for Victor Maurel, who created the part at Milan on February

NELLIE MELBA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUPONT, BRUXELLES.

TAMAGNO. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTABONI, FIRENZE.

9, 1893, and who introduced it to the Parisians. The other stars of the Metropolitan constellation are Melba, Eames, Scalchi, Pol Plancon, Tamagno, and last, but not least, the brothers De Reszke.

An important step toward the declaration of American independence in music has been the training of an American chorus at the Metropolitan, to take the place of the motley collection which has been brought over from Europe in previous years,—imported not because its component parts could sing exceptionally well, but simply because they knew, in a wooden way, the music of all the operas in the Metropolitan repertory. The training of a new and native chorus was a work of infinite pains, but there is no doubt about its wisdom.

It is said that the management cleared a total of something like ninety thousand dollars from last winter's opera season; and if this financial success is repeated, an everlasting "no" can be said to have been uttered against the occasional plea for subsidized grand opera in this country.

THE GERMAN OPERA.

The season of German opera will begin February 25th, and will be watched with more than passing interest. It will be judged more critically, perhaps, than any other of the winter's appeals for public favor from the musical stage, for Walter Damrosch's reputation is staked upon it, and, to an extent, the immediate future of the Wagner cult in New York depends upon it. Mr. Damrosch's season will last four weeks in all, and will include only fourteen performances. After these end, the company will make short visits to Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, and then hasten home, with scarcely an hour to spare between their closing performance and the time of the sailing of the steamer on which they are to depart.

It was only by consenting to extraordinary concessions that the American conductor was able to get them; and it is doubtful whether Berlin would have consented to release Rosa Sucher at all, had it not been for a feeling of national pride in the effort to establish German opera in America. Mr. Damrosch has no inten-

ROSA SUCHER AS "KUNDRY" IN "PARSIFAL." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. HÖFFERT, BERLIN.

MADAME RÊJANE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR, PARIS.

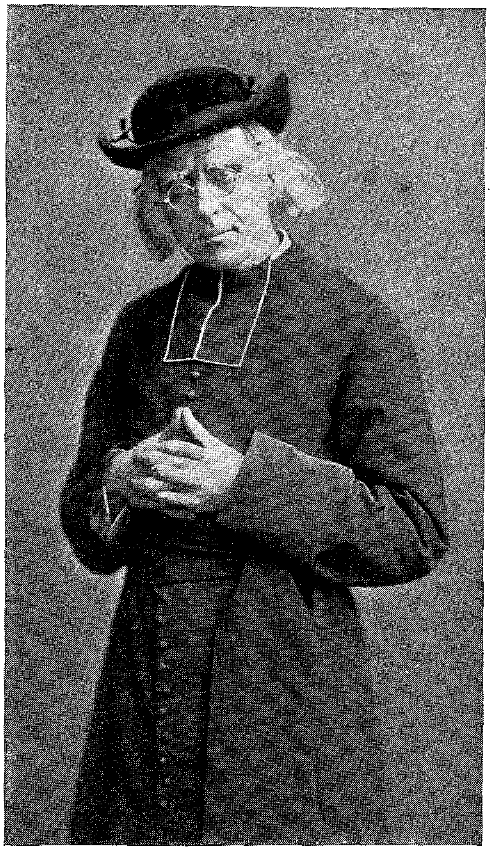
tion of continuing as an operatic manager after the coming experiment. He asserts that his only aim is to induce the autocrats of grand opera in America to include in the regular Metropolitan Opera House seasons of the future, German opera, sung by German artists, as well as the works of Italian and French composers.

Besides Rosa Sucher, undoubtedly the greatest living singer of Wagner's mightiest female rôle, Mr. Damrosch will have Herr Alvary,—over whom New York waxed so enthusiastic in 1889 that his path from the stage door to his carriage was often lined with impressionable women who begged for attention from him, even going so far as to lift his cloak and kiss it,—Franz Schwarz, and Marie Brema. The last named is the Scotch woman who made a swift flight from obscurity to fame at Bayreuth last summer. It is an interesting tribute to Mr. Damrosch's judgment to note that he engaged Miss Brema before Frau Wagner heard her and brought her into great celebrity.

The operas to be presented are: "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and "Siegfried." Mr. Damrosch, whose first ambition was to be a painter, will make the mounting of these operas his especial care. His standing as a Wagner authority is a little uncertain now, but will be well defined by the time his operatic season is half over. The effort will mark a crisis in his life.

MADAME RÈJANE AND HER FRENCH COMPANY.

The most important of all the dramatic engagements of the year will also bring a company of foreigners to America. It is that of Madame Rèjane. Madame Rèjane is, next to Sara Bernhardt, France's greatest actress, and is probably the best comedienne Paris has produced. She is the wife of M. Porel, who was the manager of the Odéon when he married her. This put her into the position of leading woman at the second in importance of France's state theatres; and when M. Porel left that famous place of amusement, she went with



BEERBOHM TREE IN "A VILLAGE PRIEST." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, LONDON.

him to the Varieties. M. Porel and his partner, M. Carrée, known in America as a writer of comedies with M. Bisson, are the most important managers in France, and so it is not surprising that for them Victorien Sardou should write the play which is said to be his greatest comedy. That play is "Madame Sans-Gêne." It was written for Madame Rèjane, and her success in it was instantaneous and world-echoing. She has played in it in London as well as in Paris, and pleased the English almost as well as she had pleased her own country's people. It is as "Madame Sans-Gêne" that she will be seen in America.

The news that Madame Rèjane is coming to America to act in "Madame Sans-Gêne" must have been a severe blow to Miss Kathryn Kidder, an American actress who, early in November, produced a version of the play in English.

Next to the coming of Mme. Rèjane, it is of Beerbohm Tree and his talented wife, who are also coming to America, that the greatest things are expected. These notable London comedy players will appear here before long in "A Bunch of Violets," a play by Mr. Sidney Grundy, which has become one of the decade's greatest successes abroad. They will also act in "A Red Lamp," by Tristram Outram; "Gringoire," and "Captain Swift."

JOHN DREW. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER CHICKERING, BOSTON.

OLGA NETHERSOLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON.

THE NEW PLAYS.

One of Henry Arthur Jones's plays, "The Bauble Shop," is Mr. John Drew's most important medium for this year's work. It is a study of human nature, and "takes up a question." "Taking up questions" is becoming more and more popular among playwrights. "The Masqueraders" is another question play. It followed "The Bauble Shop" in New York, and is by the same author. It has already won success in England, and will undoubtedly make money, if not artistic reputation, for its author in America. Mr. Grundy has also written "The New Woman," recently produced in New York. That this has the very biggest query of the day in it, its name alone indicates.

Another English play which is to be brought out in New York during the season, and which will afterwards tour the country, is "The Fatal Card." It was written by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. This is looked upon as being a most astonishing melodrama, and is one of the greatest "money-makers" that have been produced in London in a long time. Much curiosity has been evinced by people who wish to know just how much of the play was written by each man. A London correspondent says that Chambers recently settled this by remarking that he had written the consonants, while Stephenson wrote the vowels. It is agreed, at any rate, that the best work of each man was devoted to this play.

ADA REHAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX. BASSANO, LONDON.

France, so far as is known, will contribute, besides "Madame Sans-Gêne," only three important new plays to the American season. One of these is "Gigolette," by Decourcelle and Tarbé. This has not even been rendered into English by an American. It was adapted by George Sims, widely celebrated as a maker of conventional English melodramas. Besides this, "A Woman's Silence," a new Sardou play, has recently been produced by Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum company in New York. Another play by Sardou has been secured by Fanny Davenport. It is "The Duchess of Athens," and has been produced in Paris by Sara Bernhardt.

FANNY DAVENPORT, JEFFERSON, AND OTHER ESTABLISHED FAVORITES.

Indeed, Miss Davenport seems to be about the only American star who has in view any notable new work. Mr. W. H. Crane, early in the season, produced an ambitious revival of "Falstaff," but it was not received with favor, and he reverted to the not too meritorious reconstruction of an old English comedy. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who is America's only really great actor now, does not purpose to do anything this year which he has not done before, and Mr. Richard Mansfield has probably given us all the new material which he will show during the season in two plays neither of which has been widely successful. A most interesting event, because of the impressive scale on which it is to be executed, and because of the fact that it will, for the first time, bring to notable prominence the work of an exceedingly young, but exceedingly promising, American playwright, named Paul Kester, will be the production by Alexander Salvini of "The Moor." If "The Moor," which is a drama of the old romantic school, but which is written and will be produced on a scale of elaborateness seldom attempted, succeeds, it will mean that a very great change, and a change for the better, has come over the public taste.

MISS REHAN AND MISS CAYVAN HOVERING ON THE STAR LINE.

Mr. Augustin Daly, who may generally be depended upon to give America one or two novelties during the course of each season, will, it is said, produce this winter an adaptation from the German of Sudermann's most recent failure—"Butterflies." It was announced early in the season that Mr. Daly's famous leading woman, Miss Ada Rehan, would leave his company and star this year, but it is now thought that this idea has been abandoned. This would have been as serious a loss to Mr. Daly as the recent resignation of Miss Georgia Cayvan from the Lyceum organization was to Mr. Daniel Frohman. Miss Cayvan, however, says that she has no thought of starring. But it would be surprising if the great success of Miss Olga Nethersole, (an English actress who came to New

ALEXANDER SALVINI AS "ZAMAR." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

York some months ago with "The Transgressor," and afterwards carried big audiences into ecstasies with "Camille"), did not fill the heads of some of our able American leading women with thoughts of plays and companies of their own. A curious divergence in taste between England and America was illustrated by the reception here of "The Transgressor." In England it was popular and pronounced to be powerful. In America only the superb work of Miss Nethersole has saved it from utter failure, — a fact from which Miss Judith Berolde may draw consolation in the long illness under which she has been suffering. Early in the autumn she planned to produce "The Transgressor" herself, and her illness prevented her.

The Rosenfeld brothers, who last year encountered a settled public opinion against the production of Gerhardt Hauptmann's vision play "Hannele," will probably arouse a new and greater opposition this season by producing Borrio's "Christ at the Feast of the Purim." This and another play by Hauptmann include the same objectionable feature that aroused indignation at the time of the production of "Hannele"—the impersonation of Christ upon the stage. Up to the time of "Hannele's" production this had been attempted in a New York theatre but once, and that was when Salmi Morse prepared a version of the "Passion Play," which was promptly suppressed by the police.

Lacking in original work by American dramatists as the season will be, it will be still more lacking in original work by American composers and librettists. The only particularly notable matters of this sort to be offered to the public this winter are "Rob Roy," the joint work of De Koven and Smith, and "Prince Ananias," the new medium for the farce and melody of our most famous native operatic organization —the "Bostonians."

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

By Henry Drummond, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The Ascent of Man," etc.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the year 1889 Mr. Moody broke out in a new place. Not content with having founded two great schools at Northfield, he turned his attention to Chicago, and inaugurated there one of his most successful enterprises—the Bible Institute. This scheme grew out of many years' thought. The general idea was to equip lay workers—men and women—for work among the poor, the outcast, the churchless, and the illiterate. In every centre of population there is a call for such help. The demand for city missionaries, Bible readers, evangelists, superintendents of Christian and philanthropic institutions, is unlimited. In the foreign field it is equally claimant. Mr. Moody saw that all over the country were those who, with a little special training, might become effective workers in these various spheres—some whose early opportunities had been neglected; some who were too old or too poor to go to college; and others who, half their time, had to earn their living. To meet such workers and such work the Institute was conceived.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE IN CHICAGO.

The heart of Chicago, both morally and physically, offered a suitable site, and here, adjoining the Chicago Avenue Church, a preliminary purchase of land was made at a cost of fifty-five thousand dollars. On part of this land, for a similar sum, a three-storied building was put up to accommodate male students, while three houses, already standing on the property, were transformed into a ladies' department. No sooner were the doors opened than some ninety men and fifty women began work. So immediate was the response that all the available accommodation was used up, and important enlargements have had to be made since. The mornings at the Institute are largely given up to Bible study and music, the afternoons to private study and visitation, and the evenings to evangelistic work. In the second year of its existence no fewer than two hundred and forty-eight students were on the roll-book. In addition to private study, these conducted over three thousand meetings, large and small, in the city and neighborhood, paid ten thousand visits to the homes of the poor, and "called in" at more than a thousand saloons.

As to the ultimate destination of the workers, the statistics for this same year record the following:

At work in India are three, one man and two women; in China, three men and one woman, with four more (sexes equally divided) waiting appointment there; in Africa, two men and two women, with two men and one woman waiting appointment; in Turkey, one man and five women; in South America, one man and one woman; in Bulgaria, Persia, Burma, and Japan, one woman to each. Among the North American Indians, three women and one man. In the home field, in America, are thirty-seven men and nine women employed in evangelistic work, thirty-one in pastoral work (including many ministers who had come for further study), and twenty-nine in other schools and colleges. Sunday-school missions employ five men; home missions, two; the Young Men's Christian Association, seven; the Young Women's Christian Association, two. Five men and one woman are "singing evangelists." Several have positions in charitable institutions, others are evangelists, and twenty are teachers. It will be allowed that this is a pretty fair record for a two-years' old institute. As Mr. Moody gives it much of his time, spending many months there annually in personal superintendence, there can be little doubt as to its future.

THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.

Not quite on the same lines, but with certain features in common, is still a fourth institution founded by the evangelist at Northfield about the same time. This is, perhaps, one of his most original developments—the Northfield Training School for Women. In his own work at Chicago, and in his evangelistic rounds among the churches, he had learned to appreciate the exceptional value of women in ministering to the poor. He saw, however, that women of the right stamp were not always to be found where they were needed most, and in many cases where they were to be found, their work was marred by inexperience and lack of training. He determined, therefore, to start a novel species of training school, which city churches and mission fields could draw upon, not for highly educated missionaries, but for Christian women who had undergone a measure of special instruction, especially in Bible knowledge and *domestic economy*—the latter being the special feature. The initial obstacle of a building in which to start his institute was no difficulty to Mr. Moody. Among the many great buildings of Northfield there was one which, every winter, was an eye-sore to him. It was the Northfield Hotel, and it was an eye-sore because it was empty. After the busy season in summer, it was shut up from October till the end of March, and Mr. Moody resolved that he would turn its halls into lecture rooms, its bedrooms into dormitories, stock the first with teachers and the second with scholars, and start the work of the Training School as soon as the last guest was off the premises.

In October, 1890, the first term opened. Six instructors were provided, and fifty-six students took up residence at once. Next year the numbers were almost doubled, and the hotel college to-day is in a fair way to become a large and important institution. In addition to systematic Bible study, which forms the backbone of the curriculum, the pupils are taught those branches of domestic economy which are most likely to be useful in their work among the homes of the poor. Much stress is laid upon cooking, especially the preparation of foods for the sick, and a distinct department is also devoted to dressmaking. An objection was raised at the outset that the students, during their term of residence, were isolated from the active Christian work in which their lives were to be spent, and that hence the most important part of their training must be merely theoretical. But this difficulty has solved itself. Though not contemplated at the founding of the school, the living energy and enthusiasm of the students have sought their own outlets; and now, all through the winter, flying columns may be found scouring the country-side in all directions, visiting the homesteads, and holding services in hamlets, cottages, and schoolhouses.

MR. MOODY UNDENOMINATIONAL AND UNSECTARIAN IN HIS WORKS.

Like all Mr. Moody's institutions, the winter Training Home is undenominational and unsectarian. It is a peculiarity of Northfield, that every door is open not only to the Church Universal, but to the world. Every State in the Union is represented among the students of his two great colleges, and almost every nation and race. On the college books are, or have been, Africans, Armenians, Turks, Syrians, Austrians, Hungarians, Canadians, Danes, Dutch, English, French, German, Indian, Irish, Japanese, Chinese, Norwegians, Russians, Scotch, Swedish, Alaskans, and Bulgarians. These include every type of Christianity, members of every Christian denomination, and disciples of every Christian creed. Twenty-two denominations, at least, have shared the hospitality of the schools. This, for a religious educational institution, is itself a liberal education; and that Mr. Moody should not only have permitted, but encouraged, this cosmopolitan and unsectarian character, is a witness at once to his sagacity and to his breadth.

With everything in his special career, in his habitual environment, and in the traditions of his special work, to make him intolerant, Mr. Moody's sympathies have only broadened with time. Some years ago the Roman Catholics in Northfield determined to build a church. They went round the township collecting subscriptions, and by and by approached Mr. Moody's door. How did he receive them? The narrower evangelical would have shut the door in their faces, or opened it only to give them a lecture on the blasphemies of the Pope or the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman. Mr. Moody gave them one of the handsomest subscriptions on their list. Not content with that, when their little chapel was finished, he presented them with an organ. "Why," he exclaimed, when some one challenged the action, "if they are Roman Catholics, it is better they should be good Roman Catholics than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic Church than none; and as for the organ, if they are to have music in their church, it is better to have good music. Besides," he added, "these are my own townspeople. If ever I am to be of the least use to them, surely I must help them." What the kindly feeling did for them, it is difficult to say; but what it did for Mr. Moody, is matter of local history. For, a short time after, it was rumored that he was going to build a church, and the site was pointed out by the villagers—a rocky knoll close by the present hotel. One day Mr. Moody found the summit of this knoll covered with great piles of stones. The Roman Catholics had taken their teams up the mountain, and brought down, as a return present, enough building-stone to form the foundations of his church.

Mr. Moody's relations with the Northfield people and with all the people for miles and miles around are of the same type. So far from being without honor in his own country, it is there he is honored most. This fact—and nothing more truly decisive of character can be said—may be verified even by the stranger on the cars. The nearer he approaches Northfield, the more thorough and genuine will he find the appreciation of Mr. Moody; and when he passes under Mr. Moody's own roof, he will find it truest, surest, and most affectionate of all. It is forbidden here to invade the privacy of Mr. Moody's home. Suffice it to say that no more perfect home-life exists in the world, and that one only begins to know the greatness, the tenderness, and the simple beauty of this man's character when one sees him at his own fireside. One evidence of this greatness it is difficult to omit recording. If you were to ask Mr. Moody—which it would never occur to you to do—what, apart from the inspirations of his personal faith, was the secret of his success, of his happiness and usefulness in life, he would assuredly answer, "Mrs. Moody."

THE WIDE REACH OF MR. MOODY'S LABORS.

When one has recorded the rise and progress of the four institutions which have been named, one but stands on the threshold of the history of the tangible memorials of Mr. Moody's career. To realize even partially the intangible results of his life, is not within the compass of man's power; but even the tangible results—the results which have definite visible outcome, which are capable of statistical expression, which can be seen in action in different parts of the world to-day—it would tax a diligent historian to tabulate. The sympathies and activities of men like D. L. Moody are supposed by many to be wasted on the empty air. It will surprise them to be told that he is probably responsible for more actual stone and lime than almost any man in the world. There is scarcely a great city in England where he has not left behind him some visible memorial. His progress through Great Britain and Ireland, now nearly twenty years ago, is marked to-day by halls, churches, institutes, and other buildings which owe their existence directly to his influence. In the capital of each of these countries—in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—great buildings stand to-day which, but for him, had had no existence. In the city where these words are written, at least three important institutions, each the centre of much work and of a multitude of workers, Christian philanthropy owes to him. Young Men's Christian Associations all over the land have been housed, and in many cases sumptuously housed, not only largely by his initiative, but by his personal actions in raising funds. Mr. Moody is the most magnificent beggar Great Britain has ever known. He will talk over a millionnaire in less time than it takes other men to apologize for intruding upon his time. His gift for extracting money amounts to genius. The hard, the sordid, the miserly, positively melt before him. But his power to deal with refractory ones is not the best of it. His supreme success is with the already liberal, with those who give, or think they give, handsomely already. These he somehow convinces that their givings are nothing at all; and there are multitudes of rich men in the world who would confess that Mr. Moody inaugurated for them, and for their churches and cities, the day of large subscriptions. The process by which he works is, of course, a secret, but one half of it probably depends upon two things. In the first place, his appeals are wholly for others; for places—I am speaking of England—in which he would never set foot again; for causes in which he had no personal stake. In the second place, he always knew the right moment to strike.

HOW MR. MOODY ORGANIZED A GREAT CHARITY IN TEN MINUTES.

On one occasion, to recall an illustration of the last he had convened a great conference in Liverpool. The theme for discussion was a favorite one—"How to reach the masses." One of the speakers, the Rev. Charles Garrett, in a powerful speech, expressed his conviction that the chief want of the masses in Liverpool was the institution of cheap houses of refreshment to counteract the saloons. When he had finished, Mr. Moody called upon him to speak for ten minutes more. That ten minutes might almost be said to have been a crisis in the social history of Liverpool. Mr. Moody spent it in whispered conversation with gentlemen on the platform. No sooner was the speaker done than Mr. Moody sprang to his feet and announced that a company had been formed to carry out the objects Mr. Garrett had advocated; that various gentlemen, whom he named (Mr. Alexander Balfour, Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., Mr. Lockhart, and others), had each taken one thousand shares of five dollars each, and that the subscription list would be open till the end of the meeting. The capital was gathered almost before the adjournment, and a company floated under the name of the "British Workman Company, Limited," which has not only worked a small revolution in Liverpool, but—what was not contemplated or wished for, except as an index of healthy business—paid a handsome dividend to the shareholders. For twenty years this company has gone on increasing; its ramifications are in every quarter of the city; it has returned ten per cent. throughout the whole period, except for one (strike) year, when it returned seven; and, above all, it has been copied by cities and towns innumerable all over Great Britain. To Mr. Garrett, who unconsciously set the ball a-rolling, the personal consequences were as curious as they were unexpected. "You must take charge of this thing," said Mr. Moody to him, "or at least you must keep your eye on it." "That cannot be," was the reply. "I am a Wesleyan; my three years in Liverpool have expired; I must pass to another circuit." "No," said Mr. Moody, "you must stay here." Mr. Garrett assured him it was quite impossible, the Methodist Conference made no exceptions. But Mr. Moody would not be beaten. He got up a petition to the Conference. It was granted—an almost unheard-of thing—and Mr. Garrett remains in his Liverpool church to this day. This last incident proves at least one thing—that Mr. Moody's audacity is at least equalled by his influence.

THE CHARACTER OF MR. MOODY'S GREATNESS.

That I have not told one tithe that is due to the subject of this sketch, I painfully realize now that my space has narrowed to its close. It is of small significance that one should make out this or the other man to be numbered among the world's great. But it is of importance to national ideals, that standards of worthiness should be truly drawn, and, when those who answer to them in real life appear, that they should be held up for the world's instruction. Mr. Moody himself has never asked for justice, and never for homage. The criticism which sours, and the adulation—an adulation at epochs in his life amounting to worship—which spoils, have left him alike untouched. The way he turned aside from applause in England struck multitudes with wonder. To be courted was to him not merely a thing to be discouraged on general principles; it simply made him miserable. At the close of a great meeting, when crowds, not of the base, but of the worthy, thronged the platform to press his hand, somehow he had always disappeared. When they followed him to his hotel, its doors were barred. When they wrote him, as they did in thousands, they got no response. This man would not be praised. Yet, partly for this very reason, those who love him love to praise him. And I may as well confess what has induced me, against keen personal dislike to all that is personal, to write these articles. One day, travelling in America last summer, a high dignitary of the Church in my presence made a contemptuous reference to Mr. Moody. A score of times in my life I have sailed in on such occasions, and at least taught the detractor some facts. On this occasion, with due humility, I asked the speaker if he had ever met him? He had not; and the reply elicited that the name which he had used so lightly was to him no more than an echo. I determined that, time being then denied, I would take the first opportunity of bringing that echo nearer him. It is for him these words were written.

WHITTIER'S OPINION OF MR. MOODY.

In the Life of Whittier, just published, the patronizing reference to Mr. Moody but too plainly confirms the statement with which the first article opened—that few men were less known to their contemporaries.

"Moody and Sankey," writes the poet, "are busy in Boston. The papers give the discourses of Mr. Moody, which seem rather commonplace and poor, but the man is in earnest. . . . I hope he will do good, and believe that he will reach and move some who could not be touched by James Freeman Clarke or Phillips Brooks. I cannot accept his theology, or part of it at least, and his methods are not to my taste. But if he can make the drunkard, the gambler, and the debauchee into decent men, and make the lot of their weariful wives and children less bitter, I bid him God-speed."

I have called these words patronizing, but the expression should be withdrawn. Whittier was incapable of that. They are broad, large-hearted, even kind. But they are not the right words. They are the stereotyped charities which sweet natures apply to anything not absolutely harmful, and contain no more impression of the tremendous intellectual and moral force of *the man behind* than if the reference were to the obscurest Salvation Army zealot. I shall not indorse, for it could only give offence, the remark of a certain author of world-wide repute when he read the words: "Moody! Why, he could have put half a dozen Whittiers in his pocket, and they would never have been noticed;" but I shall indorse, and with hearty good-will, a judgment which he further added. "I have always held," he said—and he is a man who has met every great contemporary thinker from Carlyle downward—"that in sheer brain-size, in the mere raw material of intellect, Moody stands among the first three or four great men I have ever known." I believe Great Britain is credited with having "discovered" Mr. Moody. It may or may not be; but if it be, it was men of the quality and the experience of my friend who made the discovery; and that so many distinguished men in America have failed to appreciate him is a circumstance which has only one explanation—that they have never had the opportunity.

An American estimate, nevertheless, meets my eye as I lay down the pen, which I gladly plead space for, as it proves that in Mr. Moody's own country there are not wanting those who discern how much he stands for. They are the notes, slightly condensed, of one whose opportunities for judging of his life and work have been exceptionally wide. In his opinion:

1. "No other living man has done so much directly in the way of uniting man to God, and in restoring men to their true centre.

2. "No other living man has done so much to unite man with man, to break down personal grudges and ecclesiastical barriers, bringing into united worship and harmonious coöperation men of diverse views and dispositions.

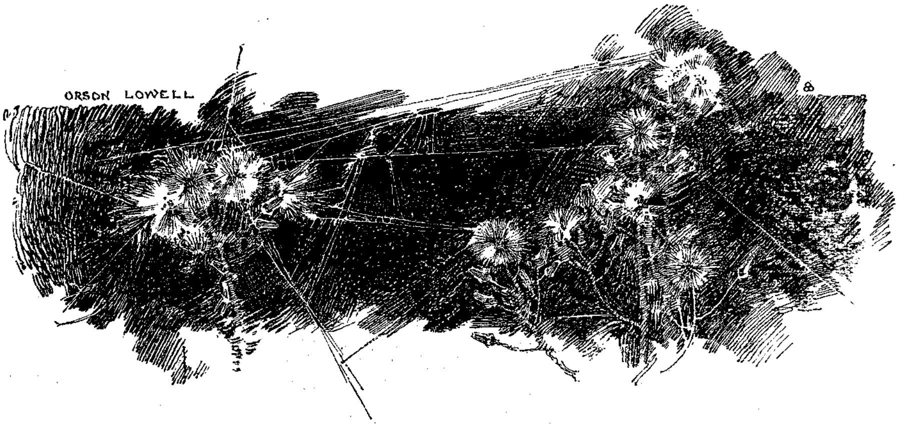
3. "No other living man has set so many other people to work, and developed, by awakening the sense of responsibility, latent talents and powers which would otherwise have lain dormant.

4. "No other living man, by precept and example, has so vindicated the rights, privileges, and duties of laymen.

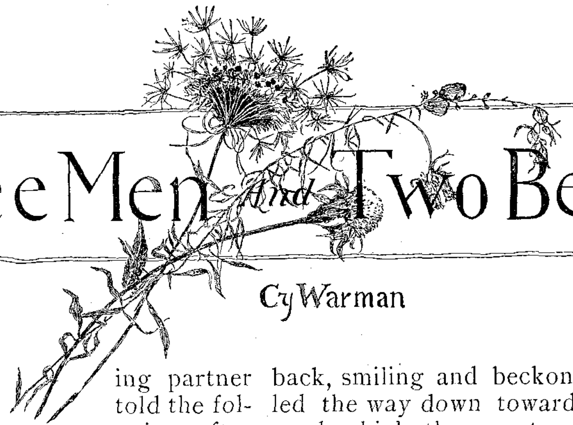
5. "No other living man has raised more money for other people's enterprises.

6. "No other evangelist has kept himself so aloof from fads, religious or otherwise; from isms, from special reforms, from running specific doctrines, or attacking specific sins; has so concentrated his life upon the one supreme endeavor."

If one-fourth of this be true, it is a unique and noble record; if all be true, which of us is worthy even to characterize it?



Three Men And Two Bears



Cy Warman

AN old prospecting partner of Mr. Creede's told the following story to the writer, after the discovery of the Amethyst, which lifted the discoverer into prominence, gave him fame and a bank account, and gave every adventuress who heard of his fortune a new field:

Creede and I, together with a man by the name of Chester, were prospecting in San Miguel County, Colorado, in the '80's. We had our camp in a narrow cañon by a little mountain stream. It was summer time; the berries were ripe, and bear were as thick as sheep in New Mexico. About sunset one evening I called Creede out to show him a cow which I had discovered on a steep hillside near our cabin.

The moment the Captain saw the animal he said in a stage whisper, "Bear!" I thought he was endeavoring to frighten me; but he soon convinced me that he was in earnest.

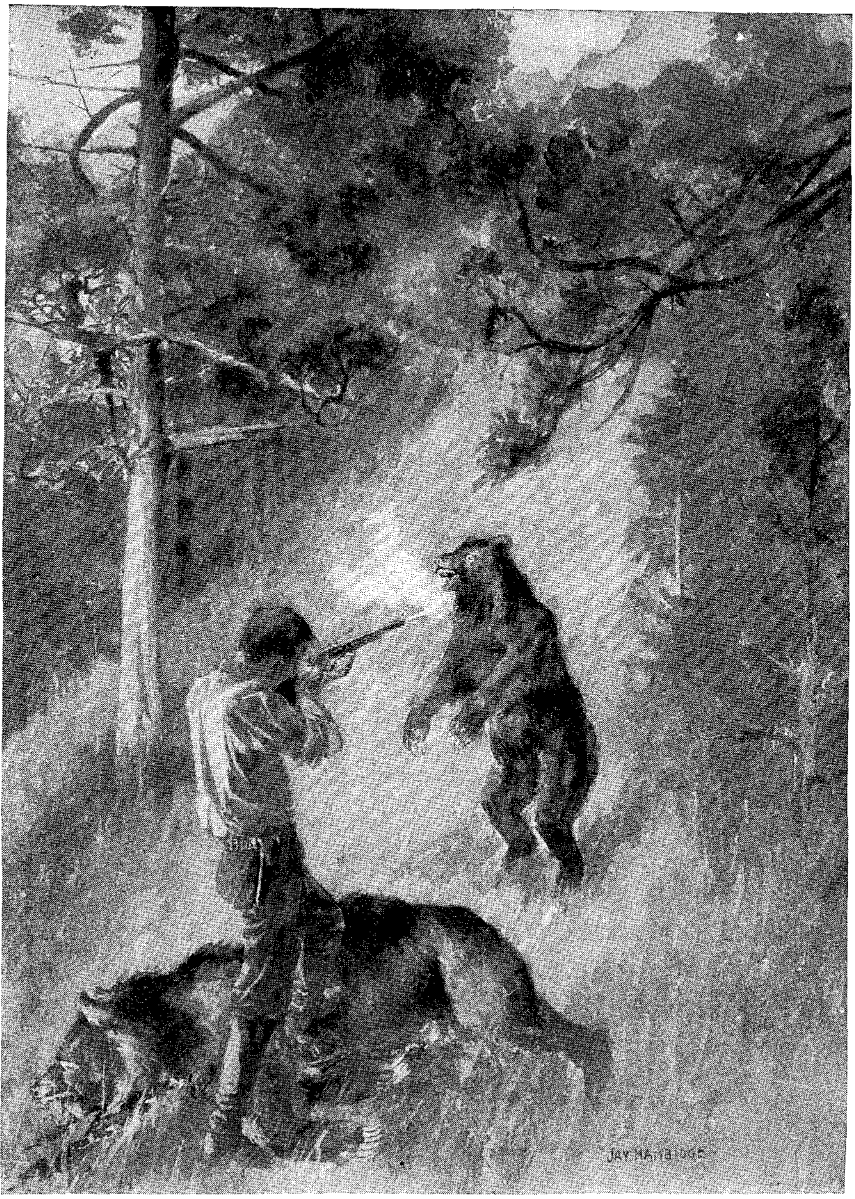
Without taking his eyes from the animal, he spoke again in the same stage whisper, instructing me to hasten and bring Chester with a couple of rifles. When I returned I gave the rifle I carried to Creede, who instructed me to climb upon a sharp rock that stood up like a church spire in the bottom of the cañon. From my high place I was to signal the sharp-shooters, keeping them posted as to the movements of the bear.

"You come with me," said Creede to Chester, who stood at his side. It occurred to me now for the first time that there was some danger attached to this sport. I couldn't help wondering what would become of me in case the bear got the best of my two partners. If the bear captured them and got possession of the only two guns in the camp, my position on that rock would become embarrassing, if not actually dangerous.

I turned to look at Chester, who did not seem to start when Creede did. Poor fellow, he was pale as a ghost. "See here," he said, addressing Creede, who was looking back, smiling and beckoning him on as he led the way down toward the noisy little creek which they must cross to get in rifle range of the bear, "I'm a man of family, an' don't see why I should run headlong into a fight with a grizzly bear. I suppose if I was a single man, I would do as you do, but when I think of my poor wife and dear little children, it makes me homesick." Creede kept smiling and beckoning with his forefinger. I laughed at Chester for being so scared. He finally followed, after asking me to look after his family in case he failed to return: just as a man would who was on his way to the Tower.

Having reached the summit of the rock, I was surprised to see the big bear coming down the hill headed for the spot where the hunters stood counselling as to how they should proceed. I tried to shout a warning to them, but the creek made such a noise falling over the rocks that they were unable to hear me.

A moment more and she hove in sight, coming down the slope on a long gallop. Probably no man living ever had such an entertainment as I was about to witness. In New York ten thousand people would pay a hundred dollars a seat to see it; but there was no time to bill the country—the curtain was up and the show was on. Creede, who was the first to see the animal, shot one swift glance at his companion, raised his rifle, a Marlin repeater, and fired. The great beast shook her head, snorted, increased her pace, and bore down upon her assailants. Again and again Creede's rifle rang out upon the evening air, and hearing no report from Chester's gun, he turned, and to his horror, saw his companion, rifle in hand, running for camp. Many a man would have wasted a shot on the deserter, but Creede was too busy with the bear, even if he had been so inclined. Less than forty feet separated the combatants when Creede turned, and at the next shot I was pleased to see the infuriated animal drop and roll upon the ground. In another second she was up again, and she looked more like a



CREEDE STOOD STILL AS A STATUE WITH ONE FOOT RESTING ON THE BODY OF THE DEAD BEAR.

ball of blood than an animal. Now she stood up for the final struggle. I saw Creede take deliberate aim at her breast. He fired, and she fell. I shouted with joy, as I thought she must be dead now, but was surprised to see that Creede was still shooting. As rapidly as I clapped my hands his rifle shouted, and he put four more great leaden missiles into the body of the bear.

With that unaccountable strength that comes to man and beast in the last great struggle, the mad monster stood up again. Nothing on earth or under the earth could be more awful in appearance than was this animal. One eye had been forced from the socket, and stood out like a great ball of fire. Blood fairly gushed from her open mouth, and the coarse, gurgling, strangling sound that came from the flooded throat was so awful that it fairly chilled the blood in my veins. For a second she stood still and glared at her adversary as if she would rest or get a breath before springing upon him.

Again I saw the hunter take deliberate aim. It was his last ball ; but he aimed at the open mouth, the ball crashed up through the brain, and the bear dropped dead.

I did not shout now. This was the third time I had seen him kill that same bear, and I expected her to get up again. Creede himself was not quite satisfied, for I saw him hastily filling his magazine; and it was well.

The hunter stepped up to the great dead animal and placed his feet upon her, as hunters are wont to do, when another danger confronted him.

Attracted by the shooting and the cries of the wounded bear, her mate came bounding down the slope to her rescue.

The first act had been interesting, but I confess that I was glad when the curtain dropped. Creede was tired. Even an experienced hunter could hardly be expected to go through such a performance without experiencing some anxiety. I almost held my breath as the second bear bore down upon him. Nearer and nearer he came, and Creede had not even raised his rifle to his shoulder. Now the bear was less than twenty feet away, and Creede stood still as a statue with one foot resting on the body of the dead bear.

I was so excited that I shouted to him to shoot, but he never knew it; and if he had known, it would have made no difference.

At last the bear stopped within eight feet of him, and bear-like, stood up. Now the rifle was leveled, and it seemed to me it would never go, but it did. The bullet broke the bear's neck, and he fell down dead at the hunter's feet.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE "McCLURE'S" LIFE OF NAPOLEON AND ABOUT THE MAGAZINE ITSELF.

The paid monthly circulation of this magazine has increased forty thousand copies in two months. The press has been no less emphatic in its approval.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE McCLURE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR READERS.

NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

EDITOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
New York.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on the excellence of your Napoleonic pictures and the charming biography that accompanies them.

You deserve the thanks of every student of the history of that period for having made Mr. Hubbard's superb collection accessible to the readers of your magazine, and you are well worthy of the success that evidently attends you.

I was also highly pleased with Mr. Mitchell's paper on Mr. Dana in the October number. I venture to say that a series of articles by Mr. Dana on his relations with President Lincoln and the events of his time would be valuable and very readable. I am aware that that particular period has been pretty extensively covered, but few of those who have written about it have had the advantages for observation, and none the discernment and attractive literary style, of Mr. Dana. I am prompted to make this suggestion because I read, only yesterday, an extract from an interview with him referring to an incident that occurred the night of Mr. Lincoln's second election.

Hoping you will favor your readers with such a series, I am, with the sincerest hopes for your continued success,

Respectfully yours,
P. A. PHILBIN, *Archbald, Penn.*

We are very grateful to Mr. Philbin for his kind letter. The editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE have every reason to believe that Mr. Dana's reminiscences of Lincoln will form part of a series of papers on Lincoln which they are planning for the magazine, and which will consist mainly of the recollections of men now living who knew Lincoln.

THE BEST SHORT LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The success of Mr. McClure's publication has been enormous. It is a new comer among the magazines, and, of course, lost money for a time. Most good things do, to begin with. But now the presses are kept at work for six weeks (counting time by ordinary working days) to supply the demand for it, and the fortune and fame of its energetic and original publisher are assured. The Napoleon series, of which the second instalment is given in McClure's Christmas number, is, by the way, the best short life of Napoleon we have ever seen, and its illustrations are admirable.—*New York Press.*

A CONTRIBUTION OF THE GREATEST VALUE.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE begins in the November number the publication of a series of seventy-five portraits of Napoleon at successive stages in his life. This unique exhibit promises to be a contribution of the greatest value to the exhaustive study of Napoleon's career that is occupying so much attention at this time.—*Washington (D. C.) Pathfinder.*

AN ADMIRABLE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for November begins an admirable life of Napoleon, which promises to arouse the deepest interest among readers.—*Washington (D. C.) Tribune.*

PAINSTAKING AND ATTRACTIVE.

It is familiar [the Napoleon biography] with the latest as well as with older data, and is so painstaking in search that it brings out much that is new to most readers. It recognizes the scientific spirit of modern historical criticism, and is finished and attractive in style.—*Boston* (*Mass.*) *Globe.*

NAPOLEON PORTRAITS UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has the first part of a great pictorial life of Napoleon. The special feature of this work is the great number of rare portraits of Napoleon, his family, and his generals. In this number we have many portraits taken when he was general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and the collection is unique and remarkable. Another article in this number which will attract attention is the story of Allan Pinkerton's thwarting the assassination of Lincoln.—*Augusta* (*Me.*) *Age.*

BEST PROCURABLE PORTRAITS.

I like McCLURE'S MAGAZINE because it is the most timely publication published but twelve times a year. If there is anything occupying the public mind, there will be something about it in McCLURE'S, and it will be well written, and well illustrated, and boiling over with interesting facts. Just at present, Napoleon is the character of the day. Of course, all of the magazines are telling much about the "war god," as the greatest fighter since his day called the First Consul. But that did not satisfy McCLURE. When a person is much talked about, the first question asked is, "What did he look like?" That is what McCLURE is answering. The last number presented a beautiful collection of the best procurable portraits of the "Little Corporal." They are beautiful works of art—and timely.—*Harrisburg* (*Pa.*) *Telegram.*

The Bonaparte portraits in McCLURE'S are one of the most interesting features appearing in magazine literature this year.—*Milwaukee* (*Wis.*) *Journal.*

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE branches out into a most interesting field with its November number in giving the first instalment of a great pictorial life of Napoleon Bonaparte.—*Piedmont* (*W. Va.*) *Herald.*

Its illustrated life of Napoleon is worth double the subscription price asked for it.—*Havre de Grace* (*Md.*) *Republican.*

McCLURE'S for November (New York) has its own excellent condensed life of Napoleon now begun, by Ida M. Tarbell.—*Brooklyn* (*N. Y.*) *Daily Eagle.*

McCLURE'S for November has one feature that is worth the price of the magazine. It is the portraits of Napoleon and Lincoln.—*Harrisburg* (*Pa.*) *Telegram.*

A very notable series of articles and portraits, forming a pictorial life of Napoleon, commences in the current number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The interest in the romantic career of the young Corsican soldier who became well nigh the master of Europe is perennial, and this remarkable collection of portraits, beginning with the young lieutenant of twenty-two and going on through everv stage of his career up to the time when the death mask was taken at St. Helena, cannot but attract attention.—*Cambridge* (*Mass.*) *Tribune.*

Besides her pleasing style, Miss Tarbell brings to this work a three years' study of French and English history of the Napoleonic period.—*Minneapolis* (*Minn.*) *Tribune.*

Napoleon and Lincoln stand out in many portraits in the November McCLURE'S. Napoleon had great beauty, and it is given here through many eyes. Greuze, Guérin, Le Gros, Cossia, Northcote, Appiani, Craig, with pictures of the bust by Ceracchi, give so many impressions of that conquering face that one is moved to wonder if it be possible truly to preserve the exact likeness of any one. Out of all these and the many others there grows up in time a sort of composite impression on the popular mind which stands for Bonaparte, and perhaps that composite is the truest truth.—*San Francisco Impress.*

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THE MAGAZINE.

Although among the youngest, if not the youngest, of American magazines, McCLURE'S is one of the most popular, and is constantly increasing its already large number of admirers.—*Augusta* (*Me.*) *Journal.*

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for November challenges public admiration, both in its illustrations and in its literary contents. No magazine within the past year has come to the front more rapidly in popular favor. The literary feature of McCLURE'S for the coming year is the publication of a new life of Napoleon, with an exhaustive series of Napoleon portraits and other pictures.—*Topeka* (*Kan.*) *Democrat.*

It is seldom one is given the pleasure of reading a monthly with as much that is from the best authors as is found in McCLURE'S for this month.—*Albany* (*N. Y.*) *Times-Union.*

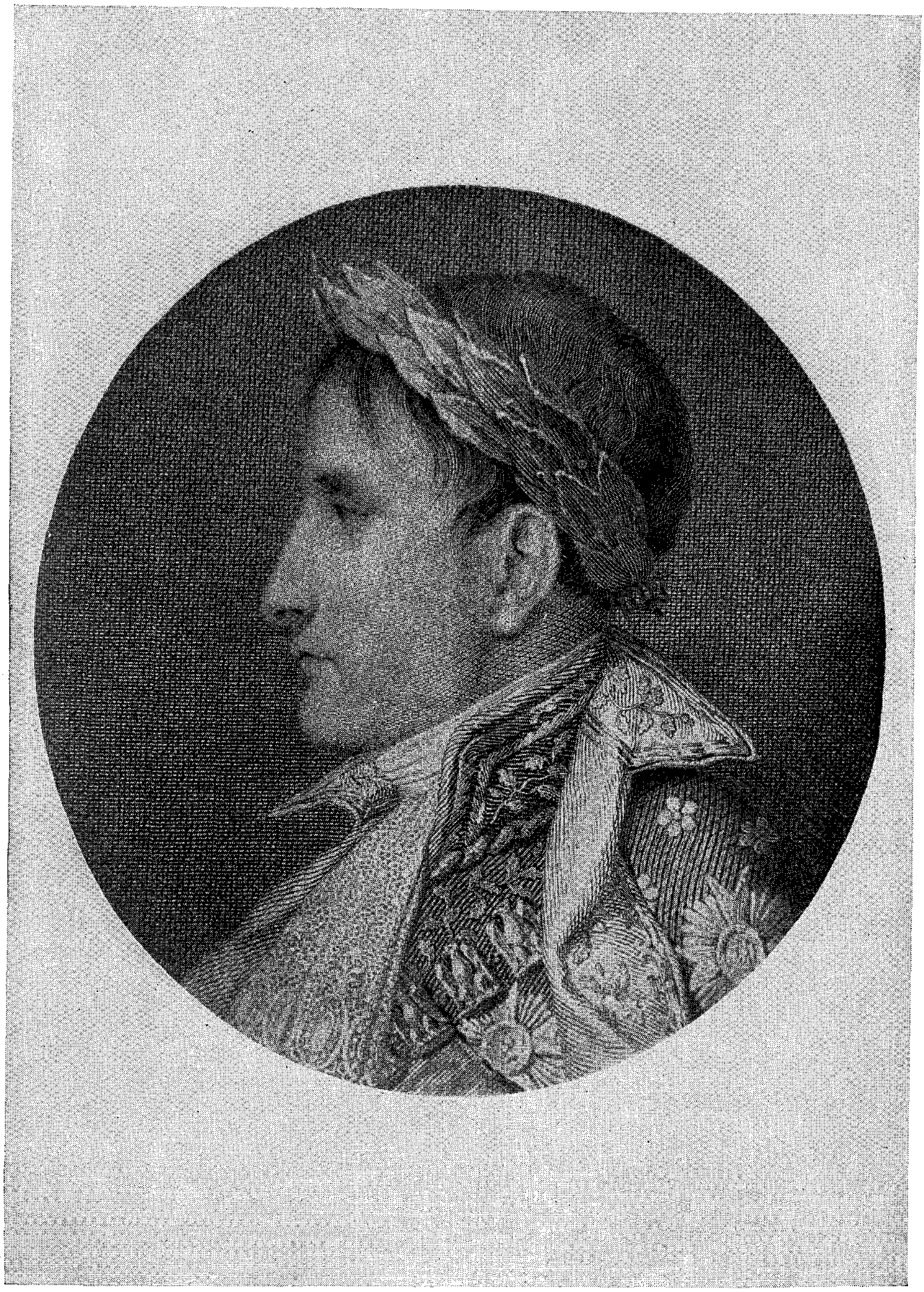
The rapid success of McCLURE'S is something phenomenal, but it has been won by pluck and perseverance.—*Philadelphia* (*Pa.*) *Ledger.*

One of the brightest magazines which finds its way to our desk is McCLURE'S. It is only a few months old, and yet it has attained to a degree of popularity unparalleled in the history of magazines.—*Watertown* (*Conn.*) *Journal.*

There is a living personal interest in the character of literature furnished by McCLURE'S MAGAZINE that differentiates it from any other of the monthly publications which have grown popular through years of established merit and usefulness.

There is less of miscellany, and more in the nature of biography and personal reminiscence, in McCLURE'S than in any other of the established magazines, and it holds popular attention and interest in proportion. Men love to read about men of flesh and blood, rather than fictitious heroes. We gather more pleasures, and feel a nearer sympathy with the frailties, the failures and successes of some men we know personally, or by reputation, than we do in the imaginary events in the life of an imaginary character. The December number of McCLURE'S furnishes quite a diverse bill of fare in its sketches of Napoleon, of Bret Harte, of Evangelist Moody, and the sensational experience of the Pinkerton detective, James McParland, who was detailed to ferret out the famous Molly Maguires.

The great interest that is kindled among reading people at this time in all that pertains to Napoleon is being met by the Tarbell papers on Napoleon, illustrated with portraits from the collection of Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, probably the finest private collection of Napoleon pictures in the world.—*From Editorial in the Augusta* (*Ga.*) *Chronicle.*



NAPOLEON. 1805.

("Napoleon I. Gall. Imp. Ital. Rex.") Designed and engraved by Longhi.